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F. Hayman inv.t & del. C. Grignion Sculp.

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THE GUARDIAN.

VOLUME the FIRST.

LONDON:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON, and S. DRAPER.

MDCCLI.

TO

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL

CADOGAN.

SIR,

IN the Character of *Guardian*, it behoves me to do Honour to ſuch as have deſerved well of Society, and laid out worthy and manly Qualities, in the Service of the Pub-

lick. No Man has more eminently diſtinguiſhed himſelf this way, than Mr. *Cadogan*; With a Contempt of Pleaſure, Reſt, and Eaſe, when called to the Duties of your Glorious Profeſſion, you have lived in a familiarity with Dangers, and with a ſtrict Eye upon the final Purpoſe of the Attempt, have wholly diſregarded what ſhould befal your Self in the Proſecution of it; Thus has Life riſen to You, as faſt as you reſigned it, and every New Hour, for having ſo frankly lent the preceeding Moments to the Cauſe of Juſtice and of Liberty, has come Home to You, improved with Honour: This happy Diſtinction, which is ſo very peculiar to You, with the Addition of Induſtry, Vigilance, Patience of Labour, Thirſt and Hunger, in common with the meaneſt

meaneſt Soldier, has made your preſent Fortune Unenvied. For the Publick always reap greater Advantage, from the Example of Succeſsful Merit, than the Deſerving Man himſelf can poſſibly be poſſeſs'd of; your Country knows how eminently you excel in the ſeveral Parts of Military Skill, whether in aſſigning the Encampment, accommodating the Troops, leading to the Charge, or purſuing the Enemy: the Retreat being the only Part of the Profeſſion which has not fallen within the Experience of thoſe, who learned their Warfare under the Duke of *Marlborough*. But the true and honeſt Purpoſe of this Epiſtle is to deſire a place in your Friendſhip, without pretending to add any thing to your Reputation, who, by Your own Gal-

lant Actions, have acquired that Your Name thro' all Ages ſhall be read with Honour, where-ever Mention ſhall be made of that Illuſtrious Captain.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt Obedient,

and moſt Humble Servant,

The GUARDIAN

THE

Publiſher to the Reader.

IT is a Juſtice which Mr. IRONSIDE *owes Gentlemen who have ſent Him their Aſſiſtances from time to time, in the carrying on of this Work, to acknowledge that Obligation, tho' at the ſame time He Himſelf dwindles into the Character of a Meer Publiſher, by making the Acknowledgment. But whether a Man does it out of Juſtice or Gratitude, or any other Virtuous Reaſon or not, it is alſo a Prudential Act to take no more upon a Man than he can bear. Too large a Credit has made many a Bankrupt, but taking even leſs than a Man can anſwer with Eaſe, is a ſure Fund for extending it whenever his Occaſions require. All thoſe Papers which are diſtinguiſhed by the Mark of an Hand, were written by a Gentleman who has obliged the World with Productions too ſublime to admit that the Author of them ſhould receive any Addition to his Reputation, from ſuch looſe occaſional Thoughts as make up theſe little Treatiſes. For which Reaſon his Name ſhall be concealed. Thoſe which are marked with a Star, were compoſed by Mr.* Budgell. *That upon Dedications with the Epiſtle of an Author to Himſelf, The Club of little Men, The Receipt to make an Epic Poem, The Paper of the Gardens of* Alcinous, *and the Catalogue of Greens, That againſt Barbarity to Animals, and ſome others, have Mr.* Pope *for their Author. Now I mention this Gentleman, I take this Opportunity, out of the Affection I*

have for his Perſon, and Reſpect to his Merit, to let the World know, that he is now Tranſlating Homer's Iliad *by Subſcription. He has given good Proof of His Ability for the Work, and the Men of greateſt Wit and Learning of this Nation, of all Parties, are, according to their different Abilities, zealous Encouragers, or Solicitors for the Work.*

But to my preſent purpoſe. The Letter from Gnatho *of the Cures performed by Flattery, and that of comparing Dreſs to Criticiſm, are Mr.* Gay's. *Mr.* Martin, *Mr.* Philips, *Mr.* Tickell, *Mr.* Carey, *Mr.* Euſden, *Mr.* Ince *and Mr.* Hughes, *have obliged the Town with entertaining Diſcourſes in theſe Volumes; and Mr.* Berkley *of* Trinity-College *in* Dublin *has embelliſhed them with many excellent Arguments in Honour of Religion and Virtue. Mr.* Parnelle *will I hope forgive me that without his leave I mention, that I have ſeen his Hand on the like Occaſion. There are ſome Diſcourſes of a leſs pleaſing Nature which relate to the Diviſions amongſt Us, and ſuch (leſt any of theſe Gentlemen ſhould ſuffer from unjuſt Suſpicion,) I muſt impute to the right Author of them, who is one Mr.* Steele *of* Langunnor *in the County of* Carmarthen *in* South-Wales.

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GUARDIAN.

VOL. I.

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THE GUARDIAN.

N° 1. *Thurſday, March* 12, 1713.

—— *Ille quem requiris.* Mart. Epig. 2. l. 1. v. 1.

He, whom you ſeek.

THERE is no Paſſion ſo univerſal, however diverſified or diſguiſed under different Forms and Appearances, as the Vanity of being known to the reſt of Mankind, and communicating a Man's Parts, Virtues or Qualifications to the World; this is ſo ſtrong upon Men of great Genius, that they have a reſtleſs Fondneſs for ſatisfying the World in the Miſtakes they might poſſibly be under, with relation even to their Phyſiognomy. Mr. *Airs*, that excellent Penman, has taken care to affix his own Image oppoſite to the Title-Page of his learned Treatiſe, wherein he inſtructs the Youth of this Nation to arrive at a flouriſhing Hand. The Author of *the Key to Intereſt, both Simple and Compound, containing Practical Rules plainly expreſſed in Words at length for all Rates of Intereſt and Times of Payment, for what time ſoever*, makes up to us the Misfortune of his living at *Cheſter*, by following the Example of the abovementioned *Airs*, and

coming up to Town, over-againſt his Title-Page, in a very becoming Periwig, and a flowing Robe or Mantle, incloſed in a Circle of Foliages; below his Portraiture, for our farther Satisfaction as to the Age of that uſeful Writer, is ſubſcribed *Johannes Ward de Civitat. Ceſtriæ, Ætat. ſuæ* 58. *An. Dom.* 1706. The ſerene Aſpect of theſe Writers, join'd with the great Encouragement I obſerve is given to another, or, what is indeed to be ſuſpected, in which he indulges himſelf, confirmed me in the Notion I have of the prevalence of Ambition this way. The Author whom I hint at ſhall be nameleſs, but his Countenance is communicated to the Publick in ſeveral Views and Aſpects drawn by the moſt eminent Painters, and forwarded by Engravers, Artiſts by way of Mezzo-tinto, Etchers, and the like. There was, I remember, ſome Years ago, one *John Gale*, a Fellow that played upon a Pipe, and diverted the Multitude by dancing in a Ring they made about him, whoſe Face became generally known, and the Artiſts employ'd their Skill in delineating his Features, becauſe every Man was Judge of the Similitude of them. There is little elſe than what this *John Gale* arriv'd at in the Advantages Men enjoy from common Fame, yet do I fear it has always a Part in moving us to exert ourſelves in ſuch things, as ought to derive their beginnings from nobler Conſiderations: But I think it is no great matter to the Publick what is the Incentive which makes Men beſtow Time in their Service, provided there be any thing uſeful in what they produce; I ſhall proceed therefore to give an Account of my intended Labours, not without ſome hope of having my Vanity, at the end of them, indulged in the ſort abovementioned.

I ſhould not have aſſumed the Title of *Guardian*, had I not maturely conſidered, that the Qualities neceſſary for doing the duties of that Character, proceed from the Integrity of the Mind, more than the Excellence of the Underſtanding: The former of theſe Qualifications it is in the power of every Man to arrive at; and the more he endeavours that way, the leſs will he want the Advantages of the latter; to be Faithful, to be Honeſt, to be Juſt, is what you will demand in the Choice of your Guardian; or if you find added to this, that he is Pleaſant, Ingenious, and Agreeable, there will overflow Satisfactions which make

make for the Ornament, if not ſo immediately to the Uſe, of your Life. As to the diverting Part of this Paper, by what aſſiſtance I ſhall be capacitated for that, as well as what Proofs I have given of my Behaviour as to Integrity in former Life, will appear from my Hiſtory to be delivered in enſuing Diſcourſes. The main Purpoſe of the Work ſhall be to protect the Modeſt, the Induſtrious, to celebrate the Wiſe, the Valiant, to encourage the Good, the Bious, to confront the Impudent, the Idle, to contemn the Vain, the Cowardly, and to diſappoint the Wicked and Profane. This Work cannot be carried on but by by preſerving a ſtrict Regard, not only to the Duties but Civilities of Life, with the utmoſt Impartiality towards Things and Perſons. The unjuſt Application of the Advantages of Breeding and Fortune is the Source of all Calamity both Publick and Private; the Correction therefore, or rather Admonition, of a Guardian in all the Occurrences of a various Being, if given with a benevolent Spirit, would certainly be of general Service.

IN order to contribute as far as I am able to it, I ſhall publiſh in reſpective Papers whatever I think may conduce to the Advancement of the Converſation of Gentlemen, the Improvement of Ladies, the Wealth of Traders, and the Encouragement of Artificers. The Circumſtance relating to thoſe who excel in Mechanicks, ſhall be conſidered with particular Application. It is not to be immediately conceived by ſuch as have not turned themſelves to Reflexions of that kind, that Providence, to enforce and endear the Neceſſity of Social Life, has given one Man Hands to another Man's Head, and the Carpenter, the Smith, the Joiner, are as immediately neceſſary to the Mathematician, as my Amanuenſis will be to me, to Write much fairer than I can myſelf. I am ſo well convinced of this Truth, that I ſhall have a particular regard to Mechanicks, and to ſhew my Honour for them, I ſhall place at their Head the Painter. This Gentleman is, as to the Execution of his Work, a Mechanick, but as to his Conception, his Spirit and Deſign, he is hardly below even the Poet, in Liberal Art. It will be from theſe Conſiderations uſeful to make the World ſee the Affinity between all Works which

which are beneficial to Mankind is much nearer, than the illiberal Arrogance of Scholars will, at all times, allow. But I am from Experience convinced of the Importance of Mechanick Heads, and ſhall therefore take them all into my Care, from *Rowley*, who is improving the Globes of the Earth and Heaven in *Fleet-ſtreet*, to *Bat. Pidgeon* the Hair-Cutter in the *Strand*.

BUT it will be objected upon what Pretenſions I take upon me to put in for the *prochain ami*, or neareſt Friend of all the World. How my Head is accompliſhed for this Employment towards the Publick, from the long Exerciſe of it in a private Capacity, will appear by reading me the two or three next Days with Diligence and Attention. There is no other Paper in Being which tends to this Purpoſe. They are moſt of them Hiſtories, or Advices of Publick Tranſactions; but as thoſe Repreſentations affect the Paſſions of my Readers, I ſhall ſometimes take care the Day after a foreign Mail, to give them an Account of what it has brought. The Parties amongſt us are too violent to make it poſſible to paſs them by without Obſervation. As to theſe matters, I ſhall be Impartial, tho' I cannot be Neuter: I am, with Relation to the Government of the Church, a Tory, with regard to the State, a Whig.

THE Charge of Intelligence, the Pain in compiling and digeſting my Thoughts in proper Stile, and the like, oblige me to value my Paper a Half-peny above all other Half-Sheets. And all Perſons who have any thing to communicate to me, are deſired to direct their Letters (Poſtage paid) to *Neſtor Ironſide* Eſq; at Mr. *Tonſon*'s in the *Strand*. I declare beforehand, that I will at no time be converſed with any other ways than by Letter: for as I am an Ancient Man, I ſhall find enough to do to give Orders proper for their Service, to whom I am by Will of their Parents Guardian, though I take that to be too narrow a Scene for me to paſs my whole Life in. But I have got my Wards ſo well off my Hands, and they are ſo able to act for themſelves, that I have little to do but give an Hint, and all that I deſire to be amended is altered accordingly.

MY Deſign upon the whole is no leſs, than to make the Pulpit, the Bar, and the Stage, all act in Concert in the

the Care of Piety, Juſtice and Virtue, for I am paſt all the Regards of this Life, and have nothing to manage with any Perſon or Party, but to deliver myſelf as becomes an Old Man, with one Foot in the Grave, and one who thinks he is paſſing to Eternity. All Sorrows which can arrive at me are comprehended in the Senſe of Guilt and Pain; If I can keep clear of theſe two Evils, I ſhall not be apprehenſive of any other. Ambition, Luſt, Envy, and Revenge, are Excreſcencies of the Mind which I have cut off long ago: But as they are Excreſcencies which do not only Deform, but alſo Torment thoſe on whom they grow, I ſhall do all I can to perſuade all others to take the ſame Meaſures for their Cure which I have.

N° 2. *Friday, March* 13.

THE readieſt Way to proceed in my great Undertaking, is to explain who I am myſelf that promiſe to give the Town a daily Half-Sheet: I ſhall therefore enter into my own Hiſtory, without loſing any time in Preamble. I was born in the Year 1642, at a lone Houſe within half a Mile of the Town of *Brentford*, in the County of *Middleſex*; my Parents were of Ability to beſtow upon me a liberal Education, and of an Humour to think that a great Happineſs even in a Fortune which was but juſt enough to keep me above Want. In my ſixteenth Year I was admitted a Commoner of *Magdalen-Hall* in *Oxford*. It is one great Advantage, among many more, which Men educated at our Univerſities do uſually enjoy above others, that they often contract Friendſhips there, which are of Service to them in all the Parts of their future Life. This good Fortune happened to me; for during the Time of my being an Under-Graduate, I became intimately acquainted with Mr. *Ambroſe Lizard*, who was a Fellow-Commoner of the Neighbouring College. I have the Honour to be well known to Mr. *Joſeph Pullen*, of our Hall abovementioned; and attribute the florid Old Age I now

now enjoy, to my conſtant Morning Walks up *Hedington-Hill* in his chearful Company. If the Gentleman be ſtill living, I hereby give him my humble Service. But as I was going to ſay, I contracted in my early Youth an intimate Friendſhip with young Mr. *Lizard* of *Northamptonſhire*. He was ſent for, a little before he was of Bachelor's ſtanding, to be married to Mrs. *Jane Lizard*, an Heireſs, whoſe Father would have it ſo for the ſake of the Name. Mr. *Ambroſe* knew nothing of it till he came to *Lizard-Hall* on the *Saturday* Night, ſaw the Young Lady at Dinner the next Day, and was marry'd by Order of his Father Sir *Ambroſe*, between Eleven and Twelve the *Tueſday* following. Some Years after, when my Friend came to be Sir *Ambroſe* himſelf, and finding upon Proof of her, that he had lighted upon a good Wife, he gave the Curate who join'd their Hands the Parſonage of *Welt*, not far off *Wellinborough*. My Friend was married in the Year 62, and every Year following, for eighteen Years together, I left the College, (except that Year wherein I was choſen Fellow of *Lincoln*) and ſojourned at Sir *Ambroſe*'s for the Months of *June*, *July*, and *Auguſt*. I remember very well, that it was on the 4th of *July*, in the Year 1674, that I was reading in an Arbour to my Friend, and ſtopt of a ſudden, obſerving he did not attend. *Lay by your Book*, ſaid he, *and let us take a Turn in the Graſs-walk, for I have ſomething to ſay to you.* After a Silence for above forty Yards, walking both of us with our Eyes downward, one big to hear, t'other to ſpeak a matter of great Importance, Sir *Ambroſe* expreſſed himſelf to this effect: *My good Friend*, ſaid he, *you may have obſerved that from the firſt Moment I was in your Company at Mr.* Willis's *Chambers at* Univerſity College, *I ever after ſought and courted you: That Inclination towards you has improved from Similitude of Manners, if I may ſo ſay, when I tell you I have not obſerved in any Man a greater Candour and Simplicity of Mind than in yourſelf. You are a Man that are not inclined to launch into the World, but prefer Security and Eaſe in a collegiate or ſingle Life, to going into the Cares which neceſſarily attend a publick Character, or that of a Maſter of a Family. You ſee within my Son* Marmaduke, *my only Child; I have a thouſand Anxieties upon me concerning him,*

him, the greater Part of which I would transfer to you, and when I do ſo, I would make it in plain Engliſh *worth your while.* He would not let me ſpeak, but proceeded to inform me, that he had laid the whole Scheme of his Affairs upon that Foundation. As ſoon as we went into the Houſe, he gave me a Bill upon his Goldſmith in *London*, of Two Thouſand Pounds, and told me with that he had purchaſed me, with all the Talents I was Maſter of, to be of his Family, to educate his Son, and to do all that ſhould ever lie in my Power for the Service of him and his to my Life's End, according to ſuch Powers, Truſts and Inſtructions as I ſhould hereafter receive.

THE Reader will here make many Speeches for me, and without doubt ſuppoſe I told my Friend he had retained me with a Fortune to do that which I ſhould have thought my ſelf obliged to by Friendſhip: But, as he was a prudent Man, and acted upon Rules of Life, which were leaſt liable to the Variation of Humour, Time or Seaſon, I was contented to be obliged by him his own way; and believed I ſhould never enter into any Alliance which ſhould divert me from purſuing the Intereſts of his Family, of which I ſhould hereafter underſtand myſelf a Member. Sir *Ambroſe* told me he ſhould lay no Injunction upon me, which ſhould be inconſiſtent with any Inclination I might have hereafter to change my Condition. All he meant was in general to inſure his Family from that Peſt of great Eſtates, the Mercenary Men of Buſineſs who act for them, and in a few Years become Creditors to their Maſters in greater Sums than half the Income of their Lands amounts to, tho' it is viſible all which gave riſe to their Wealth was a ſlight Salary, for turning all the reſt, both Eſtate and Credit of that Eſtate, to the Uſe of their Principals. To this Purpoſe we had a very long Conference that Evening, the chief Point of which was, that his only Child *Marmaduke* was from that Hour under my Care, and I was engaged to turn all my Thoughts to the Service of the Child in particular, and all the Concerns of the Family in general. My moſt excellent Friend was ſo well ſatisfied with my Behaviour, that he made me his Executor, and Guardian to his Son. My own Conduct during that time, and my manner of Educating his Son *Marmaduke* to Manhood, and the Intereſt I had

in

in him to the time of his Death alſo, with my preſent Conduct towards the numerous Deſcendents of my old Friend, will make, poſſibly, a Series of Hiſtory of Common Life, as uſeful as the Relations of the more pompous Paſſages in the Lives of Princes and Stateſmen. The Widow of Sir *Ambroſe*, and the no leſs worthy Relict of Sir *Marmaduke*, are both living at this time.

I am to let the Reader know, that his chief Entertainment will ariſe from what paſſes at the Tea-Table of my Lady *Lizard*. That Lady is now in the Forty ſixth Year of her Age, was married in the Beginning of her ſixteenth, is bleſſed with a numerous Offspring of each Sex, no leſs than four Sons and five Daughters. She was the Mother of this large Family before ſhe arriv'd at her thirtieth Year: About which time ſhe loſt her Huſband Sir *Marmaduke Lizard*, a Gentleman of great Virtue and Generoſity: He left behind him an improved Paternal Eſtate of ſix thouſand Pounds a Year to his eldeſt Son, and one Year's Revenue in ready Money as a Portion to each younger Child. My Lady's Chriſtian Name is *Aſpaſia*, and as it may give a certain Dignity to our Stile to mention her by that Name, we beg leave at Diſcretion to ſay Lady *Lizard* or *Aſpaſia*, according to the Matter we ſhall treat of: When ſhe ſhall be conſulting about her Caſh, her Rents, her Houſhold Affairs, we will uſe the more familiar Name; and when ſhe is employed in the forming the Minds and Sentiments of her Children, exerting herſelf in the Acts of Charity, or ſpeaking of Matters of Religion or Piety, for the Elevation of Stile we will uſe the Word *Aſpaſia*. *Aſpaſia* is a Lady of a great Underſtanding and noble Spirit. She has paſſed ſeveral Years in Widowhood with that Abſtinent Enjoyment of Life, which has done Honour to her Deceaſed Huſband, and devolved Reputation upon her Children. As ſhe has both Sons and Daughters marriageable, ſhe is viſited by many on that Account, but by many more for her own Merit. As there is no Circumſtance in human Life, which may not directly or indirectly concern a Woman thus related, there will be abundant Matter offer itſelf from Paſſages in this Family, to ſupply my Readers with diverting, and perhaps uſeful Notices for their Conduct in all the Incidents of human Life. Placing Money

Money on Mortgages, in the Funds, upon Bottomery, and almoſt all other ways of improving the Fortune of a Family, are practiſed by my Lady *Lizard* with the beſt Skill and Advice.

THE Members of this Family, their Cares, Paſſions, Intereſts and Diverſions ſhall be repreſented from time to time, as News from the Tea-Table of ſo accompliſhed a Woman as the intelligent and diſcreet Lady *Lizard*.

N° 3 *Saturday, March* 14.

Quicquid eſt illud, quod ſentit, quod ſapit, quod vult, quod viget, cæleſte & divinum eſt, ob eamque rem æternum ſit neceſſe eſt. Cicero.

Whatever That be, which thinks, which underſtands, which wills, which acts, it is ſomething Celeſtial and Divine, and, upon that account, muſt neceſſarily be Eternal.

I AM diverted from the Account I was giving the Town of my particular Concerns, by caſting my Eye upon a Treatiſe, which I could not overlook without an inexcuſable Negligence, and want of Concern for all the Civil, as well as Religious Intereſts of Mankind. This Piece has for its Title, *A Diſcourſe of Free-thinking, occaſioned by the Riſe and Growth of a Sect called Free-thinkers.* The Author very methodically enters upon his Argument, and ſays, *By Free-thinking I mean the Uſe of the Underſtanding in endeavouring to find out the Meaning of any Propoſition whatſoever, in conſidering the Nature of the Evidence for, or againſt, and in judging of it according to the ſeeming Force or Weakneſs of the Evidence.* As ſoon as he has delivered this Definition, from which one would expect he did not deſign to ſhew a particular Inclination for or againſt any thing before he had conſidered it, he gives up all Title to the Character of a *Free-thinker*, with the moſt apparent Prejudice againſt a Body of Men, whom of all other a good Man would be moſt careful not to violate, I mean Men in Holy Orders.

Perſons

Perſons who have devoted themſelves to the Service of God, are venerable to all who fear Him; and it is a certain Characteriſtick of a diſſolute and ungovern'd Mind, to rail or ſpeak diſreſpectfully of them in general. It is certain, that in ſo great a Crowd of Men ſome will intrude, who are of Tempers very unbecoming their Function; but becauſe Ambition and Avarice are ſometimes lodged in that Boſom, which ought to be the Dwelling of Sanctity and Devotion, muſt this unreaſonable Author vilify the whole Order? He has not taken the leaſt Care to diſguiſe his being an Enemy to the Perſons againſt whom he writes, nor any where granted that the Inſtitution of Religious Men to ſerve at the Altar, and inſtruct ſuch who are not as wiſe as himſelf, is at all neceſſary or deſirable; but proceeds without the leaſt Apology, to undermine their Credit, and fruſtrate their Labours: Whatever Clergymen in Diſputes againſt each other, have unguardedly uttered, is here recorded in ſuch a manner as to affect Religion itſelf, by wreſting Conceſſions to its Diſadvantage from its own Teachers. If this be true, as ſure any Man that reads the Diſcourſe muſt allow it is; and if Religion is the ſtrongeſt Tye of Human Society; in what manner are we to treat this our common Enemy, who promotes the Growth of ſuch a Sect as he calls *Free-thinkers*? He that ſhould burn a Houſe, and juſtify the Action by aſſerting he is a Free Agent, would be more excuſable than this Author in uttering what he has from the Right of a *Free-thinker*: But there are a Set of Dry, Joyleſs, Dull Fellows, who want Capacities and Talents to make a Figure amongſt Mankind, upon benevolent and generous Principles, that think to ſurmount their own natural Meanneſs, by laying Offences in the way of ſuch as make it their Endeavour to excel upon the received Maxims and honeſt Arts of Life. If it were poſſible to laugh at ſo melancholy an Affair as what hazards Salvation, it would be no unpleaſant Inquiry to aſk what Satisfactions they reap, what extraordinary Gratification of Senſe, or what delicious Libertiniſm this Sect of *Free-thinkers* enjoy, after getting looſe of the Laws which confine the Paſſions of other Men? Would it not be a matter of Mirth to find, after all, that the Heads of this growing Sect are ſober

Wretches,

Wretches, who prate whole Evenings over Coffee, and have not themſelves Fire enough to be any further Debauchees, than merely in Principle? Theſe Sages of Iniquity are, it ſeems, themſelves only ſpeculatively wicked, and are contented that all the abandoned young Men of the Age are kept ſafe from Reflexion by dabling in their Rhapſodies, without taſting the Pleaſures for which their Doctrines leave them unaccountable. Thus do heavy Mortals, only to gratify a dry Pride of Heart, give up the Intereſts of another World, without enlarging their Gratifications in this; but it is certain there are a ſort of Men that can puzzle Truth, but cannot enjoy the Satisfaction of it. This ſame *Free-thinker* is a Creature unacquainted with the Emotions which poſſeſs great Minds when they are turned for Religion, and it is apparant that he is untouched with any ſuch Senſation as the Rapture of Devotion. Whatever one of theſe Scorners may think, they certainly want Parts to be Devout; and a Senſe of Piety towards Heaven, as well as the Senſe of any thing elſe, is lively and warm in proportion to the Faculties of the Head and Heart. This Gentleman may be aſſured he has not a Taſte for what he pretends to decry, and the poor Man is certainly more a Blockhead than an Atheiſt. I muſt repeat, that he wants Capacity to reliſh what true Piety is; and he is as capable of writing an heroick Poem, as making a fervent Prayer. When Men are thus low and narrow in their Apprehenſions of things, and at the ſame time vain, they are naturally led to think every thing they do not underſtand, not to be underſtood. Their Contradiction to what is urged by others, is a neceſſary Conſequence of their Incapacity to receive it. The Atheiſtical Fellows who appeared the laſt Age did not ſerve the Devil for nought; but revelled in Exceſſes ſuitable to their Principles, while in theſe unhappy Days Miſchief is done for Miſchief's ſake. Theſe *Free-thinkers*, who lead the Lives of Recluſe Students, for no other purpoſe but to diſturb the Sentiments of other Men, put me in mind of the monſtrous Recreation of thoſe late wild Youths, who, without Provocation, had a Wantonneſs in ſtabbing and defacing thoſe they met with. When ſuch Writers as this, who has no Spirit but that

of

of Malice, pretend to inform the Age, *Mohocks* and Cut-throats may well ſet up for Wits and Men of Pleaſure.

IT will be perhaps expected, that I ſhould produce ſome Inſtances of the ill Intention of this *Free-thinker*, to ſupport the Treatment I here give him. In his 52d Page he ſays,

'*2dly.* The Prieſts throughout the World differ about 'Scriptures, and the Authority of Scriptures. The '*Bramins* have a Book of *Scripture* called the *Shaſter*. 'The *Perſees* have their *Zundavaſtaw*. The *Bonzes* 'of *China* have Books written by the *Diſciples* of Fo-he, 'whom they call the *God and Saviour of the World, who* '*was born to teach the way of Salvation, and to give* '*Satisfaction for all Mens Sins*. The *Talapoins* of *Siam* 'have a *Book of Scripture* written by *Sommonocodom*, who, 'the *Siameſe* ſay, was *born of a Virgin*, and was *the* '*God expected by the Univerſe*. The *Derviſes* have their '*Alcoran*.

I believe there is no one will diſpute the Author's great Impartiality in ſetting down the Accounts of theſe different Religions. And I think it is pretty evident he delivers the matter with an Air that betrays the Hiſtory of *one born of a Virgin* has as much Authority with him from St. *Sommonocodom* as from St. *Matthew*. Thus he treats Revelation. Then as to Philoſophy, he tells you, *p.* 136. Cicero *produces this as an Inſtance of a probable Opinion, that they who ſtudy Philoſophy do not believe there are any Gods*; and then, from conſideration of various Notions, he affirms *Tully* concludes, *That there can be nothing after Death.*

AS to what he miſrepreſents of *Tully*, the ſhort Sentence on the Head of this Paper is enough to oppoſe; but who can have Patience to reflect upon the Aſſemblage of Impoſtures among which our Author places the Religion of his Country? As for my part, I cannot ſee any poſſible Interpretation to give this Work, but a Deſign to ſubvert and ridicule the Authority of Scripture. The Peace and Tranquillity of the Nation, and Regards even above thoſe, are ſo much concerned in this Matter, that it is difficult to expreſs ſufficient Sorrow for the Offender, or Indignation againſt him.

But

But if ever Man deſerved to be denied the common Benefits of Air and Water, it is the Author of *a Diſcourſe of Free-thinking.*

N°. 4. *Monday, March* 16.

It matters not how falſe or forc'd,
So the beſt things be ſaid o'th' worſt;
It goes for nothing when 'tis ſaid,
Only the Arrow's drawn to th' head,
Whether it be a Swan or Gooſe
They level at: So Shepherds uſe
To ſet the ſame Mark on the Hip
Both of their ſound and rotten Sheep. Hudibras.

THOUGH moſt Things which are wrong in their own Nature are at once confeſſed and abſolved in that ſingle Word the *Cuſtom*; yet there are ſome, which as they have a dangerous Tendency, a thinking Man will the leſs excuſe on that very Account. Among theſe I cannot but reckon the common Practice of *Dedications*, which is of ſo much the worſe Conſequence, as 'tis generally uſed by People of Politeneſs, and whom a Learned Education for the moſt part ought to have inſpired with nobler and juſter Sentiments. This Proſtitution of Praiſe is not only a Deceit upon the Groſs of Mankind, who take their Notion of Characters from the Learned; but alſo the better Sort muſt by this means loſe ſome part at leaſt of that Deſire of Fame which is the Incentive to generous Actions, when they find it promiſcuouſly beſtowed on the Meritorious and Undeſerving: Nay, the Author himſelf, let him be ſuppoſed to have ever ſo true a Value for the Patron, can find no Terms to expreſs it, but what have been already uſed, and rendered ſuſpected by Flatteries. Even Truth itſelf in a Dedication is like an Honeſt Man in a Diſguiſe, or Vizor-Maſk, and will appear a Cheat by being dreſt ſo like one. Tho' the Merit of the Perſon is beyond Diſpute, I ſee no reaſon that becauſe

becauſe one Man is eminent, therefore another has a right to be impertinent, and throw Praiſes in his Face. 'Tis juſt the Reverſe of the Practice of the Ancient *Romans*, when a Perſon was advanced to Triumph for his Services: As they hired People to rail at him in that Circumſtance to make him as humble as they could, we have Fellows to flatter him, and make him as proud as they can. Suppoſing the Writer not to be mercenary, yet the great Man is no more in Reaſon obliged to thank him for his Picture in a Dedication, than to thank a Painter for that on a Sign-Poſt; except it be a leſs Injury to touch the moſt Sacred Part of him, his Character, than to make free with his Countenance only. I ſhould think nothing juſtified me in this Point, but the Patron's Permiſſion beforehand, that I ſhould draw him as like as I could; whereas moſt Authors proceed in this Affair juſt as a Dawber I have heard of, who not being able to draw Portraits after the Life, was uſed to paint Faces at Random, and look out afterwards for People whom he might perſuade to be like them. To expreſs my Notion of the Thing in a Word: To ſay more to a Man than one thinks, with a Proſpect of Intereſt, is diſhoneſt; and without it fooliſh. And whoever has had ſucceſs in ſuch an Undertaking, muſt of neceſſity, at once, think himſelf in his Heart a Knave for having done it, and his Patron a Fool for having believed it.

I have ſometimes been entertained with conſidering Dedications in no very common Light. By obſerving what Qualities our Writers think it will be moſt pleaſing to others to compliment them with, one may form ſome Judgment which are moſt ſo to themſelves; and, in conſequence, what ſort of People they are. Without this View one can read very few Dedications but will give us cauſe to wonder, either how ſuch things came to be ſaid at all, or how they were ſaid to ſuch Perſons? I have known an Hero complimented upon the decent Majeſty and State he aſſumed after Victory, and a Nobleman of a different Character applauded for his Condeſcenſion to Inferiors. This would have ſeemed very ſtrange to me, but that I happened to know the Authors. He who made the firſt Compliment was a lofty Gentleman, whoſe Air and Gate diſcovered when he had publiſhed a new

Book;

Book; and the other tippled every Night with the Fellows who laboured at the Preſs while his own Writings were working off. 'Tis obſervable of the Female Poets and Ladies Dedicatory, that here (as elſewhere) they far exceed us in any Strain or Rant. As Beauty is the thing that Sex are piqu'd upon, they ſpeak of it generally in a more elevated Stile than is uſed by the Men. They adore in the ſame manner as they would be adored. So when the Authoreſs of a famous modern Romance begs a young Nobleman's Permiſſion to pay him her *Kneeling Adorations*, I am far from cenſuring the Expreſſion, as ſome Criticks would do, as deficient in Grammar or Senſe; but I reflect, that Adorations paid in that Poſture are what a Lady might expect herſelf, and my Wonder immediately ceaſes. Theſe, when they flatter moſt, do but as they would be done unto; for as none are ſo much concerned at being injured by Calumnies, as they who are readieſt to caſt them upon their Neighbours; ſo 'tis certain none are ſo guilty of Flattery to others, as thoſe who moſt ardently deſire it themſelves.

WHAT led me into theſe Thoughts, was a Dedication I happen'd upon this Morning. The Reader muſt underſtand that I treat the leaſt Inſtances or Remains of Ingenuity with Reſpect, in what Places ſoever found, or under whatever Circumſtances of Diſadvantage. From this Love to Letters I have been ſo happy in my Searches after Knowledge, that I have found unvalued Repoſitories of Learning in the Lining of Bandboxes. I look upon theſe Paſteboard Edifices, adorned with the Fragments of the Ingenious, with the ſame Veneration as Antiquaries upon ruined Buildings, whoſe Walls preſerve divers Inſcriptions and Names, which are no where elſe to be found in the World. This Morning, when one of Lady *Lizard*'s Daughters was looking over ſome Hoods and Ribbands, brought by her Tirewoman, with great Care and Diligence, I employ'd no leſs in examining the Box which contained them; it was lined with certain Scenes of a Tragedy, written (as appeared by part of the Title there extant) by one of the Fair Sex. What was moſt legible was the Dedication; which by reaſon of the Largeneſs of the Characters, was leaſt defaced by thoſe *Gothick* Ornaments of Flouriſhes and Foliage, wherewith the Com-

Compilers of theſe ſort of Structures do often induſtriouſly obſcure the Works of the Learned. As much of it as I could read with any Eaſe, I ſhall communicate to the Reader, as follows.

'*** THOUGH it is a kind of *Profanation* to approach your Grace with ſo poor an *Offering*, yet when I reflect how acceptable a *Sacrifice* of Firſt-Fruits was to *Heaven*, in the earlieſt and *pureſt Ages of Religion*, that they were honoured with *ſolemn Feaſts*, and *conſecrated to Altars* by a *Divine Command*, *** upon that Conſideration, as an Argument of particular *Zeal*, I dedicate *** 'Tis impoſſible to behold you without *Adoring*; yet dazzled and awed by the *Glory* that ſurrounds you, Men feel a *ſacred Power*, that refines their Flames, and renders them pure as thoſe we ought to offer to the *Deity*. *** The *Shrine* is worthy the *Divinity* that inhabits it. In your Grace we ſee what Woman was before ſhe fell, how nearly allied to the *Purity* and *Perfection of Angels*. And WE ADORE AND BLESS THE GLORIOUS WORK!

UNDOUBTEDLY theſe, and other Periods of this moſt Pious Dedication, could not but convince the Dutcheſs of what the Eloquent Authoreſs aſſures her at the End, that ſhe was her Servant *with moſt ardent Devotion*. I think this a Pattern of a new Sort of Stile, not yet taken notice of by the Criticks which is above the Sublime, and may be called *the Celeſtial*; that is, when the moſt ſacred Phraſes appropriated to the Honour of the Deity are applied to a Mortal of Good Quality. As I am naturally emulous, I cannot but endeavour, in Imitation of this Lady, to be the Inventor, or, at leaſt, the firſt Producer of a new kind of Dedication, very different from hers and moſt others, ſince it has not a Word but what the Author religiouſly thinks in it. It may ſerve for almoſt any Book, either Proſe or Verſe, that has, is, or ſhall be publiſhed, and might run in this manner.

The

The AUTHOR *to* HIMSELF.

Moſt honoured Sir,

THESE Labours, upon many Conſiderations, ſo properly belong to none as to you: Firſt, as it was your moſt earneſt Deſire alone that could prevail upon me to make them publick: Then as I am ſecure (from that conſtant Indulgence you have ever ſhewn to all which is mine) that no man will ſo readily take them into Protection, or ſo zealouſly defend them. Moreover, there's none can ſo ſoon diſcover the Beauties; and there are ſome Parts, which 'tis poſſible few beſides yourſelf are capable of underſtanding. Sir, the Honour, Affection, and Value I have for you are beyond Expreſſion; as great, I am ſure, or greater, than any man elſe can bear you. As for any Defects which others may pretend to diſcover in you, I do faithfully declare I was never able to perceive them; and doubt not but thoſe Perſons are actuated purely by a Spirit of Malice or Envy, the inſeparable Attendants on ſhining Merit and Parts, ſuch as I have always eſteemed yours to be. It may perhaps be looked upon as a kind of Violence to Modeſty, to ſay this to you in Publick; but you may believe me, 'tis no more than I have a thouſand times thought of you in Private. Might I follow the Impulſe of my Soul, there is no Subject I could lanch into with more Pleaſure than your Panegyrick. But ſince ſomething is due to Modeſty, let me conclude by telling you, that there's nothing ſo much I deſire as to know you more thoroughly than I have yet the Happineſs of doing. I may then hope to be capable to do you ſome real Service; but till then can only aſſure you that I ſhall continue to be, as I am more than any Man alive,

Deareſt SIR,

Your Affectionate Friend, and

The greateſt of your Admirers

N° 5 *Tueſday, March* 17.

Laudantur ſimili prole puerperæ.

Hor. Od. 5. l. 4. v. 23.

The Mother's Virtues in the Daughters ſhine.

I HAVE in my ſecond Paper mentioned the Family, into which I was retained by the Friend of my Youth; and given the Reader to underſtand, that my Obligations to it are ſuch as might well naturalize me into the Intereſts of it. They have, indeed, had their deſerved Effect; and if it were poſſible for a Man, who has never entered into the State of Marriage to know the Inſtincts of a kind Father, to an Honourable and Numerous Houſe, I may ſay I have done it. I do not know but my Regards, in ſome Conſiderations, have been more uſeful than thoſe of a Father; and as I wanted all that Tenderneſs, which is the Bias of Inclination, in Men towards their own Offspring, I have had a greater Command of Reaſon when I was to judge of what concerned my Wards, and conſequently was not prompted, by my Partiality and Fondneſs towards their Perſons, to tranſgreſs againſt their Intereſts.

AS the Female Part of a Family is the more conſtant and immediate Object of Care and Protection, and the more liable to Misfortune or Diſhonour, as being in themſelves more ſenſible of the former, and from Cuſtom and Opinion for leſs Offences more expoſed to the latter; I ſhall begin with the more delicate part of my Guardianſhip, the Women of the Family of *Lizard*. The Ancient and Religious Lady, the Dowager of my Friend Sir *Ambroſe*, has for ſome time eſtranged herſelf from Converſation, and admits only of the Viſits of her own Family. The Obſervation, That Old People remember beſt thoſe things which entered into their Thoughts when their Memories were in their full Strength and Vigour, is very remarkably exemplified in this good Lady and

and myſelf when we are in Converſation: I chooſe indeed to go thither, to divert any Anxiety or Wearineſs, which at any time I find grow upon me from any preſent Buſineſs or Care. It is ſaid, that a little Mirth and Diverſion are what recreate the Spirits upon thoſe Occaſions; but there is a kind of Sorrow from which I draw a Conſolation that ſtrengthens my Faculties and enlarges my Mind beyond any thing that can flow from Merriment. When we meet, we ſoon get over any Occurrence which paſſed the Day before, and are in a Moment hurried back to thoſe days which only we call good ones: The Paſſages of the Times when we were in Faſhion, with the Countenances, Behaviour and Jollity, ſo much, forſooth, above what any appear in now, are preſent to our Imaginations, and almoſt to our very Eyes. This Converſation revives to us the Memory of a Friend, that was more than my Brother to me; of a Huſband, that was dearer than Life to her: Diſcourſes about that dear and worthy Man generally ſend her to her Cloſet, and me to the Diſpatch of ſome neceſſary Buſineſs, which regards the Remains, I would ſay the numerous Deſcendents of my generous Friend. I am got, I know not how, out of what I was going to ſay of this Lady; which was that ſhe is far gone towards a better World; and I mention her (only with Reſpect to this) as ſhe is the Object of Veneration to thoſe who are derived from her: Whoſe Behaviour towards her may be an Example to others, and make the Generality of young People apprehend, that when the Ancient are paſt all Offices of Life, it is then the Young are to exert themſelves in their moſt laudable Duties towards them.

THE Widow of Sir *Marmaduke* is to be conſidered in a very different View. My Lady is not in the ſhining Bloom of Life, but at thoſe Years, wherein the Gratifications of an ample Fortune, thoſe of Pomp and Equipage, of being much eſteemed, much viſited, and generally admired, are uſually more ſtrongly purſued than in younger Days: In this Condition ſhe might very well add the Pleaſures of Courtſhip, and the grateful Perſecution of being followed by a Croud of Lovers; but ſhe is an excellent Mother and great Oeconomiſt; which Conſiderations, joined with the Pleaſure of living her own

way, preſerve her againſt the Intruſion of Love. I will not ſay that my Lady has not a ſecret Vanity in being ſtill a fine Woman, and neglecting thoſe Addreſſes, to which perhaps we in part owe her Conſtancy in that her Neglect.

HER Daughter *Jane*, her eldeſt Child of that Sex, is in the twenty third Year of her Age, a Lady who forms herſelf after the Pattern of her Mother; but in my Judgment, as ſhe happens to be extremely like her, ſhe ſometimes makes her Court unſkilfully, in affecting that Likeneſs in her very Mien, which gives the Mother an uneaſy Senſe, that Mrs. *Jane* really is what her Parent has a mind to continue to be; but 'tis poſſible I am too obſerving in this Particular, and this might be overlooked in them both, in reſpect to greater Circumſtances: For Mrs. *Jane* is the Right-hand of her Mother; it's her Study and conſtant Endeavour to aſſiſt her in the Management of her Houſhold, to keep all idle Whiſpers from her, and diſcourage them before they can come at her from any other hand; to enforce every thing that makes for the Merit of her Brothers and Siſters towards her, as well as the Diligence and Chearfulneſs of her Servants. 'Tis by Mrs. *Jane*'s Management, that the whole Family is governed, neither by Love nor Fear, but a certain Reverence which is compoſed of both. Mrs. *Jane* is what one would call a perfect good young Woman; but neither ſtrict Piety, Diligence in Domeſtick Affairs, or any other Avocation, have preſerved her againſt Love, which ſhe bears to a young Gentleman of great Expectation but ſmall Fortune; at the ſame time, that Men of very great Eſtates aſk her of her Mother. My Lady tells her that Prudence muſt give way to Paſſion, ſo that Mrs. *Jane*, if I cannot accommodate the Matter, muſt conquer more than one Paſſion, and out of Prudence baniſh the Man ſhe loves, and marry the Man ſhe hates.

THE next daughter is Mrs. *Annabella*, who has a very lively Wit, a great deal of good Senſe, is very pretty, but gives me much trouble for her from a certain diſhoneſt Cunning I know in her; ſhe can ſeem blind and careleſs, and full of herſelf only, and entertain with twenty affected Vanities, whilſt ſhe is obſerving all the Company, laying up Store for Ridicule; and, in a word,

in

is ſelfiſh, and intereſted under all the agreeable Qualities in the World. Alas, what ſhall I do with this Girl!

Mrs. *CORNELIA* paſſes away her Time very much in Reading, and that with ſo great an Attention, that gives her the Air of a Student, and has an ill effect upon her as ſhe is a fine young Woman; the giddy part of the Sex will have it ſhe is in Love; none will allow that ſhe affects ſo much being alone, but for want of particular Company. I have railed at Romances before her, for fear of her falling into thoſe deep Studies: ſhe has fallen in with my Humour that way for the time, but I know not how, my imprudent Prohibition has, it ſeems, only excited her Curioſity; and I am afraid ſhe is better read than I know of, for ſhe ſaid of a Glaſs of Water in which ſhe was going to waſh her hands after Dinner, dipping her Fingers with a pretty lovely Air, *It is Cryſtalline.* I ſhall examine further, and wait for clearer Proofs.

Mrs. *BETTY* is (I cannot by what means or methods imagine) grown mightily acquainted with what paſſes in the Town; ſhe knows all that matter of my Lord ſuch a one's leading my Lady ſuch a one out from the Play; ſhe is prodigiouſly acquainted, all of a ſudden with the World, and aſk'd her Siſter *Jane* t'other day in an Argument, *Dear Siſter, how ſhould you know any thing, that hear nothing but what we do in our own Family?* I don't much like her Maid.

Mrs. *MARY*, the youngeſt Daughter, whom they rally and call Mrs. *Ironſide*, becauſe I have named her *the Sparkler*, is the very Quinteſſence of Good-nature and Generoſity; ſhe is the perfect Picture of her Grandfather, and if one can imagine all good Qualities which adorn human Life become Feminine; the Seeds, nay, the Bloſſom of them, are apparent in Mrs. *Mary*. It is a weakneſs I cannot get over, (for how ridiculous is a regard to the bodily Perfections of a Man who is dead) but I cannot reſiſt the Partiality to this Child, for being ſo like her Grandfather; how often have I turned from her, to hide the melting of my Heart when ſhe has been talking to me; I am ſure the Child has no ſkill in it, for Artifice could not dwell under that Viſage; but if I am abſent a Day from the Family, ſhe is

ſure to be at my Lodging the next Morning to know what is the matter.

AT the head of theſe Children, who have very plentiful Fortunes, provided they marry with mine and their Mother's Conſent, is my Lady *Lizard*; who, you cannot doubt, is very well viſited. Sir *William Oger*, and his Son almoſt at Age, are frequently at our Houſe on a double Conſideration. The Knight is willing (for he ſo very gallantly expreſſes himſelf) to marry the Mother, or he'll conſent, whether that be ſo or not, that his Son *Oliver* ſhall take any one of the Daughters *Noll* likes beſt.

Mr. *RIGBURT* of the ſame County, who gives in his Eſtate much larger, and his Family more ancient, offers to deal with us for two Daughters.

SIR *Harry Pandolf* has writ word from his Seat in the Country, that he alſo is much inclin'd to an Alliance with the *Lizards*, which he has declared in the following Letter to my Lady; ſhe ſhew'd it me this Morning.

Madam,

'I HAVE heard your Daughters very well ſpoken 'of; and tho' I have very great Offers in my own 'Neighbourhood, and heard the Small-Pox is very rife 'at *London*, I will ſend my eldeſt Son to ſee them, 'provided that by your Ladyſhip's Anſwer, and your 'liking of the Rent-Roll which I ſend herewith, your 'Ladyſhip aſſures me he ſhall have one of them, for I 'don't think to have my Son refuſed by any Woman; 'and ſo, Madam, I conclude,

Your moſt humble Servant,

Henry Pandolf.

Wedneſday,

No 6 *Wedneſday, March* 18.

I HAVE diſpatched my young Women, and the Town has them among them; it is neceſſary for the Elucidation of my future Diſcourſes, which I deſire may be denominated, as they are the Precepts of a Guardian, *Mr.* Ironſide's *Precautions:* I ſay it is, after what has been already declared, in the next place neceſſary to give an Account of the Males, of this worthy Family, whoſe Annals I am writing. The Affairs of Women being chiefly Domeſtick, and not made up of ſo many Circumſtances, as the Duties of Men are, I fear I cannot diſpatch the Account of the Males under my care in ſo few Words as I did the Explanation which regarded my Women.

SIR *Harry Lizard*, of the County of *Northampton*, Son and Heir of the late Sir *Marmaduke*, is now entered upon the twenty ſixth Year of his Age, and is now at his Seat in the Country.

THE Eſtate at preſent in his Hands is above three Thouſand a Year after Payment of Taxes, and all neceſſary Charges whatſoever. He is a Man of good Underſtanding, but not at all what is uſually called a Man of ſhining Parts. His Virtues are much greater than his Accompliſhments, as to his Converſation. But when you come to conſider his Conduct with relation to his Manners and Fortune, it would be a very great Injury not to allow him a very fine Gentleman. It has been carefully provided in his Education, that he ſhould be very ready at Calculations. This gives him a quick Alarm inwardly upon all Undertakings, and in a much ſhorter time than is uſual with Men who are not verſed in Buſineſs, he is Maſter of the Queſtion before him, and can inſtantly inform himſelf with great Exactneſs in the matter of Profit or Loſs that ſhall ariſe from any thing propoſed to him. The ſame Capacity, join'd to an honeſt Nature, makes him very juſt to other Men, as well as to himſelf. His Payments are very punctual, and

I dare anſwer he never did, or ever will, undertake any piece of Building, or any Ornamental Improvement of his Houſe, Garden, Park or Lands, before the Money is in his own Pocket, wherewith he is to pay for ſuch Undertaking. He is too good to purchaſe Labourers or Artificers (as by this means he certainly could) at an under rate; but he has by this means what I think he deſerves from his ſuperior Prudence, the Choice of all who are moſt knowing and able to ſerve him. With his ready Money the Builder, Maſon and Carpenter are enabled to make their Market of Gentlemen in his Neighbourhood, who inconſiderately employ them; and often pay their Undertakers by Sale of ſome of their Land: Whereas, were the Lands on which thoſe Improvements are made, ſold to the Artificers, the Buildings would be rated as Lumber in the Purchaſe. Sir *Harry* has for ever a Year's Income, to extend his Charity, ſerve his Pleaſures, or regale his Friends. His Servants, his Cattle, his Goods ſpeak their Maſter a rich Man. Thoſe about his Perſon, as his Bailiff, the Groom of his Chamber, and his Butler, have a chearful, not a gay Air; the Servants below them ſeem to live in Plenty, but not in Wantonneſs. As Sir *Henry* is a young Man, and of an active Diſpoſition, his beſt Figure is on Horſeback. But before I ſpeak of that, I ſhould acquaint you, that during his Infancy all the young Gentlemen of the Neighbourhood were welcome to a part of the Houſe, which was called the School; where, at the Charge of the Family, there was a Grammar Maſter, a plain ſober Man, maintain'd (with a Salary, beſides his Diet, of fifty Pounds a Year) to inſtruct all ſuch Children of Gentlemen, or lower People, as would partake of his Education. As they grew up, they were allowed to ride out with him upon his Horſes. There were always ten or twelve for the Saddle in readineſs to attend him and his Favourites, in the Choice of whom he ſhewed a good Diſpoſition, and diſtributed his Kindneſs among them, by turns, with great Good-nature. All Horſes, both for the Saddle, and ſwift Draught, were very well bitted, and a ſkilful Rider, with a Riding-Houſe, wherein he the Riding-Maſter commanded, had it in Orders to teach any Gentleman's Son of the County that would pleaſe to learn that Exerciſe. We found our

Account

Account in this Proceeding, as well in real Profit, as in Eſteem and Power in the Country; for as the whole Shire is now poſſeſſed by Gentlemen, who owe Sir *Harry* a part of Education, which they all value themſelves upon, their Horſemanſhip; they prefer his Horſes to all others, and it is 10 *per Cent.* in the Price of a Steed, which appears to come out of his Riding-Houſe.

BY this means it is, that Sir *Harry*, as I was going to ſay, makes the beſt Figure on Horſeback, for his uſual Hours of being in the Field are well known; and at thoſe Seaſons the neighbouring Gentlemen, his Friends and Schoolfellows, take a pleaſure in giving him their Company, with their Servants well behaved, and Horſes well commanded.

I cannot enough applaud Sir *Harry* for a particular Care in his Horſes. He not only bitts all which are ridden, but alſo all which are for the Coach or ſwift Draught, for Grace adds mightily to the Price of Strength; and he finds his account in it at all Markets, more eſpecially for the Coach or Troop Horſes, of which that County produces the moſt ſtrong and oſtentatious. To keep up a Breed for any Uſe whatever, he gives Plates for the beſt performing Horſe in every way in which that Animal can be ſerviceable. There is ſuch a Prize for him that *trots beſt*, ſuch for the *beſt Walker*, ſuch for the *beſt Galloper*, ſuch for the *beſt Pacer*; then for him who *draws moſt* in ſuch a Time to ſuch a Place, then to him that *carries beſt* ſuch a *Load* on his Back. He delights in this, and has an admirable Fancy in the Dreſs of the Riders: Some admired Country Girl is to hold the Prize, her Lovers to trot, and not to mend their Pace into a Gallop, when they are out-trotted by a Rival; ſome known Country Wit to come upon the beſt Pacer; theſe and the like little joyful Arts, gain him the Love of all who do not know his Worth, and the Eſteem of all who do. Sir *Harry* is no Friend to the Race-Horſe, he is of Opinion it is inhumane, that Animals ſhould be put upon their utmoſt Strength and Mettle for our Diverſion only. However, not to be particular, he puts in for the Queen's Plate every Year, with Orders to his Rider never to win or be diſtanced; and, like a good Country Gentleman, ſays, It is a

Fault in all Miniſtries that they encourage no kind of Horſes but thoſe which are ſwift.

AS I write Lives, I dwell upon ſmall Matters, being of Opinion, with *Plutarch*, that little Circumſtances ſhow the real Men better than things of greater Moment. But good Oeconomy is the Characteriſtick of the *Lizards*. I remember a Circumſtance about ſix Years ago, that gives me hopes he would one time or other make a figure in Parliament; for he is a Landed Man, and conſiders his Intereſt, though he is ſuch, to be impaired or promoted according to the State of Trade. When he was but Twenty Years old, I took an Opportunity in his Preſence, to aſk an Intelligent Woollen-Draper, what he gave for his Shop, the Corner of *Change-Alley?* The Shop is I believe 14 Foot long, and 8 broad. I was anſwered, Ninety Pound a Year. I took no Notice, but the Thought deſcended into the Breaſt of Sir *Harry*, and I ſaw on his Table the next Morning a Computation of the Value of Land in an Iſland, conſiſting of ſo many Miles, with ſo many good Ports; the Value of each part of the ſaid Iſland, as it lay to ſuch Ports, and produced ſuch Commodities. The whole of his working was to know why ſo few Yards, near the *Change*, was ſo much better than ſo many Acres in *Northamptonſhire*, and what thoſe Acres in *Northamptonſhire* would be worth, were there no Trade at all in this Iſland.

IT makes my Heart ake, when I think of this young Man, and conſider upon what plain Maxims, and in what ordinary Methods Men of Eſtate may do good where-ever they are ſeated, that ſo many ſhould be what they are! It is certain, that the Arts which purchaſe Wealth or Fame, will maintain them; and I attribute the Splendor and long Continuance of this Family, to the Felicity of having the Genius of the Founder of it run through all his Male Line. Old Sir *Harry*, the Great Grandfather of this Gentleman, has written in his own hand upon all the Deeds, which he ever ſigned, in the Humour of that ſententious Age, this Sentence, *There are four good Mothers, of whom are often born four unhappy Daughters; Truth begets Hatred, Happineſs Pride, Security Danger, and Familiarity Contempt.*

Thurſday,

N° 7 *Thurſday, March* 19.

——— *Properat curſu*
Vita citato ——— Senec. Trag.

With ſpeedy Step Life poſts away.

I This Morning did myſelf the Honour to viſit Lady *Lizard*, and took my Chair at the Tea-Table, at the upper End of which that graceful Woman, with her Daughters about her, appeared to me with greater Dignity than ever any Figure, either of *Venus* attended by the Graces, *Diana* with her Nymphs, or any other Celeſtial who owes her Being to Poetry.

THE Diſcourſe we had there, none being preſent but our own Family, conſiſted of private Matters, which tended to the Eſtabliſhment of theſe young Ladies in the World. My Lady, I obſerved, had a mind to make mention of the Propoſal to Mrs. *Jane*, of which ſhe is very fond, and I as much avoided, as being equally againſt it; but it is by no means proper the young Ladies ſhould obſerve we ever diſſent; therefore I turned the Diſcourſe, by ſaying, It was time enough to think of marrying a young Lady, who was but Three and Twenty, ten Years hence. The whole Table was alarmed at the Aſſertion, and the *Sparkler* ſcalded her Fingers, by leaning ſuddenly forward to look in my Face; But my Buſineſs, at preſent, was to make my Court to the Mother; therefore, without regarding the Reſentment in the Looks of the Children, Madam, ſaid I, there is a petulant and haſty manner practiſed in this Age, in hurrying away the Life of Woman, and confining the Grace and principal Action of it to thoſe Years wherein Reaſon and Diſcretion are moſt feeble, Humour and Paſſion moſt powerful. From the time a young Woman of Quality has firſt appear'd in the Drawing-Room, raiſed a Whiſper and Curioſity of the Men about her, had her Health drank in gay Companies, and diſtinguiſhed at publick Aſſemblies: I ſay, Madam,

Madam, if within three or four Years of her firſt Appearance in Town, ſhe is not diſpoſed of, her Beauty is grown familiar, her Eyes are diſarmed, and we ſeldom after hear her mentioned but with Indifference. What doubles my Grief on this Occaſion is, that the more diſcreetly the Lady behaves herſelf, the ſooner is her Glory extinguiſhed. Now, Madam, if Merit had a greater weight in our Thoughts, when we form to ourſelves agreeable Characters of Women, Men would think, in making their Choices, of ſuch as would take care of, as well as ſupply Children for, the Nurſery. It was not thus in the illuſtrious Days of Good Queen *Elizabeth*. I was this Morning turning over a Folio, called *The Complete Ambaſſador*, conſiſting chiefly of Letters from Lord *Burleigh*, Earl of *Leiceſter*, and Sir *Thomas Smith*. Sir *Thomas* writes a Letter to Sir *Francis Walſingham*, full of Learned Gallantry, wherein you may obſerve he promiſes himſelf the *French* King's Brother (who it ſeems was but a cold Lover) would be quickened by ſeeing the Queen in Perſon, who was then in the Thirty Ninth Year of her Age. A certain Sobriety in Thoughts, Words and Action, which was the Praiſe of that Age, kept the Fire of Love alive; and it burnt ſo equally, that it warmed and preſerved, without tormenting and conſuming our Beings. The Letter I mention is as follows.

To the right worſhipful Mr. Francis Walſingham, *Ambaſſador, Reſident in* France.

SIR,

'I AM ſorry that ſo good a matter ſhould, upon ſo 'nice a Point, be deferred. We may ſay that the 'Lover will do little, if he will not take the Pains once 'to ſee his Love; but ſhe muſt firſt ſay Yea, before he 'ſee her, or ſhe him: Twenty Ways might be deviſed 'why he might come over, and be welcome, and poſ'ſibly do more in an Hour than he may in two Years. '*Cupido ille qui vincit omnia, in oculos inſidet, & ex 'oculis ejaculatur, & in oculos utriuſque videndo non ſo'lum, ut ait poeta, Fœmina virum, ſed vir fœminam:* 'That powerful Being *Cupid*, who conquers all things,

'reſides

'reſides in the Eyes, he ſends out all his Darts from 'the Eyes: By throwing Glances at the Eyes (accord-'ing to the Poet) not only the Woman captivates the 'Man, but alſo the Man the Woman. What Force, I 'pray you, can Hearſay, and I think, and I truſt, do in 'Compariſon of that, *cùm præſens præſentem tuetur & 'alloquitur, & furore forſitan amoris ductus amplectitur*, 'when they Face to Face ſee and converſe with each 'other, and the Lover in an Ecſtaſy, not to be com-'manded, ſnatches an Embrace, and ſaith to himſelf, 'and openly that ſhe may hear, *Teneone te me, an eti-'amnum ſomno volunt fœminæ videri cogi ad id quod 'maximum cupiunt?* Are you in my Arms, my Fair 'One, or do we both dream, and will Women even in 'their Sleep ſeem forced to what they moſt deſire? 'If we be cold, it is our part, beſides the Perſon, the 'Sex requireth it. Why are you cold? Is it not a 'young Man's part to be bold, courageous, and to ad-'venture? If he ſhould have, he ſhould have but *hono-'rificam repulſam*; even a Repulſe here is glorious; the 'worſt that can be ſaid of him is but as of *Phaeton*, '*Quam ſi non tenuit magnis tamen excidit auſis*; Tho' 'he could not command the Chariot of the Sun, his 'Fall from it was illuſtrious. So far as I conceive, *Hæc 'eſt ſola noſtra Anchora, hæc jacenda eſt in nobis alea*; 'this is our only Anchor, this Die muſt be thrown. 'In our Inſtability, *Unum momentum eſt uno momento 'perfectum factum, ac dictam ſtabilitatem facere poteſt*; 'one lucky Moment would crown and fix all. This, 'or elſe nothing is to be looked for but continual Dal-'liance and Doubtfulneſs, ſo far as I can ſee.

From Killingworth,
Aug. 22, 1572.

Your aſſured Friend,

Thomas Smith.

THOUGH my Lady was in very good Humour upon the Inſinuation that, according to the *Elizabeth* Scheme, ſhe was but juſt advanced above the Character of a Girl; I found the reſt of the Company as much diſheartned, that they were ſtill but mere Girls: I went on, therefore, to attribute the immature Marriages which

which are ſolemnized in our Days to the importunity of the Men, which made it impoſſible for young Ladies to remain Virgins ſo long as they wiſh'd from their own Inclinations, and the Freedom of a ſingle Life.

THERE is no time of our Life, under what Character ſoever, in which Men can wholly diveſt themſelves of an Ambition to be in the Favour of Women. *Cardan* a grave Philoſopher and Phyſician, confeſſes in one of his Chapters, that though he had ſuffered Poverty, Repulſes, Calumnies, and a long Series of Afflictions, he never was thoroughly dejected, and impatient of Life itſelf, but under a Calamity which he ſuffered from the Beginning of his Twenty firſt to the End of his Thirtieth Year. He tells us, that the Rallery he ſuffered from others and the Contempt which he had of himſelf, were Afflictions beyond Expreſſion. I mention this only as an Argument extorted from this good and grave Man, to ſupport my Opinion of the irreſiſtible Power of Women. He adds in the ſame Chapter, that there are Ten Thouſand Afflictions and Diſaſters attend the Paſſion itſelf; that an idle Word imprudently repeated by a fair Woman, and vaſt Expences to ſupport her Folly and Vanity, every Day reduce Men to Poverty and Death, but he makes them of little Conſideration to the miſerable and inſignificant Condition of being incapable of their Favour.

I make no manner of difficulty of profeſſing I am not ſurpriſed that the Author has expreſſed himſelf after this manner, with relation to Love; the Heroick Chaſtity ſo frequently profeſſed by Humouriſts of the fair Sex, generally, ends in an unworthy Choice, after having overlooked Overtures to their Advantage. It is for this Reaſon that I would endeavour to direct, and not pretend to eradicate the Inclinations of the Sexes to each other. Daily Experience ſhews us, that the moſt rude Ruſtick grows human as ſoon as he is inſpired by this Paſſion; is gives a new Grace to our Manners, a new Dignity to our Minds, a new Viſage to our Perſons: Whether we are inclined to liberal Arts, to Arms, or Addreſs in our Exerciſe, our Improvement is haſtened by a particular Object whom we would pleaſe. Chearfulneſs, Gentleneſs, Fortitude, Liberality, Magnificence, and all the Virtues which adorn Men, which inſpire Heroes, are

moſt

moſt conſpicuous in Lovers: I ſpeak of Love as when ſuch as are in this Company are the Objects of it, who can beſtow upon their Huſbands (if they follow their excellent Mother) all its Joys without any of its Anxieties.

N° 8 *Friday, March* 20.

——*Animum rege*—— Hor. Ep. 2. l. 1. v. 62.

Govern the Mind.

A Guardian cannot beſtow his time in any Office more ſuitable to his Character, than in repreſenting the Diſaſters to which we are expoſed by the Irregularity of our Paſſions. I think I ſpeak of this matter in a way not yet taken notice of, when I obſerve that they make Men do things unworthy of thoſe very Paſſions. I ſhall illuſtrate this by a Story I have lately read in the *Royal Commentaries of* Peru, wherein you behold an Oppreſſor a moſt contemptible Creature after his Power is at an End; and a Perſon he oppreſſed ſo wholly intent upon Revenge till he had obtained it, that in the Purſuit of it he utterly neglected his own Safety; but when that Motive of Revenge was at an end, returned to a Senſe of Danger, in ſuch a manner, as to be unable to lay hold of Occaſions which offered themſelves for certain Security, and expoſe himſelf from Fear to apparent Hazard. The Motives which I ſpeak of are not indeed ſo much to be called Paſſions, as ill Habits ariſing from Paſſions, ſuch as Pride and Revenge, which are Improvements of our Infirmities, and are methinks but Scorn and Anger regularly conducted: But to my Story.

LICENCIADO Eſquivel, Governor of the City *Potoſi*, commanded 200 Men to march out of that Garriſon towards the Kingdom of *Tucman*, with ſtrict Orders to uſe no *Indians* in carrying their Baggage, and placed himſelf at a convenient Station without the Gates, to obſerve how his Orders were put in Execution; he found they were wholly neglected, and that *Indians*

were

were laden with the Baggage of the *Spaniards*, but thought fit to let 'em march by till the laſt Rank of all came up, out of which he ſeized one Man, called *Aguire*, who had two *Indians* laden with his Goods: Within few Days after he was taken in Arreſt, he was ſentenced to receive 200 Stripes. *Aguire* repreſented by his Friends, that he was the Brother of a Gentleman, who had in his Country an Eſtate with Vaſſalage of *Indians*, and hoped his Birth would exempt him from a Puniſhment of ſo much Indignity. *Licenciado* perſiſted in the Kind of Puniſhment he had already pronounced; upon which *Aguire* petitioned that it might be altered to one that he ſhould not ſurvive; and, though a Gentleman, and from that Quality not liable to ſuffer ſo ignominous a Death, humbly beſought his Excellency that he might be hanged. But though *Licenciado* appeared all his Life, before he came into Power, a Perſon of an eaſy and tractable Diſpoſition, he was ſo changed by his Office, that theſe Applications from the unfortunate *Aguire* did but the more gratify his Inſolence; and during the very time of their Mediation for the Priſoner, he inſulted them alſo, by commanding, with a haughty Tone, that his Orders ſhould be executed that very Inſtant. This, as it is uſual on ſuch Occaſions, made the whole Town flock together; but the principal Inhabitants, abhorring the Severity of *Licenciado*, and pitying a Gentleman in the Condition of *Aguire*, went in a Body, and beſought the Governor to ſuſpend, if not remit the Puniſhment. Their Importunities prevailed on him to defer the Execution for eight Days; but when they came to the Priſon with his Warrant, they found *Aguire* already brought forth, ſtripped, and mounted on an Aſs, which is the Poſture wherein the baſeſt Criminals are whipped in that City. His Friends cried out, Take him off, take him off, and proclaimed their Order for ſuſpending his Puniſhment; but the Youth, when he heard that it was only put off for eight Days, rejected the Favour, and ſaid, *All my Endeavours have been to keep myſelf from mounting this Beaſt, and from the ſhame of being ſeen naked; but ſince things are come thus far, let the Sentence proceed, which will be leſs than the Fears and Apprehenſions I ſhall have in theſe eight Days enſuing; beſides,*

ſides, I ſhall not need to give farther trouble to my Friends for Interceſſion on my Behalf, which is as likely to be ineffectual as what hath already paſſed. After he had ſaid this, the Aſs was whipped forward, and *Aguire* ran the Gantlet according to the Sentence. The calm Manner in which he reſigned himſelf, when he found his Diſgrace muſt be, and the Scorn of dallying with it under a Suſpenſion of a few Days, which Mercy was but another Form of the Governor's Cruelty, made it viſible that he took Comfort in ſome ſecret Reſolution to avenge the Affront.

AFTER this Indignity *Aguire* could not be perſuaded (tho' the Inhabitants of *Potoeſi* often importuned him from the Spirit they ſaw in him) to go upon any Military Undertaking, but excuſed himſelf with a modeſt Sadneſs in his Countenance, ſaying, *That after ſuch a Shame as his was, Death muſt be his only Remedy and Conſolation, which he would endeavour to obtain as ſoon as poſſible.*

UNDER this Melancholy he remain'd in *Peru*, until the time in which the Office of *Eſquivel* expired; after which, like a deſperate Man he purſued and followed him, watching an Opportunity to kill him, and wipe off the Shame of the late Affront. *Eſquivel* being informed of this deſperate Reſolution by his Friends, endeavoured to avoid his Enemy, and took a Journey of three or four hundred Leagues from him, ſuppoſing that *Aguire* would not purſue him at ſuch a Diſtance; but *Eſquivel*'s Flight did but increaſe *Aguire*'s Speed in following. The firſt Journey which *Eſquivel* took was to the City *Los Reyes*, being three hundred and twenty Leagues diſtant; but in leſs than fifteen Days *Aguire* was there with him: Whereupon *Eſquivel* took another Flight, as far as to the City of *Quito*, being four hundred Leagues diſtant from *Los Reyes*, but in a little more than twenty Days *Aguire* was again with him; which being intimated to *Eſquivel*, he took another Leap as far as *Cozco*, which is five hundred Leagues from *Quito*; but in a few Days after he arrived there, came alſo *Aguire*, travelling all the way on Foot, without Shoes or Stockings, ſaying, That it became not the

the Condition of a whipt Raſcal to travel on Horſeback, or appear amongſt Men. In this manner did *Aguire* haunt and purſue *Eſquivel* for three Years and four Months; who being now tired and wearied with ſo many long and tedious Journeys, reſolved to fix his abode at *Cozco*, where he believed that *Aguire* would ſcarce adventure to attempt any thing againſt him, for fear of the Judge who governed that City, who was a ſevere Man, impartial and inflexible in all his Proceedings; and accordingly took a Lodging in the middle of the Street of the great Church, where he lived with great Care and Caution, wearing a Coat of Mail under his upper Coat, and went always armed with his Sword and Dagger, which are Weapons not agreeable to his Profeſſion. However *Aguire* followed hither alſo, and having in vain dogged him from Place to Place, Day after Day, he reſolved to make the Attempt upon him in his own Houſe, which he entred, and wandred from Room to Room, till at laſt he came into his Study where *Licenciado* lay on a Couch aſleep. *Aguire* ſtabbed him with his Dagger with great Tranquillity, and very leiſurely wounded him in other Parts of the Body, which were not covered with his Coat of Mail. He went out of the Houſe in Safety; but as his Reſentment was ſated, he now began to reflect upon the inexorable Temper of the Governor of the Place. Under this Apprehenſion he had not Compoſure enough to fly to a Sanctuary, which was near the Place where he committed the Fact; but ran into the Street, frantick and diſtracted, proclaiming himſelf a Criminal, by crying out, Hide me, hide me.

THE wretched Fate and poor Behaviour of *Licenciado*, in flying his Country to avoid the ſame Perſon whom he had before treated with ſo much Inſolence, and the high Reſentment of a Man ſo inconſiderable, as *Aguire*, when much injured, are good Admonitions to little Spirits in exalted Stations, to take care how they treat brave Men in low Condition.

Saturday,

N° 9 *Saturday, March* 21.

In tantas brevi creverant opes, ſeu maritimis ſeu terreſtribus fructibus, ſeu multitudinis incremento, ſeu ſanctitate diſciplinæ. Liv.

They roſe in a ſhort time to that pitch of Wealth and Grandeur, by means of an extenſive Commerce both by Sea and Land, by an Increaſe of the People, and by the Rigour of their Laws and Diſcipline.

MANY of the Subjects of my Papers will conſiſt of ſuch things as I have gathered from the Converſation, or learned from the Conduct of a Gentleman, who has been very converſant in our Family, by Name Mr. *Charwell*. This Perſon was formerly a Merchant in this City, who by exact Oeconomy, great Frugality, and very fortunate Adventures, was about twenty Years ſince, and the fortieth Year of his Age, arrived to the Eſtate which we uſually call a Plumb. This was a Sum ſo much beyond his firſt Ambition, that he then reſolved to retire from the Town, and the Buſineſs of it together. Accordingly he laid out one half of his Money upon the Purchaſe of a Nobleman's Eſtate, not many Miles diſtant from the Country Seat of my Lady *Lizard*. From this Neighbourhood our firſt Acquaintance began, and has ever ſince been continued with equal Application on both Sides. Mr. *Charwell* viſits very few Gentlemen in the Country; his moſt frequent Airings in the Summer time are Viſits to my Lady *Lizard*. And if ever his Affairs bring him up to Town during the Winter, as ſoon as theſe are diſpatched, he is ſure to dine at her Houſe, or to make one at her Tea-Table, to take her Commands for the Country.

I ſhall hardly be able to give an Account how this Gentleman has employed the twenty Years ſince he made the Purchaſe I have mentioned, without firſt deſcribing the Conditions of the Eſtate.

THE

THE Eſtate then conſiſted of a good large old Houſe, a Park of 2000 Acres, 8000 Acres more of Land divided into Farms. The Land not barren, but the Country very thin of People, and theſe the only Conſumers of the Wheat and Barley that grew upon the Premiſes. A River running by the Houſe, which was in the Centre of the Eſtate, but the ſame not navigable, and the rendring it navigable had been oppoſed by the Generality of the whole Country. The Roads exceſſive bad, and no poſſibility of getting off the Tenants Corn, but at ſuch a Price of Carriage as would exceed the whole Value when it came to Market. The Underwoods all deſtroyed to lay the Country open to my Lord's Pleaſures; but there was indeed the leſs Want of this Fuel, there being large Coal-pits in the Eſtate, within two Miles of the Houſe, and ſuch a Plenty of Coals as was ſufficient for whole Counties. But then the Want of Water Carriage made theſe alſo a meer Drug, and almoſt every Man's for fetching. Many Timber Trees were ſtill ſtanding only for want of Chapmen, very little being uſed for Building in a Country ſo thin of People, and thoſe at a greater diſtance being in no likelihood of buying Penyworths, if they muſt be at the Charge of Land-Carriage. Yet every Tree was valued at a much greater Price than would be given for it in the Place; ſo was every Acre of Land in the Park; and as for the Tenants they were all racked to Extremity, and almoſt every one of them Beggars. All theſe things Mr. *Charwell* knew very well, yet was not diſcouraged from going on with his Purchaſe.

BUT in the firſt place, he reſolved that a hundred in Family ſhould not ruin him, as it had done his Predeceſſor. Therefore pretending to diſlike the Situation of the old Houſe, he made Choice of another at a Mile diſtance higher up the River, at a Corner of the Park, where, at the Expence of 4 or 5000 *l.* and all the Ornaments of the old Houſe, he built a new one, with all convenient Offices more ſuitable to his Revenues, yet not much larger than my Lord's Dog-kennel, and a great deal leſs than his Lordſhip's Stables.

THE next thing was to reduce his Park. He took down a great many Pales, and with theſe incloſed only

200

200 Acres of it near adjoining to his new Houſe. The reſt he converted to breeding Cattle, which yielded greater Profit.

THE Tenants began now to be very much diſſatiſfied with the Loſs of my Lord's Family, which had been a conſtant Market for great Quantities of their Corn; and with the diſparking ſo much Land, by which Proviſions were likely to be increaſed in ſo diſpeopled a Country. They were afraid they muſt be obliged themſelves to conſume the whole Product of their Farms, and that they ſhould be ſoon undone by the Oeconomy and Frugality of this Gentleman.

Mr. *Charwell* was ſenſible their Fears were but too juſt; and that if neither their Goods could be carried off to diſtant Markets, nor the Markets brought home to their Goods, his Tenants muſt run away from their Farms. He had no Hopes of making the River navigable, which was a Point that could not be obtained by all the Intereſt of his Predeceſſor, and was therefore not likely to be yielded up to a Man who was not yet known in the Country. All that was left for him was to bring the Market home to his Tenants, which was the very thing he intended before he ventured upon his Purchaſe. He had even then projected in his Thoughts the Plan of a great Town juſt below the old Houſe; he therefore preſently ſet himſelf about the Execution of his Project.

THE thing has ſucceeded to his Wiſh. In the Space of twenty Years he is ſo fortunate as to ſee 1000 new Houſes upon his Eſtate, and at leaſt 5000 new People, Men, Women and Children, Inhabitants of thoſe Houſes, who are comfortably ſubſiſted by their own Labour, without Charge to Mr. *Charwell*, and to the great Profit of his Tenants.

IT cannot be imagined that ſuch a Body of People can be ſubſiſted at leſs than 5*l. per* Head, or 25000 *l. per Annum*, the greateſt Part of which Sum is annually expended for Proviſions among the Farmers of the next adjacent Lands. And as the Tenants of Mr. *Charwell* are neareſt of all others to the Market, they have the beſt Prices for their Goods by all that is ſaved in the Carriage.

BUT

BUT ſome Proviſions are of that Nature, that they will not bear a much longer Carriage than from the extreme Parts of his Lands; and I think I have been told, that for the ſingle Article of Milk, at a Pint every Day for every Houſe, his Tenants take from this Town not much leſs than 500 *l. per Annum.*

THE Soil of all Kinds, which is made every Year by the Conſumption of ſo great a Town, I have heard has been valued at 200 *l. per Annum.* If this be true, the Eſtate of Mr. *Charwell* is ſo much improved in this very Article, ſince all this is carried out upon his Lands by the back Carriage of thoſe very Carts which were loaden by his Tenants with Proviſions and other Neceſſaries for the People.

A hundred thouſand Buſhels of Coals are neceſſary to ſupply ſo great a Multitude with yearly Fuel. And as theſe are taken out of the Coal-pits of Mr. *Charwell*, he receives a Peny for every Buſhel; ſo that this very Article is an Addition of 400 *l. per Annum* to his Revenues. And as the Town and People are every Year increaſing, the Revenues in the abovementioned, and many other Articles are increaſing in proportion.

THERE is now no longer any want of the Family of the Predeceſſor. The Conſumption of 5000 People is greater than can be made by any fifty of the greateſt Families in *Great Britain.* The Tenants ſtand in no need of diſtant Markets, to take off the Product of their Farms. The People ſo near their own Doors are already more than they are able to ſupply; and what is wanting at home for this Purpoſe is ſupplied from Places at greater Diſtance, at whatſoever Price of Carriage.

ALL the Farmers every where near the River are now, in their turn, for an Act of Parliament to make it navigable, that they may have an eaſy Carriage for their Corn to ſo good a Market. The Tenants of Mr. *Charwell*, that they may have the whole Market to themſelves, are almoſt the only Perſons againſt it. But they will not be long able to oppoſe it: Their Leaſes are near expiring: and as they are grown very rich, there are many other Perſons ready to take their Farms at more than double the preſent Rents, even though the River

ſhould

ſhould be made navigable, and diſtant People let in to ſell their Proviſions together with theſe Farmers.

AS for Mr. *Charwell* himſelf, he is in no manner of Pain leſt his Lands ſhould fall in their Value by the cheap Carriage of Proviſions from diſtant Places to his Town. He knows very well that Cheapneſs of Proviſions was one great Means of bringing together ſo great Numbers, and that they muſt be held together by the ſame Means. He ſeems to have nothing more in his Thoughts, than to increaſe his Town to ſuch an Extent, that all the Country for ten Miles round about ſhall be little enough to ſupply it. He conſiders that at how great a Diſtance ſoever Proviſions ſhall be brought thither, they muſt end at laſt in ſo much Soil for his Eſtate, and that the Farmers of other Lands will by this means contribute to the Improvement of his own.

BUT by what Encouragement and Rewards, by what Arts and Policies, and what ſort of People he has invited to live upon his Eſtate, and how he has enabled them to ſubſiſt by their own Labour, to the great Improvement of his Lands, will be the Subjects of ſome of my future Precautions.

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR, *March* 16.

'BY Your Paper of *Saturday* laſt, you give the Town Hopes that you will dedicate that Day to Religion. You could not begin it better than by warning your Pupils of the Poiſon vented under a Pretence to *Free-thinking*. If you can ſpare Room in your next *Saturday*'s Paper for a few Lines on the ſame Subject, theſe are at your Diſpoſal.

'I happened to be preſent at a publick Converſation of ſome of the Defenders of this *Diſcourſe of Free-thinking*, and others that differed from them; where I had the Diverſion of hearing the ſame Man in one Breath perſuade us to Freedom of Thought, and in the next offer to demonſtrate that we had no Freedom in any thing. One would think Men ſhould bluſh to find themſelves entangled in a greater Contradiction than any the *Diſcourſe* ridicules. This Principle of

'*free*

'*free Fatality* or *neceſſary Liberty* is a worthy Fundamental of the new Sect; and indeed this Opinion is an Evidence and Clearneſs ſo nearly related to *Tranſubſtantiation*, that the ſame Genius ſeems requiſite for either. It is fit the World ſhould know how far Reaſon abandons Men that would employ it againſt Religion; which Intention, I hope, juſtifies this Trouble from,

SIR,

Your Hearty Well-wiſher,

Miſatheus.

N° 10 *Monday, March* 23.

Venit ad me ſæpe clamitans ——
Veſtitu nimium indulges, nimium ineptus es,
Nimium ipſe eſt durus præter æquumque & bonum.
Ter. Adelph. Act. 1. Sc. 1.

He is perpetually coming to me, and ringing in my Ears, that I do wrong to indulge him ſo much in the Article of Dreſs: but the Fault lies in his own exceſſive and unreaſonable Severity.

WHEN I am in deep Meditation in order to give my Wards proper Precautions, I have a principal Regard to the Prevalence of things which People of Merit neglect, and from which thoſe of no Merit raiſe to themſelves an Eſteem; of this Nature is the Buſineſs of Dreſs. It is weak in a Man of Thought and Reflexion to be either depreſſed or exalted from the Perfections or Diſadvantages of his Perſon. However there is a reſpective Conduct to be obſerved in the Habit, according to the eminent Diſtinction of the Body, either way. A gay Youth in the Poſſeſſion of an ample Fortune could not recommend his Underſtanding to thoſe who are not of his Acquaintance more ſuddenly, than by Sobriety in his Habit; as this is winning at firſt Sight, ſo a Perſon gorgeouſly fine, which in itſelf ſhould avoid the

the Attraction of the Beholders Eyes, gives as immediate Offence.

I make it my Buſineſs when my Lady *Lizard*'s youngeſt Daughter, Miſs *Molly*, is making Clothes, to conſider her from Head to Foot, and cannot be eaſy when there is any doubt lies upon me concerning the Colour of a Knot, or any other Part of her Head-dreſs; which by its Darkneſs or Livelineſs might too much allay or brighten her Complexion. There is ſomething looſe in looking as well as you poſſibly can; but it is alſo a Vice not to take care how you look.

THE Indiſcretion of believing that great Qualities make up for the want of things leſs conſiderable, is puniſhed too ſeverely in thoſe who are guilty of it. Every Day's Experience ſhews us, among variety of People with whom we are not acquainted, that we take Impreſſions too favourable and too diſadvantageous of Men at firſt ſight from their Habit. I take this to be a point of great Conſideration, and I ſhall conſider it in my future Precautions as ſuch. As to the Female World, I ſhall give them my Opinion at large by way of Comment upon a new Suit of the *Sparkler*'s, which is to come home next Week. I deſign it a Model for the Ladies; ſhe and I have had three private Meetings about it. As to the Men, I am very glad to hear, being myſelf a Fellow of *Lincoln-College*, that there is at laſt in one of our Univerſities riſen a happy Genius for little things. It is extremely to be lamented, that hitherto we come from the College as unable to put on our own Clothes as we do from Nurſe. We owe many Misfortunes, and an unhappy Backwardneſs in urging our way in the World, to the neglect of theſe leſs Matters. For this Reaſon I ſhall authoriſe and ſupport the Gentleman who writes me the following Letter; and tho' out of Diffidence of the Reception his Propoſal ſhould meet with from me, he has given himſelf too ludicrous a Figure; I doubt not but from his Notices to make Men who cannot arrive at Learning in that Place, come from thence without appearing ignorant; and ſuch as can, to be truly knowing without appearing Bookiſh.

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR, *Oxford, March* 18, 1712-13.

'I Foreſee that you will have many Correſpondents in 'this Place; but as I have often obſerved with Grief 'of Heart, that Scholars are wretchedly ignorant in the 'Science I profeſs, I flatter myſelf that my Letter will 'gain a Place in your Papers. I have made it my Stu-'dy, Sir, in theſe Seats of Learning, to look into the 'Nature of Dreſs, and am what they call an *Academical* '*Beau*. I have often lamented that I am obliged to wear 'a grave Habit, ſince by that means I have not an Op-'portunity to introduce Faſhions amongſt our young Gen-'tlemen; and ſo am forced, contrary to my own Incli-'nations, and the Expectation of all who know me, to 'appear in Print. I have indeed met with ſome Suc-'ceſs in the Projects I have communicated to ſome 'Sparks with whom I am intimate; and I cannot with-'out a ſecret Triumph confeſs, that the Sleeves turn-'ed up with Green Velvet, which now flouriſh through-'out the Univerſity, ſprung originally from my In-'vention.

'AS it is neceſſary to have the Head clear, as well 'as the Complexion, to be perfect in this part of Learn-'ing, I rarely mingle with the Men, (for I abhor Wine) 'but frequent the Tea-Tables of the Ladies. I know 'every part of their Dreſs, and can name all their 'Things by their Names. I am conſulted about every 'Ornament they buy; and, I ſpeak it without Vanity, 'have a very pretty Fancy to Knots and the like. Some-'times I take a Needle, and ſpot a Piece of Muſlin for 'pretty *Patty Croſs-ſtitch*, who is my preſent Favourite, 'which, ſhe ſays, I do neatly enough; or read one of 'your Papers, and explain the Motto, which they all 'like mightily. But then I am a ſort of petty Tyrant 'amongſt them, for I own I have my Humours. If 'any thing be amiſs, they are ſure Mr. *Sleek* will find 'fault; if any hoity-toity Things make a Fuſs, they 'are ſure to be taken to pieces the next Viſit. I am the 'dread of poor *Celia*, whoſe Wrapping-Gown is not right '*India*; and am avoided by *Thalaſtris* in her Second-'hand Mantua, which ſeveral Maſters of Arts think

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'very fine, whereas I perceived it had been ſcour'd 'with half an Eye.

'THUS have I endeavour'd to improve my Under-'ſtanding, and am deſirous to communicate my inno-'cent Diſcoveries to thoſe, who, like me, may diſtin-'guiſh themſelves more to Advantage by their Bodies 'than their Minds. I do not think the Pains I have 'taken, in theſe my Studies, thrown away; ſince by 'theſe means, tho' I am not very valuable, I am how-'ever not diſagreeable. Would Gentlemen but reflect 'upon what I ſay, they would take care to make the 'beſt of themſelves; for I think it intolerable that a 'Blockhead ſhould be a Sloven. Though every Man 'cannot fill his Head with Learning, 'tis in any one's 'Power to wear a pretty Periwig; let him who cannot 'ſay a witty Thing, keep his Teeth white at leaſt; he 'who hath no knack at writing Sonnets, may however 'have a ſoft Hand; and he may arch his Eye-brows, 'who hath not ſtrength of Genius for the Mathema-'ticks.

'AFTER the Concluſion of the Peace we ſhall un-'doubtedly have new Faſhions from *France*; and I have 'ſome reaſon to think that ſome Particularities in the 'Garb of their *Abbés* may be tranſplanted hither to Ad-'vantage. What I find becoming in their Dreſs I hope 'I may, without the Imputation of being Popiſhly in-'clined, adopt into our Habits; but would willingly 'have the Authority of the *Guardian* to countenance 'me in this harmleſs Deſign. I would not hereby aſ-'ſume to myſelf a Juriſdiction over any of our Youth, 'but ſuch as are incapable of Improvement any other 'way. As for the aukward Creatures that mind their 'Studies, I look upon them as irreclaimable. But over 'the aforementioned Order of Men, I deſire a Com-'miſſion from you to exerciſe full Authority. Hereby 'I ſhall be enabled from time to time to introduce ſe-'veral pretty Oddneſſes in the taking and tucking up 'of Gowns, to regulate the Dimenſions of Wigs, to 'vary the Tufts upon Caps, and to enlarge or narrow 'the Hems of Bands, as I ſhall think moſt for the Pub-'lick Good.

'I have prepared a Treatiſe againſt the Cravat and 'Berdaſh, which I am told is not ill done; and have 'thrown together ſome haſty Obſervations upon Stock-'ings, which my Friends aſſure me I need not be 'aſhamed of. But I ſhall not offer them to the Publick, 'till they are approved of at our Female Club; which 'I am the more willing to do, becauſe I am ſure of their 'Praiſe; for they own I underſtand theſe things better 'than they do. I ſhall herein be very proud of your 'Encouragement; for next to keeping the Univerſity 'clean, my greateſt Ambition is to be thought,

SIR,

Your moſt Obedient,
Humble Servant,

Simon Sleek.

Nº 11 *Tueſday, March* 24.

——— *Huc propiùs me,*
Dum doceo Inſanire omnes, vos ordine adite.
Hor. Sat. 3. l. 2. v. 80.

Attend my Lecture, whilſt I plainly ſhow,
That all Mankind are mad, from high to low.

THERE is an oblique way of Reproof, which takes off from the Sharpneſs of it; and an Addreſs in Flattery, which makes it agreeable though never ſo groſs: But of all Flatterers, the moſt ſkilful is he who can do what you like, without ſaying any thing which argues you do it for his Sake; the moſt winning Circumſtance in the World being the Conformity of Manners. I ſpeak of this as a Practice neceſſary in gaining People of Senſe, who are not yet given up to Self-Conceit; thoſe who are far gone in admiration of themſelves need not be treated with ſo much Delicacy. The following Letter puts this Matter in a pleaſant and uncommon Light: The Author of it attacks this Vice with

with an Air of Compliance, and alarms us againſt it by exhorting us to it.

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

'AS you profeſs to encourage all thoſe who any 'way contribute to the Publick Good, I flatter 'myſelf I may claim your Countenance and Protection. 'I am by Profeſſion a Mad Doctor, but of a peculiar 'Kind, not of thoſe whoſe Aim it is to remove Phren-'zies, but one who makes it my Buſineſs to confer an 'agreeable Madneſs on my Fellow-Creatures, for their 'mutual Delight and Benefit. Since it is agreed by the 'Philoſophers, that Happineſs and Miſery conſiſt chief-'ly in the Imagination, nothing is more neceſſary to 'Mankind in general than this pleaſing Delirium, which 'renders every one ſatisfied with himſelf, and perſuades 'him that all others are equally ſo.

'I have for ſeveral Years, both at home and abroad, 'made this Science my particular Study, which I may 'venture to ſay I have improved in almoſt all the Courts 'of *Europe*; and have reduced it into ſo ſafe and eaſy a 'Method, as to practiſe it on both Sexes, of what Diſ-'poſition, Age or Quality ſoever, with Succeſs. What 'enables me to perform this great Work, is the Uſe of 'my *Obſequium Catholicon*, or the *Grand Elixir*, to 'ſupport the Spirits of human Nature. This Reme-'dy is of the moſt grateful Flavour in the World, and 'agrees with all Taſtes whatever. 'Tis delicate to the 'Senſes, delightful to the Operation, may be taken at all 'Hours without Confinement, and is as properly given 'at a Ball or Play-houſe as in a private Chamber. It 'reſtores and vivifies the moſt dejected Minds, corrects 'and extracts all that is painful in the Knowledge of a 'Man's ſelf. One Doſe of it will inſtantly diſperſe it-'ſelf through the whole Animal Syſtem, diſſipate the 'firſt Motions of Diſtruſt ſo as never to return, and ſo 'exhilerate the Brain and rarify the Gloom of Reflexion, 'as to give the Patients a new flow of Spirits, a Viva-'city of Behaviour, and a pleaſing Dependence upon 'their own Capacities.

'LET a Perſon be never ſo far gone, I adviſe him 'not to deſpair; even though he has been troubled ma- 'ny Years with reſtleſs Reflexions, which by long 'Neglect have hardened into ſettled Conſideration. 'Thoſe that have been ſtung with Satire may here 'find a certain Antidote, which infallibly diſperſes all 'the Remains of Poiſon that has been left in the Un- 'derſtanding by bad Cures. It fortifies the Heart 'againſt the Rancour of Pamphlets, the Inveteracy of 'Epigrams, and the Mortification of Lampoons; as 'has been often experienced by ſeveral Perſons of both 'Sexes, during the Seaſons of *Tunbridge* and the '*Bath*.

'I could, as farther Inſtances of my Succeſs, pro- 'duce Certificates and Teſtimonials from the Favourites 'and Ghoſtly Fathers of the moſt eminent Princes of '*Europe*; but ſhall content myſelf with the Mention of 'a few Cures, which I have performed by this my *Grand* '*Univerſal Reſtorative*, during the Practice of one 'Month only ſince I came to this City.

Cures in the Month of February, 1713.

'*GEORGE SPONDEE*, Eſq; Poet, and In- 'mate of the Pariſh of St. *Paul's Covent-Garden*, fell 'into violent Fits of the Spleen upon a thin Third Night. 'He had been frighted into a Vertigo by the Sound of 'Cat-calls on the Firſt Day; and the frequent Hiſſings 'on the Second made him unable to endure the bare 'Pronunciation of the Letter *S*. I ſearched into the 'Cauſes of his Diſtemper; and by the Preſcription of a 'Doſe of my *Obſequium*, prepared *ſecundum Artem*, 'recovered him to his natural State of Madneſs. I 'caſt in at proper Intervals the Words, *Ill taſte of* '*the Town*, *Envy of Criticks*, *bad Performance of the* '*Actors*, and the like. He is ſo perfectly cured that 'he has promiſed to bring another Play upon the Stage 'next Winter.

'A Lady of profeſſed Virtue, of the Pariſh of St. '*James's Weſtminſter*, who hath deſired her Name 'may be concealed, having taken Offence at a Phraſe 'of double Meaning in Converſation, undiſcovered by

'any

'any other in the Company, ſuddenly fell into a cold 'Fit of Modeſty. Upon a right Application of Praiſe 'of her Virtue, I threw the Lady into an agreeable 'waking Dream, ſettled the Fermentation of her Blood 'into a warm Charity, ſo as to make her look with 'Patience on the very Gentleman that offended.

'*HILARIA*, of the Pariſh of St. *Giles's in the* 'Fields, a Coquette of long Practice, was by the Repri-'mand of an old Maiden reduced to look grave in 'Company, and deny herſelf the Play of the Fan. In 'ſhort, ſhe was brought to ſuch melancholy Circum-'ſtances, that ſhe would ſometimes unawares fall into 'Devotion at Church. I adviſ'd her to take a few *in-'nocent Freedoms with occaſional Kiſſes*, preſcribed her 'the *Exerciſe of the Eyes*, and immediately raiſed her 'to her former State of Life. She on a ſudden recover-'ed her Dimples, furled her Fan, threw round her 'Glances, and for theſe two *Sundays* laſt paſt has not 'once been ſeen in an attentive Poſture. This the 'Church-Wardens are ready to atteſt upon Oath.

'*ANDREW TERROR*, of the *Middle-Temple*, 'Mohock, was almoſt induced by an aged Bencher of 'the ſame Houſe to leave off bright Converſation, and 'pore over *Coke upon Littleton*. He was ſo ill that his 'Hat began to flap, and he was ſeen one Day in the 'laſt Term at *Weſtminſter-Hall*. This Patient had 'quite loſt his Spirit of Contradiction; I, by the Diſtil-'lation of a few of my vivifying Drops in his Ear, 'drew him from his Lethargy, and reſtored him to his 'uſual vivacious Miſunderſtanding. He is at preſent 'very eaſy in his Condition.

'I will not dwell upon the Recital of the innumera-'ble Cures I have performed within Twenty Days laſt 'paſt; but rather proceed to exhort all Perſons of what-'ever Age, Complexion or Quality, to take as ſoon as 'poſſible of this my intellectual Oil; which applied at 'the Ear ſeizes all the Senſes with a moſt agreeable 'Tranſport, and diſcovers its Effects, not only to the 'Satisfaction of the Patient, but all who converſe with, 'attend upon, or any way relate to him or her that re-'ceives the kindly Infection. It is often adminiſtred by 'Chamber-Maids, Valets, or any the moſt ignorant

‘ Domeſtick; it being one peculiar Excellence of this ‘ my Oil, that 'tis moſt prevalent, the more unſkilful ‘ the Perſon is or appears who applies it. It is abſo- ‘ lutely neceſſary for Ladies to take a Doſe of it juſt be- ‘ fore they take Coach to go a viſiting.

‘ BUT I offend the Publick, as *Horace* ſaid, when ‘ I treſpaſs on any of your Time. Give me leave then, ‘ Mr. *Ironſide*, to make you a Preſent of a Drachm or ‘ two of my Oil; though I have Cauſe to fear my Pre- ‘ ſcriptions will not have the Effect upon you I could ‘ wiſh: Therefore I do not endeavour to bribe you in ‘ my Favour by the Preſent of my Oil, but wholly de- ‘ pend upon your Publick Spirit and Generoſity; which, ‘ I hope, will recommend to the World the uſeful En- ‘ deavours of,

SIR,

Your moſt Obedient, moſt Faithful, moſt Devoted,

moſt Humble Servant and Admirer,

GNATHO.

‘ ❧ Beware of Counterfeits, for ſuch are abroad.

‘ *N. B.* I teach the *Arcana* of my Art at reaſonable ‘ Rates to Gentlemen of the Univerſities, who deſire to ‘ be qualified for writing Dedications; and to young ‘ Lovers and Fortune-hunters, to be paid at the Day of ‘ Marriage. I inſtruct Perſons of bright Capacities to ‘ flatter others, and thoſe of the meaneſt to flatter them- ‘ ſelves.

‘ I was the firſt Inventor of Pocket Looking-Glaſſes.

Wedneſday,

N° 12 *Wedneſday, March* 25.

Vel quia nil rectum, niſi quod placuit ſibi, ducunt:
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus ——

Hor. Ep. 1. l. 2. v. 84.

Imitated.

You'd think no Fools diſgrac'd the former Reign,
Did not ſome grave Examples yet remain,
Who ſcorn a Lad ſhou'd match his Father's Skill,
And having once been wrong, will be ſo ſtill.

POPE.

WHEN a Poem makes its firſt Appearance in the World, I have always obſerved, that it gives Employment to a greater number of Criticks, than any other kind of Writing. Whether it be that moſt Men, at ſome time of their Lives, have try'd their Talent that way, and thereby think they have a right to judge; or whether they imagine, that their making ſhrewd Obſervations upon the Polite Arts, gives them a pretty figure; or whether there may not be ſome Jealouſy and Caution in beſtowing Applauſe upon thoſe who write chiefly for Fame. Whatever the Reaſons be, we find few diſcouraged by the Delicacy and Danger of ſuch an Undertaking.

I think it certain that moſt Men are naturally not only capable of being pleaſed with that which raiſes agreeable Pictures in the Fancy, but willing alſo to own it. But then there are many, who, by falſe Applications of ſome Rules ill-underſtood, or out of Deference to Men whoſe Opinions they value, have formed to themſelves certain Schemes and Syſtems of Satisfaction, and will not be pleaſed out of their own way. Theſe are not Criticks themſelves, but Readers of Criticks, who, without the Labour of peruſing Authors, are able to give their Characters in general; and know juſt as much of the ſeveral

Species of Poetry, as thoſe who read Books of Geography do of the Genius of this or that People or Nation. Theſe Gentlemen deliver their Opinions ſententiouſly, and in general Terms; to which it being impoſſible readily to frame complete Anſwers, they have often the Satisfaction of leaving the Board in Triumph. As young Perſons, and particularly the Ladies, are liable to be led aſide by theſe Tyrants in Wit, I ſhall examine two or three of the many Stratagems they uſe, and ſubjoin ſuch Precautions as may hinder candid Readers from being deceived thereby.

THE firſt I ſhall take notice of is an Objection commonly offered, *viz. That ſuch a Poem hath indeed ſome good Lines in it, but it is not a regular Piece.* This for the moſt part is urged by thoſe whoſe Knowledge is drawn from ſome famous *French* Criticks, who have written upon the Epic Poem, the Drama, and the great kinds of Poetry, which cannot ſubſiſt without great Regularity; but ought by no means to be required in Odes, Epiſtles, Panegyricks, and the like, which naturally admit of greater Liberties. The Enthuſiaſm in Odes, and the Freedom of Epiſtles, is rarely diſputed: But I have often heard the Poems upon Publick Occaſions written in Heroick Verſe, which I chooſe to call Panegyricks, ſeverely cenſured upon this Account; the Reaſon whereof I cannot gueſs, unleſs it be, that becauſe they are written in the ſame kind of Numbers and Spirit as an Epic Poem, they ought therefore to have the ſame Regularity. Now an Epic Poem conſiſting chiefly in Narration, it is neceſſary that the Incidents ſhould be related in the ſame Order that they are ſuppoſed to have been tranſacted. But in Works of the abovementioned kind, there is no more Reaſon that ſuch Order ſhould be obſerved, than that an Oration ſhould be as methodical as an Hiſtory. I think it ſufficient that the great Hints, ſuggeſted from the Subject, be ſo diſpoſed, that the firſt may naturally prepare the Reader for what follows, and ſo on: and that their Places cannot be changed without Diſadvantage to the whole. I will add further, that ſometimes gentle Deviations, ſometimes bold and even abrupt Digreſſions, where the Dignity of the Subject ſeems to give the Impulſe,

pulſe, are Proofs of a noble Genius; as winding about and returning artfully to the main Deſign, are marks of Addreſs and Dexterity.

ANOTHER Artifice made uſe of by Pretenders to Criticiſm, as an Inſinuation, *That all that is good is borrowed from the Ancients.* This is very common in the Mouths of Pedants, and perhaps in their Hearts too; but is often urged by Men of no great Learning, for Reaſons very obvious. Now Nature being ſtill the ſame, it is impoſſible for any Modern Writer to paint her otherwiſe than the Ancients have done. If, for Example, I was to deſcribe the General's Horſe at the Battle of *Blenheim*, as my Fancy repreſented ſuch a noble Beaſt, and that Deſcription ſhould reſemble what *Virgil* hath drawn for the Horſe of his Hero, it would be almoſt as ill-natured to urge that I had ſtolen my Deſcription from *Virgil*, as to reproach the Duke of *Marlborough* for fighting only like *Æneas*. All that the moſt exquiſite Judgment can perform is, out of that great Variety of Circumſtances, wherein natural Objects may be conſidered, to ſelect the moſt beautiful; and to place Images in ſuch Views and Lights, as will affect the Fancy after the moſt delightful manner. But over and above a juſt Painting of Nature, a learned Reader will find a new Beauty ſuperadded in a happy Imitation of ſome famous Ancient, as it revives in his Mind the Pleaſure he took in his firſt reading ſuch an Author. Such Copyings as theſe give that kind of double Delight which we perceive when we look upon the Children of a beautiful Couple; where the Eye is not more charm'd with the Symmetry of the Parts, than the Mind by obſerving the Reſemblance tranſmitted from Parents to their Offſpring, and the mingled Features of the Father and Mother. The Phraſes of Holy Writ, and Alluſions to ſeveral Paſſages in the inſpired Writings, (though not produced as Proofs of Doctrine) add Majeſty and Authority to the nobleſt Diſcourſes of the Pulpit: In like manner an Imitation of the Air of *Homer* and *Virgil* raiſes the Dignity of Modern Poetry, and makes it appear ſtately and venerable.

THE laſt Obſervation I ſhall make at preſent is upon the Diſguſt taken by thoſe Criticks, who put on their

their Clothes prettily, and diſlike every thing that is not written *with Eaſe*. I hereby therefore give the genteel part of the learned World to underſtand, that every Thought which is agreeable to Nature, and expreſt in Language ſuitable to it, is written with Eaſe. There are ſome Things which muſt be written with Strength, which nevertheleſs are eaſy. The Statue of the *Gladiator*, though repreſented in ſuch a Poſture as ſtrains every Muſcle, is as eaſy as that of *Venus*; becauſe the one expreſſes Strength and Fury as naturally as the other doth Beauty and Softneſs. The Paſſions are ſometimes to be rouſed, as well as the Fancy to be entertained; and the Soul to be exalted and enlarged, as well as ſoothed. This often requires a raiſed figurative Stile; which Readers of low Apprehenſions or ſoft and languid Diſpoſitions (having heard of the Word, *Fuſtian* and *Bombaſt*) are apt to reject as ſtiff and affected Language. But Nature and Reaſon appoint different Garbs for different Things; and ſince I write this to the Men of Dreſs, I will aſk them if a Soldier who is to mount a Breach, ſhould be adorned like a Beau, who is ſpruced up for a Ball?

N° 13 *Thurſday, March* 26.

Pudore & Liberalitate Liberos
Retinere, ſatius eſſe credo, quàm metu.
Ter. Adelph. Act. 1. Sc. 1.

I eſteem it better to keep Children in awe by a Senſe of Shame, and a Condeſcenſion to their Inclinations, than by Fear.

THE Reader has had ſome Account of the whole Family of the *Lizards*, except the younger Sons. Theſe are the Branches which ordinarily ſpread themſelves, when they happen to be hopeful, into other Houſes, and new Generations, as honourable, numerous, and wealthy, as thoſe from whence they are derived. For

For this Reaſon it is, that a very peculiar Regard is to be had to their Education.

YOUNG Men, when they are good for any thing, and left to their own Inclinations, delight either in thoſe Accompliſhments we call their Exerciſe, in the Sports of the Field, or in Letters. Mr. *Thomas*, the ſecond Son, does not follow any of theſe with too deep an Attention, but took to each of them enough never to appear Ungraceful or Ignorant. This general Inclination makes him the more agreeable, and ſaves him from the Imputation of Pedantry. His Carriage is ſo eaſy, that he is acceptable to all with whom he converſes; he generally falls in with the Inclination of his Company, is never aſſuming, or prefers himſelf to others. Thus he always gains Favour without Envy, and has every Man's good Wiſhes. It is remarkable, that from his Birth to this Day, though he is now Four and Twenty, I do not remember that he has ever had a Debate with any of his Play-fellows or Friends.

HIS Thoughts, and preſent Applications, are to get into a Court-life; for which, indeed, I cannot but think him peculiarly formed. For he has joined to this Complacency of Manners a great natural Sagacity, and can very well diſtinguiſh between Things and Appearances. That way of Life, wherein all Men are Rivals, demands great Circumſpection to avoid Controverſies ariſing from different Intereſts; but he who is by Nature of a flexible Temper has his Work half done. I have been particularly pleaſed with his Behaviour towards Women; he has the Skill, in their Converſation, to converſe with them as a Man would with thoſe from whom he might have Expectations, but without making Requeſts. I don't know that I ever heard him make what they call a Compliment, or be particular in his Addreſs to any Lady; and yet I never heard any Woman ſpeak of him but with a peculiar Regard. I believe he has been often beloved, but know not that he was ever yet a Lover. The great Secret among them is to be amiable without Deſign. He has a voluble Speech, a vacant Countenance, and eaſy Action, which repreſents the Fact which he is relating with greater Delight than it would have been to have been preſent

at

at the Tranſaction he recounts. For you ſee it only your own way by the bare Narration, but have the additional Pleaſure of his Senſe of it by this manner of repreſenting it. There are mixed in his Talk ſo many pleaſant Ironies, that Things which deſerve the ſevereſt Language are made Ridiculous inſtead of Odious, and you ſee every thing in the moſt good-natur'd Aſpect it can bear. It is wonderfully entertaining to me to hear him ſo exquiſitely pleaſant, and never ſay an ill-natured thing. He is with all his Acquaintance the Perſon generally choſen to reconcile any Difference, and if it be capable of Accommodation *Tom Lizard* is an unexceptionable *Referée*. It has happened to him more than once, that he has been employ'd, by each Oppoſite in a private manner, to feel the Pulſe of the Adverſary; and when each has propoſed the Deciſion of the matter by any whom the other ſhould name, he has taken hold of the Occaſion, and put on the Authority aſſigned by them both, ſo ſeaſonably, that they have began a new Correſpondence with each other, fortified by his Friendſhip to whom they both owe the Value they have for one another, and conſequently confer a greater meaſure of their Good-will upon the Interpoſer. I muſt repeat, that above all, my young Man is excellent at raiſing the Subject on which he ſpeaks, and caſting a Light upon it more agreeable to his Company, than they thought the Subject was capable of. He avoids all Emotion and Violence, and never is warm but on an affectionate Occaſion. Gentleneſs is what peculiarly diſtinguiſhes him from other Men, and it runs through all his Words and Actions.

Mr. *William*, the next Brother, is not of this ſmooth Make, nor ſo ready to accommodate himſelf to the Humours and Inclinations of other Men, but to weigh what paſſes with ſome Severity. He is ever ſearching into the firſt Springs and Cauſes of any Action or Circumſtance, inſomuch, that if it were not to be expected that Experience and Converſation would allay that Humour, it muſt inevitably turn him to Ridicule. But it is not proper to break in upon an inquiſitive Temper, that is of uſe to him in the Way of Life which he propoſes to himſelf, to wit, the Study of the Law,

and

and the Endeavour to arrive at a Faculty in Pleading. I have been very careful to kill in him any Pretenſions to follow Men already eminent, any farther than as their Succeſs is an Encouragement; but make it my endeavour to cheriſh, in the principal and firſt place, his eager purſuit of ſolid Knowledge in his Profeſſion: For I think that clear Conception will produce clear Expreſſion, and clear Expreſſion proper Action: I never ſaw a Man ſpeak very well, where I could not apparently obſerve this, and it ſhall be a Maxim with me till I ſee an Inſtance to the contrary. When young and unexperienced Men take any particular Perſon for their Pattern, they are apt to imitate them in ſuch Things, to which their want of Knowledge makes them attribute Succeſs, and not to the real Cauſes of it. Thus one may have an Air, which proceeds from a juſt Sufficiency and Knowledge of the Matter before him, which may naturally produce ſome Motion of his Head and Body, which might become the Bench better than the Bar. How painfully wrong would this be in a Youth at his firſt Appearance, when it is not well even for the Sergeant of the greateſt Weight and Dignity. But I will, at this time, with an Hint only of his Way of Life, leave Mr. *William* at his Study in the *Temple*.

THE Youngeſt Son, Mr. *John*, is now in the Twentieth Year of his Age, and has had the good Fortune and Honour to be choſen laſt Election Fellow of *All-Souls* College in *Oxford*. He is very graceful in his Perſon; has Height, Strength, Vigour, and a certain Chearfulneſs and Serenity that creates a ſort of Love, which People at firſt Sight obſerve is ripening into Eſteem. He has a Sublime Vein in Poetry, and a warm manner in recommending, either in Speech or Writing, whatever he has earneſtly at Heart. This excellent young Man has devoted himſelf to the Service of his Creator; and with an Aptitude to every agreeable Quality, and every happy Talent, that could make a Man ſhine in a Court, or command in a Camp, he is reſolved to go into holy Orders. He is inſpired with a true Senſe of that Function, when choſen from a Regard to the Intereſts of Piety and Virtue, and a Scorn of whatever Men call

Great

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and

and the Endeavour to arrive at a Faculty in Pleading. I have been very careful to kill in him any Pretenſions to follow Men already eminent, any farther than as their Succeſs is an Encouragement; but make it my endeavour to cheriſh, in the principal and firſt place, his eager purſuit of ſolid Knowledge in his Profeſſion: For I think that clear Conception will produce clear Expreſſion, and clear Expreſſion proper Action: I never ſaw a Man ſpeak very well, where I could not apparently obſerve this, and it ſhall be a Maxim with me till I ſee an Inſtance to the contrary. When young and unexperienced Men take any particular Perſon for their Pattern, they are apt to imitate them in ſuch Things, to which their want of Knowledge makes them attribute Succeſs, and not to the real Cauſes of it. Thus one may have an Air, which proceeds from a juſt Sufficiency and Knowledge of the Matter before him, which may naturally produce ſome Motion of his Head and Body, which might become the Bench better than the Bar. How painfully wrong would this be in a Youth at his firſt Appearance, when it is not well even for the Sergeant of the greateſt Weight and Dignity. But I will, at this time, with an Hint only of his Way of Life, leave Mr. *William* at his Study in the *Temple*.

THE Youngeſt Son, Mr. *John*, is now in the Twentieth Year of his Age, and has had the good Fortune and Honour to be choſen laſt Election Fellow of *All-Souls* College in *Oxford*. He is very graceful in his Perſon; has Height, Strength, Vigour, and a certain Chearfulneſs and Serenity that creates a ſort of Love, which People at firſt Sight obſerve is ripening into Eſteem. He has a Sublime Vein in Poetry, and a warm manner in recommending, either in Speech or Writing, whatever he has earneſtly at Heart. This excellent young Man has devoted himſelf to the Service of his Creator; and with an Aptitude to every agreeable Quality, and every happy Talent, that could make a Man ſhine in a Court, or command in a Camp, he is reſolved to go into holy Orders. He is inſpired with a true Senſe of that Function, when choſen from a Regard to the Intereſts of Piety and Virtue, and a Scorn of whatever Men call

Great

Great in a tranſitory Being, when it comes in competition with what is Unchangeable and Eternal. Whatever Men would undertake from a Paſſion to Glory, whatever they would do for the Service of their Country, this Youth has a Mind prepared to achieve for the Salvation of Souls. What gives me great Hopes that he will one Day make an extraordinary Figure in the Chriſtian World, is, that his Invention, his Memory, Judgment and Imagination, are always employ'd upon this one View; and I do not doubt but in my future Precautions to preſent the Youth of this Age with more agreeable Narrations, compiled by this young Man on the Subject of Heroic Piety than any they can meet with in the Legends of Love and Honour.

N° 14 *Friday, March* 27.

Nec ſcit, qua ſit iter, nec ſi ſciat imperet——

Ovid. Met. l. 2. v. 170.

——— *Nor did he know*
Which way to turn the Reins, or where to go;
Nor wou'd the Horſes, had he known, obey.

ADDISON.

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

'YOU having in your firſt Paper declared, among 'other things, that you will publiſh whatever 'you think may conduce to the Advancement of 'the Converſation of Gentlemen, I cannot but hope you 'will give my young Maſters, when I have told you 'their Age, Condition, and how they lead their Lives, 'and who, though I ſay it, are as docile as any Youths 'in *Europe*, a Leſſon which they very much want, to 'reſtrain 'em from the Infection of bad Company, and 'ſquandering away their Time in idle and unworthy 'Purſuits. A Word from you, I am very well aſſured, 'will prevail more with them than any Remonſtrance 'they will meet with at home. The eldeſt is now

'about

'about Seventeen Years of Age, and the Younger Fifteen, 'born of noble Parentage, and to plentiful Fortunes. 'They have a very good Father and Mother, and alſo a 'Governor, but come very ſeldom (except againſt their 'Wills) in the Sight of any of them. That which I 'obſerve they have moſt Reliſh to is Horſes and Cock-'fighting, which they too too well underſtand, being 'almoſt poſitive at firſt Sight to tell you which Horſe 'will win the Match, and which Cock the Battle; 'and if you are of another Opinion, will lay you 'what you pleaſe on their own, and 'tis odds but 'you loſe. What I fear to be the greateſt Prejudice 'to them, is their keeping much cloſer to their Horſes 'Heels than their Books, and converſing more with 'their Stable-men and Lackies than with their Re-'lations and Gentlemen: and I apprehend, are at 'this time better ſkill'd how to hold the Reins, 'and drive a Coach, than to tranſlate a Verſe in '*Virgil* or *Horace*. For t'other Day taking a Walk 'abroad, they met accidentally in the Fields with 'two young Ladies, whoſe Converſation they were 'very much pleaſed with, and being deſirous to 'ingratiate themſelves further into their Favour, pre-'vail'd with 'em, tho' they had never ſeen them 'before in their Lives, to take the Air in a Coach of 'their Father's which waited for them at the End 'of *Grays-Inn-Lane*. The Youths ran with the Wings 'of Love, and ordered the Coachman to wait at the 'Town's End till they came back. One of our young 'Gentlemen got up before, and t'other behind, to act 'the Parts they had long, by the Direction and Ex-'ample of their Comrades, taken much pains to qua-'lify themſelves for, and ſo galloped off. What theſe 'mean Entertainments will end in, it is impoſſible to 'foreſee; but a *Precaution* upon that Subject might 'prevent very great Calamities in a very worthy Fa-'mily, who take in your Papers, and might perhaps be 'alarmed at what you lay before them upon this 'Subject. I am,

SIR, your moſt humble Servant,

T. S.

To

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

'I Writ to you on the 21ſt of this Month, which you 'did not think fit to take notice of; it gives me 'the greater trouble that you did not, becauſe I am con-'fident the Father of the young Lads, whom I mentio-'ned, would have conſidered how far what was ſaid in 'my Letter concerned himſelf; upon which it is now 'too late to reflect. His ingenious Son, the Coachman, 'aged Seventeen Years, has ſince that time ran away 'with, and married one of the Girls I ſpoke of in my 'laſt. The manner of carrying on the Intrigue, as I 'have picked it out of the younger Brother, who is al-'moſt Sixteen, ſtill a Bachelor, was as follows: One 'of the young Women whom they met in the Fields 'ſeem'd very much taken with my Maſter the elder 'Son, and was prevailed with to go into a Cake-houſe 'not far off the Town. The Girl it ſeems acted her part 'ſo well, ſo as to enamour the Boy, and make him in-'quiſitive into her Place of Abode, with all other Que-'ſtions which were neceſſary toward further Intimacy. 'The Matter was ſo managed, that the Lad was made 'to believe there was no Poſſibility of converſing with 'her, by reaſon of a very ſevere Mother, but with the 'utmoſt Caution. What, it ſeems, made the Mother, 'forſooth, the more ſuſpicious was, that becauſe the Men 'ſaid her Daughter was pretty, ſomebody or other would 'perſuade her to Marry while ſhe was too young to 'know how to govern a Family. By what I can learn 'from Pretences as ſhallow as this, ſhe appeared ſo far 'from having a Deſign upon her Lover, that it ſeemed 'impracticable to him to get her, except it were carried 'on with much Secrecy and Skill. Many were the In-'terviews theſe Lovers had in Four and Twenty Hours 'time: For it was managed by the Mother, that he 'ſhould run in and out as unobſerved by her, and the 'Girl be called in every other inſtant into the next 'Room, and rated (that ſhe could not ſtay in a Place) 'in his Hearing. The young Gentleman was at laſt ſo 'much in Love, as to be thought by the Daughter enga-'ged far enough to put it to the venture that he could

'not

'not live without her. It was now time for the Mo-
'ther to appear, who ſurpriſed the Lovers together in
'private, and baniſhed the Youth her Houſe. What is
'not in the Power of Love! The Charioteer, attended
'by his Faithful Friend the younger Brother, got out the
'other Morning a little earlier than ordinary, and hav-
'ing made a ſudden Friendſhip with a Lad of their
'own Age by the Force of Ten Shillings, who drove an
'Hackney Coach, the elder Brother took his Poſt in
'the Coach-Box, where he could act with a great deal
'of Skill and Dexterity, and waited at the Corner of
'the Street where his Miſtreſs lived, in hopes of carry-
'ing her off under that Diſguiſe. The whole Day was
'ſpent in Expectation of an Opportunity; but in many
'Parts of it he had kind Looks from a diſtant Win-
'dow, which was anſwered by a Brandiſh of his Whip,
'and a Compaſs taken to drive round and ſhow his
'Activity, and Readineſs to convey her where ſhe ſhould
'command him. Upon the Approach of the Evening,
'a Note was thrown into his Coach by a Porter, to
'acquaint him that his Miſtreſs and her Mother ſhould
'take Coach exactly at Seven o'clock; but that the
'Mother was to be ſet down, and the Daughter to go
'further, and call again. The happy Minute came at
'laſt, when our Hack had the Happineſs to take in
'his expected Fare, attended by her Mother, and the
'young Lady with whom he had firſt met her. The
'Mother was ſet down in the *Strand*, and her Daughter
'ordered to call on her when ſhe came from her Couſin's
'an Hour afterwards. The Mother was not ſo unſkilful
'as not to have inſtructed her Daughter whom to ſend
'for, and how to behave herſelf when her Lover ſhould
'urge her Conſent. We yet know no further Particu-
'lars, but that my young Maſter was married that Night
'at *Knightſbridge*, in the Preſence of his Brother and
'two or three other Perſons; and that juſt before the
'Ceremony he took his Brother aſide, and aſk'd him
'to marry the other young Woman. Now, Sir, I will
'not harangue upon this Adventure, but only obſerve,
'that if the Education of this compound Creature had
'been more careful as to his rational Part, the Ani-
'mal Life in him had not, perhaps, been ſo forward,

'but

'but he might have waited longer before he was a Huſ-
'band. However, as the whole Town will in a Day
'or two know the Names, Perſons, and other Circum-
'ſtances, I think this properly lies before your Guardi-
'anſhip to conſider for the Admonition of others; but
'my young Maſter's Fate is irrevocable.

I am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant.

N° 15. *Saturday, March* 28.

——— *ſibi quivis*
Speret idem, ſudet multùm, fruſtraque laboret,
Auſus idem—— Hor. Ars Poet. v. 240.

All men will try, and hope to write as well,
And (not without much pains) be undeceiv'd.
Roſcommon.

I CAME Yeſterday into the Parlour, where I found Mrs. *Cornelia*, my Lady's third Daughter, all alone, reading a Paper, which, as I afterwards found, contained a Copy of Verſes upon Love and Friendſhip. She, I believe, apprehended that I had glanced my Eye upon the Paper, and by the Order and Diſpoſition of the Lines might diſtinguiſh that they were Poetry; and therefore, with an innocent Confuſion in her Face, ſhe told me I might read them if I pleaſed, and ſo withdrew. By the Hand, at firſt Sight, I could not gueſs whether they came from a Beau or a Lady, but having put on my Spectacles, and peruſed them carefully, I found by ſome peculiar Modes in Spelling, and a certain Negligence in Grammar, that it was a Female Sonnet. I have ſince learned, that ſhe hath a Correſpondent in the Country who is as bookiſh as herſelf; that they write to one another by the Names of *Aſtrea* and *Dorinda*, and are mightily

ly admired for their eaſy Lines. As I ſhould be loth to have a Poeteſs in our Family, and yet am unwilling harſhly to croſs the Bent of a young Lady's Genius, I choſe rather to throw together ſome Thoughts upon that kind of Poetry which is diſtinguiſhed by the Name of *Eaſy*, than to riſk the Fame of Mrs. *Cornelia*'s Friend, by expoſing her Work to publick View.

I have ſaid, in a foregoing Paper, that every Thought which is agreeable to Nature, and expreſſed in a Language ſuitable to it, is written with Eaſe: which I offered in anſwer to thoſe who aſk for Eaſe in all kinds of Poetry; and it is ſo far true, as it ſtates the Notion of eaſy Writing in general, as that is oppoſed to what is forced or affected. But as there is an eaſy Mien, and eaſy Dreſs, peculiarly ſo called; ſo there is an eaſy ſort of Poetry. In order to write eaſily, it is neceſſary in the firſt place to think eaſily. Now, according to different Subjects, Men think differently; Anger, Fury, and the rough Paſſions, awaken ſtrong Thoughts: Glory, Grandeur, Power, raiſe great Thoughts: Love, Melancholy, Solitude, and whatever gently touches the Soul, inſpires eaſy Thoughts.

OF the Thoughts ſuggeſted by theſe gentle Subjects, there are ſome which may be ſet off by Stile and Ornament: Others there are, which the more ſimply they are conceived, and the more clearly they are expreſſed, give the Soul proportionably the more pleaſing Emotions. The Figures of Stile added to them ſerve only to hide a Beauty, however gracefully they are put on, and are thrown away like paint upon a fine Complexion. But here not only Livelineſs of Fancy is requiſite to exhibit a great Variety of Images; but alſo Niceneſs of Judgment to cull out thoſe, which, without the Advantage of Foreign Art, will ſhine by their own intrinſick Beauty. By theſe means, whatſoever ſeems to demand Labour being rejected, that only which appears to be eaſy and natural will come in; and ſo Art will be hid by Art, which is the Perfection of eaſy Writing.

I will ſuppoſe an Author to be really poſſeſſed with the Paſſion which he writes upon, and then we ſhall ſee how he would acquit himſelf. This I take to be the ſafeſt way to form a Judgment of him; ſince if he be not

truly

truly moved, he muſt at leaſt work up his Imagination as near as poſſible, to reſemble Reality. I chooſe to inſtance in Love, which is obſerved to have produced the moſt finiſhed Performances in this Kind. A Lover will be full of Sincerity, that he may be believed by his Miſtreſs; he will therefore think ſimply; he will expreſs himſelf perſpicuouſly, that he may not perplex her; he will therefore write unaffectedly. Deep Reflexions are made by a Head undiſturbed; and Points of Wit and Fancy are the Work of an Heart at Eaſe: Theſe two Dangers then, into which Poets are apt to run, are effectually removed out of the Lover's Way. The ſelecting proper Circumſtances, and placing them in agreeable Lights, are the fineſt Secrets of all Poetry; but the Recollection of little Circumſtances is the Lover's ſole Meditation, and relating them pleaſantly, the Buſineſs of his Life. Accordingly we find that the moſt celebrated Authors of this Rank excel in Love Verſes. Out of ten thouſand Inſtances I ſhall name one, which I think the moſt delicate and tender I ever ſaw.

To myſelf I ſigh often, without knowing why;
And when abſent from Phyllis, *methinks I could die.*

A Man who hath ever been in Love will be touched at the reading of theſe Lines; and every one, who now feels that Paſſion, actually feels that they are true.

FROM what I have advanced it appears, how difficult it is to write eaſily. But when eaſy Writings fall into the Hands of an ordinary Reader, they appear to him ſo natural and unlaboured, that he immediately reſolves to write, and fancies that all he hath to do is to take no Pains. Thus he thinks indeed ſimply, but the Thoughts, not being choſen with Judgment, are not beautiful; he, it is true, expreſſes himſelf plainly, but flatly withal. Again, if a Man of Vivacity takes it in his Head to write this way, what Self-denial muſt he undergo, when bright Points of Wit occur to his Fancy? How difficult will he find it to reject florid Phraſes, and pretty Embelliſhments of Stile? So true it is, that Simplicity of all things is the hardeſt to be copied, and Eaſe to be acquired with the greateſt Labour. Our Family knows

knows very well how ill Lady *Flame* looked, when ſhe imitated Mrs. *Jane* in a plain Black-Suit. And, I remember, when *Frank Courtly* was ſaying the other Day, that any Man might write eaſy, I only aſk'd him, if he thought it poſſible that Squire *Hawthorn* ſhould ever come into a Room as he did? He made me a very handſom Bow, and anſwered with a Smile, Mr. *Ironſide, you have convinced me.*

I ſhall conclude this Paper by obſerving that *Paſtoral* Poetry, which is the moſt conſiderable kind of eaſy Writing, hath the oftneſt been attempted with ill Succeſs of any Sort whatſoever. I ſhall therefore, in a little time, communicate my Thoughts upon that Subject to the Publick.

N° 16 *Monday, March* 30.

——— *Ne fortè pudori*
Sit tibi Muſa Lyræ ſolers, & cantor Apollo.
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 406.

Bluſh not to patronize the Muſe's Skill.

TWO Mornings ago a Gentleman came in to my Lady *Lizard*'s Tea-Table, who is diſtinguiſhed in Town by the good Taſte he is known to have in polite Writings, eſpecially ſuch as relate to Love and Galantry. The Figure of the Man had ſomething odd and groteſk in it, though his Air and Manner were genteel and eaſy, and his Wit agreeable. The Ladies, in Complaiſance to him, turned the Diſcourſe to Poetry. This ſoon gave him an Occaſion of producing two new Songs to the Company; which, he ſaid, he would venture to recommend as complete Performances. The firſt, continued he, is by a Gentleman of an unrival'd Reputation in every Kind of Writing; and the ſecond by a Lady who does me the Honour to be in Love with me, becauſe I am not handſom. Mrs. *Annabella* upon this (who never lets ſlip an Occaſion of doing ſprightly things)

things) gives a Twitch to the Paper with a Finger and a Thumb, and ſnatches it out of the Gentleman's Hands: Then caſting her Eye over it with a ſeeming Impatience, ſhe read us the Songs; and in a very obliging manner, deſired the Gentleman would let her have a Copy of them, together with his Judgment upon Songs in general; that I may be able, ſaid ſhe, to judge of Galantries of this Nature, if ever it ſhould be my Fortune to have a Poetical Lover. The Gentleman complied; and accordingy Mrs. *Annabella* the very next Morning, when ſhe was at her Toilet, had the following Packet delivered to her by a ſpruce *Valet de Chambre*.

The firſt SONG.

I.

ON Belvidera's Boſom lying,
Wiſhing, panting, ſighing, dying,
The cold regardleſs Maid to move,
With unavailing Pray'rs I ſue:
" You firſt have taught me how to love,
" Ah teach me to be happy too!

II.

But ſhe, alas! unkindly wiſe,
To all my Sighs and Tears replies,
" 'Tis every prudent Maid's Concern
" Her Lover's Fondneſs to improve;
" If to be happy you ſhall learn,
" You quickly would forget to love.

The Second SONG.

I.

BOaſt not, miſtaken Swain, thy Art
To pleaſe my partial Eyes;
The Charms that have ſubdued my Heart,
Another may deſpiſe.

II. *Thy*

II.

Thy Face is to my Humour made,
Another it may fright:
Perhaps by ſome fond Whim betray'd,
In Oddneſs I delight.

III.

Vain Youth to your Confuſion know,
'Tis to my Love's Exceſs
You all your fancy'd Beauties owe,
Which fade as that grows leſs.

IV.

For your own Sake, if not for mine,
You ſhould preſerve my Fire:
Since you, my Swain, no more will ſhine,
When I no more admire.

V.

By me, indeed, you are allow'd
The Wonder of your Kind;
But be not of my Judgment proud,
Whom Love has render'd blind.

To Mrs. Annabella Lizard.

MADAM,

'TO let you ſee how abſolute your Commands are over me, and to convince you of the Opinion I have of your good Senſe, I ſhall, without any Preamble of Compliments, give you my Thoughts upon Song-Writing, in the ſame Order as they have occurred to me. Only allow me, in my own Defence, to ſay, that I do not remember ever to have met with any Piece of Criticiſm upon this Subject; ſo that if I err, or ſeem ſingular in my Opinions, you will be the more at Liberty to differ from them, ſince I do not pretend to ſupport them by any Authority.

'IN all Ages, and in every Nation, where Poetry 'has been in Faſhion, the Tribe of Sonneteers hath been 'very numerous. Every pert young Fellow that has a 'moving Fancy, and the leaſt jingle of Verſe in his 'Head, ſets up for a Writer of Songs, and reſolves to 'immortalize his Bottle or his Miſtreſs. What a 'World of inſipid Productions in this kind have we 'been peſtered with ſince the Revolution, to go no 'higher? This, no doubt, proceeds in a great meaſure 'from not forming a right Judgment of the Nature of 'theſe little Compoſitions. It is true, they do not re-'quire an Elevation of Thought, nor any extraordina-'ry Capacity, nor an extenſive Knowledge; but then 'they demand great Regularity, and the utmoſt Nicety; 'an exact Purity of Stile, with the moſt eaſy and flow-'ing Numbers; an elegant and unaffected Turn of Wit, 'with one uniform and ſimple deſign. Greater Works 'cannot well be without ſome Inequalities and Over-'ſights, and they are in them pardonable; but a Song 'loſes all its Luſtre if it be not poliſhed with the greateſt 'Accuracy. The ſmalleſt Blemiſh in it, like a Flaw in a 'Jewel, takes off the whole Value of it. A Song is, as 'it were, a little Image in Enamel, that requires all 'the nice Touches of the Pencil, a Gloſs and a Smooth-'neſs, with thoſe delicate finiſhing Strokes, which would 'be ſuperfluous and thrown away upon larger Figures, 'where the Strength and Boldneſs of a maſterly Hand 'gives all the Grace.

'SINCE you may have recourſe to the *French* and '*Engliſh* Tranſlations, you will not accuſe me of Pe-'dantry, when I tell you that *Sappho*, *Anacreon*, and '*Horace* in ſome of his ſhorter Lyrics, are the Com-'pleteſt Models for little Odes or Sonnets. You will 'find them generally purſuing a ſingle Thought in their 'Songs, which is driven to a Point, without thoſe In-'terruptions and Deviations ſo frequent in the Modern 'Writers of this Order. To do Juſtice to the *French*, 'there is no living Language that abounds ſo much in 'good Songs. The Genius of the People, and the 'Idiom of their Tongue, ſeems adapted to Compoſiti-'ons of this ſort. Our Writers generally croud into 'one Song Materials enough for ſeveral; and ſo they

'ſtarve

'ſtarve every Thought, by endeavouring to nurſe up 'more than one at a time. They give you a String of 'imperfect Sonnets, inſtead of one finiſhed Piece, which 'is a fault Mr. *Waller* (whoſe Beauties cannot be too 'much admired) ſometimes falls into. But, of all our 'Countrymen, none are more defective in their Songs, 'through a Redundancy of Wit, than Dr. *Donne*, and 'Mr. *Cowley*. In them, one Point of Wit flaſhes ſo faſt 'upon another, that the Reader's Attention is dazzled 'by the continual ſparkling of their Imagination; you 'find a new Deſign ſtarted almoſt in every Line, and 'you come to the End without the Satisfaction of ſeeing 'any one of them executed.

'A Song ſhould be conducted like an Epigram; and 'the only Difference between them is, that one does 'not require the Lyric Numbers, and is uſually em-'ployed upon Satirical Occaſions; whereas the Buſineſs 'of the other, for the moſt part, is to expreſs, (as my 'Lord *Roſcommon* tranſlates it from *Horace*)

Love's pleaſing Cares, and the free Joys of Wine.

'I ſhall conclude what I have to ſay upon this Sub-'ject, by obſerving, that the *French* do very often con-'found the Song and the Epigram, and take the one 'reciprocally for the other. An Inſtance of which I 'ſhall give you in a remarkable Epigram which paſſes 'current abroad for an excellent Song.

Tu parles mal par tout de moi,
Je dis du bien par tout de toi;
Quel Malheur eſt le nôtre?
L'on ni croit ni l'un, ni l'autre.

'FOR the Satisfaction of ſuch of your Friends as 'may not underſtand the Original, I ſhall venture to 'tranſlate it after my Faſhion, ſo as to keep ſtrictly to 'the Turn of Thought, at the Expence of loſing ſome-'thing in the Poetry and Verſification.

Thou ſpeakeſt always ill of me,
I ſpeak always well of thee:

But ſpite of all our Noiſe and Pother,
The World believes nor one nor t'other.

'THUS, Madam, I have endeavoured to comply 'with your Commands; not out of any Vanity of 'erecting myſelf into a Critick, but out of an earneſt 'Deſire of being thought, upon all Occaſions,

Your moſt Obedient Servant.

Nº 17 *Tueſday, March* 31.

——*Minimumque libidine peccant.*
Juv. Sat. 6. v. 134.

Luſt is the ſmalleſt Sin they own. Dryden.

IF it were poſſible to bear up againſt the Force of Ridicule, which Faſhion has brought upon People for acknowledging a Veneration for the moſt Sacred things, a Man might ſay that the time we now are in is ſet apart for Humiliation; and all our Actions ſhould at preſent more particularly tend that way. I remember about thirty Years ago an eminent Divine, who was alſo moſt exactly well-bred, told his Congregation at *Whitehall*, that if they did not vouchſafe to give their Lives a new Turn, they muſt certainly go to a Place which he did not think fit to name in that courtly Audience. It's with me as with that Gentleman; I would, if poſſible, repreſent the Errors of Life, eſpecially thoſe ariſing from what we call Galantry, in ſuch a manner as the People of Pleaſure may read me. In this caſe I muſt not be rough to Gentlemen and Ladies, but ſpeak of Sin as a Gentleman. It might not perhaps be amiſs, if therefore I ſhould call my preſent Precaution *a Criticiſm upon Fornication*; and by repreſenting the unjuſt Taſte they have who affect that Way of Pleaſure, bring a Diſtaſte upon it among all thoſe who are judicious in their Satisfactions. I will be bold then to lay down for a Rule,

a Rule, That he who follows this kind of Gratification, gives up much greater delight by purſuing it, than he can poſſibly enjoy from it. As to the common Women and the Stews, there is no one but will allow this Aſſertion at firſt Sight; but if it will appear, that they who deal with thoſe of the Sex who are leſs profligate, deſcend to greater Baſeneſſes than if they frequented Brothels, it ſhould, methinks, bring this Iniquity under ſome Diſcountenance. The Rake, who without Senſe of Character or Decency wallows and ranges in common Houſes, is guilty no farther than of proſtituting himſelf, and expoſing his Health to Diſeaſes; but the Man of Galantry cannot purſue his Pleaſures without Treachery to ſome Man he ought to love, and making deſpicable the Woman he admires. To live in a continual Deceit, to reflect upon the Diſhonour you do ſome Husband, Father or Brother, who does not deſerve this of you, and whom you would deſtroy did you know they did the like towards you, are Circumſtances which pall the Appetite, and give a Man of any Senſe of Honour very painful Mortification. What more need be ſaid againſt a Gentleman's Delight, than that he himſelf thinks himſelf a baſe Man in purſuing it? When it is thoroughly conſidered, he gives up his very Being as a Man of Integrity who commences Galant. Let him or her who is guilty this way but weigh the Matter a little, and the Criminal will find that thoſe whom they moſt eſteemed are of a ſudden become the moſt diſagreeable Companions; nay, their good Qualities are grown odious and painful. It is ſaid, People who have the Plague have a delight in communicating the Infection; in like manner, the Senſe of Shame, which is never wholly overcome, inclines the Guilty this way to contribute to the Deſtruction of others. And Women are pleaſed to introduce more Women into the ſame Condition, tho' they can have no other Satisfaction from it, than that the Infamy is ſhared among greater Numbers, which they flatter themſelves eaſes the Burden of each particular Perſon.

IT is a moſt melancholy Conſideration, that for momentary Senſations of Joy, obtained by ſtealth, Men are forced into a Conſtraint of all their Words and Actions

in the general and ordinary Occurrences of Life. It is an Impoſſibility in this caſe to be faithful to one Perſon, without being falſe to all the reſt of the World: The gay Figures in which Poetical Men of looſe Morals have placed this kind of ſtealth are but feeble Conſolations, when a Man is inclined to Soliloquy or Meditation upon his paſt Life; Flaſhes of Wit can promote Joy, but they cannot allay Grief.

DISEASE, Sickneſs and Misfortune are what all Men living are liable to, it is therefore ridiculous and mad to purſue, inſtead of ſhunning, what muſt add to our Anguiſh under Diſeaſe, Sickneſs or Misfortune. It is poſſible there may be thoſe whoſe Bloods are too warm to admit of theſe Compunctions; if there are ſuch, I am ſure they are laying up Store for them: But I have better hopes of thoſe who have not yet eraſed the Impreſſions and Advantages of a good Education and Fortune; they may be aſſured, *that whoever wholly give themſelves up to Luſt, will ſoon find it the leaſt Fault they are guilty of.*

IRRECONCILEABLE Hatred to thoſe they have injured, mean Shifts to cover their Offences, Envy and Malice to the Innocent, and a general Sacrifice of all that is Good-natured or Praiſe-worthy when it interrupts them, will poſſeſs all their Faculties, and make them utter Strangers to the noble Pleaſures which flow from Honour and Virtue. Happy are they, who from the Viſitation of Sickneſs, or any other Accident, are awakened from a Courſe which leads to an Inſenſibility of the greateſt Enjoyments in human Life.

A *French* Author, giving an Account of a very agreeable Man, in whoſe Character he mingles good Qualities and Infirmities, rather than Vices and Virtues, tells the following Story.

'Our Knight, ſays he, was pretty much addicted to 'the moſt faſhionable of all Faults. He had a looſe 'Rogue for a Lackey, not a little in his Favour, tho' 'he had no other Name for him when he ſpoke of him 'but *the Raſcal*, or to him but *Sirrah*. One Morning 'when he was dreſſing, Sirrah, ſays he, be ſure you 'bring home this Evening a pretty Wench. The Fel-'low was a Perſon of Diligence and Capacity, and

'had

'had for ſome time addreſſed himſelf to a decay'd old 'Gentlewoman, who had a young Maiden to her 'Daughter, beauteous as an Angel, not yet ſixteen 'Years of Age. The Mother's extreme Poverty, and 'the Inſinuations of this artful Lackey concerning the 'ſoft Diſpoſition and Generoſity of his Maſter, made 'her conſent to deliver up her Daughter. But many 'were the Intreaties and Repreſentations of the Mother 'to gain her Child's Conſent to an Action, which ſhe 'ſaid ſhe abhorred, at the ſame time ſhe exhorted her 'to it; but Child, ſays ſhe, can you ſee your Mother 'die for Hunger? The Virgin argued no longer, but 'burſting into Tears, ſaid ſhe would go any where. 'The Lackey conveyed her with great Obſequi-'ouſneſs and Secrecy to his Maſter's Lodging, and 'placed her in a commodious Apartment till he 'came home. The Knight, who knew his Man never 'failed of bringing in his Prey, indulged his Genius at 'a Banquet, and was in high Humour at an Entertain-'ment with Ladies, expecting to be received in the 'Evening by one as agreeable as the beſt of them. 'When he came home, his Lackey met him with a 'ſaucy and joyful Familiarity, crying out, She is as 'handſom as an Angel, (for there is no other Simile on 'theſe Occaſions) but the tender Fool has wept till her 'Eyes are ſwelled and bloated; for ſhe is a Maid and a 'Gentlewoman. With that he conducted his Maſter 'to the Room where ſhe was, and retired. The 'Knight, when he ſaw her bathed in Tears, ſaid in 'ſome Surpriſe, Don't you know, young Woman, 'why you were brought hither? The unhappy Maid 'fell on her Knees, and with many Interruptions of 'Sighs and Tears ſaid to him, I know, alas! too well 'why I am brought hither; my Mother, to get Bread 'for her and myſelf, has ſent me to do what you plea-'ſed; but wou'd it would pleaſe Heaven I could die, 'before I am added to the Number of thoſe miſerable 'Wretches who live without Honour! With this Re-'flexion ſhe wept anew, and beat her Boſom. The 'Knight ſtepping back from her, ſaid, I am not ſo 'abandoned as to hurt your Innocence againſt your 'Will.

'THE Novelty of the Accident ſurpris'd him into 'Virtue; and covering the young Maid with a Cloke, 'he led her to a Relation's Houſe, to whoſe Care he 'recommended her for that Night. The next Morn-'ing he ſent for her Mother, and aſked her if her 'Daughter was a Maid? The Mother aſſured him, that 'when ſhe delivered her to his Servant, ſhe was a 'Stranger to Man. Are not you then, reply'd the 'Knight, a wicked Woman to contrive the Debauchery 'of your own Child? She held down her Face with 'Fear and Shame, and in her Confuſion uttered ſome 'broken Words concerning her Poverty. Far be it, 'ſaid the Gentleman, that you ſhould relieve yourſelf 'from Want by a much greater Evil: Your Daughter 'is a fine young Creature; do you know of none that 'ever ſpoke of her for a Wife? The Mother anſwered, 'There is an honeſt Man in our Neighbourhood that 'loves her, who has often ſaid he would marry her 'with Two Hundred Pounds. The Knight ordered his 'Man to reckon out that Sum, with an Addition of 'Fifty to buy the Bride Clothes, and fifty more as a 'Help to her Mother.

I appeal to all the Galants in Town, Whether poſſeſſing all the Beauties in *Great-Britain* could give half the Pleaſure, as this young Gentleman had in the Reflexion of having relieved a miſerable Parent from Guilt and Poverty, an innocent Virgin from Publick Shame, and beſtowing a Virtuous Wife upon an honeſt Man?

AS all Men who are Guilty this way have not Fortunes or Opportunities for making ſuch Atonements for their Vices, yet all Men may do what is certainly in their Power at this good Seaſon. For my part I don't care how ridiculous the Mention of it may be, provided I hear it has any good Conſequence upon the Wretched, that I recommend the moſt abandoned and miſerable of Mankind to the Charity of all in proſperous Conditions under the ſame Guilt with thoſe Wretches. The *Lock* Hoſpital in *Kent-ſtreet*, *Southwark*, for Men, that in *Kingſland* for Women, is a Receptacle for all Sufferers mangled by this Iniquity. Penitents ſhould in their own Hearts take upon them all the Shame and Sorrow they have eſcaped; and it would become them to make an

Oblation

Oblation for their Crimes, by Charity to thoſe upon whom Vice appears in that utmoſt Miſery and Deformity, which they themſelves are free from by their better Fortune, rather than greater Innocence. It would quicken our Compaſſion in this Caſe, if we conſidered there may be Objects there, who would now move Horror and Loathing, that we have once embraced with Tranſport; and as we are Men of Honour, (for I muſt not ſpeak as we are Chriſtians) let us not deſert our Friends for the Loſs of their Noſes.

N° 18 *Wedneſday, April* 1.

———*Animæque capaces*
Mortis ——— Lucan.

Souls, undiſmay'd by Death.

THE Proſpect of Death is ſo gloomy and diſmal, that if it were conſtantly before our Eyes, it would imbitter all the Sweets of Life. The gracious Author of our Being hath therefore ſo formed us, that we are capable of many pleaſing Senſations and Reflexions, and meet with ſo many Amuſements and Solicitudes, as divert our Thoughts from dwelling upon an Evil, which, by Reaſon of its ſeeming Diſtance, makes but languid Impreſſions upon the Mind. But how diſtant ſoever the Time of our Death may be, ſince it is certain that we muſt die, it is neceſſary to allot ſome Portion of our Life to conſider the End of it; and it is highly convenient to fix ſome ſtated Times to meditate upon the final Period of our Exiſtence here. The Principle of Self-Love, as we are Men, will make us enquire, what is like to become of us after our Diſſolution? and our Conſcience, as we are Chriſtians, will inform us, that according to the Good or Evil of our Actions here, we ſhall be tranſlated to the Manſions of eternal Bliſs or Miſery. When this is ſeriouſly weighed, we muſt think it Madneſs to be unprepared againſt the black Moment;

but when we reflect that perhaps that black Moment may be to night, how watchful ought we to be!

I was wonderfully affected with a Diſcourſe I had lately with a Clergyman of my Acquaintance upon this Head, which was to this Effect: 'The Conſideration, 'ſaid the good Man, that my Being is precarious, moved 'me many Years ago to make a Reſolution, which I 'have diligently kept, and to which I owe the greateſt 'Satisfaction that a mortal Man can enjoy. Every 'Night before I addreſs myſelf in private to my Crea-'tor, I lay my Hand upon my Heart, and aſk myſelf, 'Whether if God ſhould require my Soul of me this 'Night, I could hope for Mercy from him? The bit-'ter Agonies I underwent in this my firſt Acquaint-'ance with myſelf, were ſo far from throwing me into 'Deſpair of that Mercy which is over all God's Works, 'that they rather proved Motives to greater Circum-'ſpection in my future Conduct. The oftner I exerci-'ſed myſelf in Meditations of this kind, the leſs was 'my Anxiety; and by making the Thoughts of Death 'familiar, what was at firſt ſo terrible and ſhocking is 'become the ſweeteſt of my Enjoyments. Theſe Con-'templations have indeed made me ſerious, but not ſul-'len; nay, they are ſo far from having ſour'd my Tem-'per, that as I have a Mind perfectly compoſed, and a 'ſecret Spring of Joy in my Heart, ſo my Converſati-'on is pleaſant, and my Countenance ſerene. I taſte 'all the innocent Satisfactions of Life pure and ſincere; 'I have no Share in Pleaſures that leave a Sting behind 'them, nor am I cheated with that kind of Mirth, *in* '*the midſt of which there is Heavineſs.*

OF all the Profeſſions of Men, a Soldier's chiefly ſhould put him upon this religious Vigilance. His Duty expoſes him to ſuch Hazards, that the Evil which to Men in other Stations may ſeem far diſtant, to him is inſtant, and ever before his Eyes. The Conſideration, that what Men in a Martial Life purchaſe is gained with Danger and Labour, and muſt perhaps be parted with very ſpeedily, is the Cauſe of much Licenſe and Riot. As moreover it is neceſſary to keep up the Spirits of thoſe who are to encounter the moſt terrible Dangers, Offences of this Nature meet with great Indulgence.

But

But there is a Courage better founded than this Animal Fury. The ſecret Aſſurance, that all is right within, that if he falls in Battle he will the more ſpeedily be crown'd with true Glory, will add Strength to a Warrior's Arm, and Intrepidity to his Heart.

ONE of the moſt ſucceſsful Stratagems whereby *Mahomet* became formidable, was the Aſſurance that Impoſtor gave his Votaries, that whoever was ſlain in Battle ſhould be immediately conveyed to that luxurious *Paradiſe* his wanton Fancy had invented. The ancient *Druids* taught a Doctrine which had the ſame Effect, though with this Difference from *Mahomet*'s, That the Souls of the ſlain ſhould tranſmigrate into other Bodies, and in them be rewarded according to the Degrees of their Merit. This is told by *Lucan* with his uſual Spirit.

You teach that Souls, from fleſhly Chains unbound,
Seek not pale Shades and Erebus *profound,*
But fleeting hence to other Regions ſtray,
Once more to mix with animated Clay;
Hence Death's a Gap (if Men may truſt the Lore)
'Twixt Lives behind and Ages yet before.
A bleſt Miſtake! which Fate's dread Pow'r diſarms,
And ſpurs its Vot'ries on to War's Alarms;
Laviſh of Life, they ruſh with fierce Delight
Amidſt the Legions, and provoke the Fight;
O'er-matching Death, and freely caſt away
That Loan of Life the Gods are bound to pay.

OUR galant Countryman, Sir *Philip Sidney*, was a noble Example of Courage and Devotion. I am particularly pleaſed to find that he hath tranſlated the whole Book of *Pſalms* into *Engliſh* Verſe. A Friend of mine informs me, that he hath the Manuſcript by him, which is ſaid in the Title to have been done *By the moſt noble and virtuous Gent. Sir* PHILIP SIDNEY, *Knight*. They having never been printed, I ſhall preſent the Public with one of them, which my Correſpondent aſſures me he hath faithfully tranſcribed, and wherein I have taken the Liberty only to alter one Word.

PSALM

PSALM CXXXVII.

I.

NIGH ſeated where the River flows,
That wat'reth Babel's *thankful Plain,*
Which then our Tears, in pearled Rows,
Did help to water with the Rain:
The Thought of Sion *bred ſuch Woes,*
That though our Harps we did retain,
Yet uſeleſs and untouched there,
On Willows only hang'd they were.

II.

Now while our Harps were hanged ſo,
The Men whoſe Captives then we lay,
Did on our Griefs inſulting go,
And more to grieve us thus did ſay;
You that of Muſick make ſuch Show,
Come ſing us now a Sion's *Lay:*
Oh no! we have no Voice nor Hand
For ſuch a Song in ſuch a Land.

III.

Though far I be, ſweet Sion *Hill,*
In foreign Soil exil'd from thee,
Yet let my Hand forget his Skill,
If ever thou forgotten be;
And let my Tongue faſt glewed ſtill
Unto my Roof, lie mute in me;
If thy Neglect within me ſpring,
Or ought I do, but Salem *ſing.*

IV.

But thou, O Lord, ſhalt not forget
To quit the Pains of Edom's *Race,*
Who cauſeleſly, yet hotly ſet
Thy holy City to deface;
Did thus the bloody Victors whet,
What time they enter'd firſt the Place,
" Down, down with it at any Hand,
" Make all a Waſte, let nothing ſtand.

V. *And*

V.

And Babylon, *that didſt us waſte,*
Thyſelf ſhalt one Day waſted be:
And happy be, who what thou haſt
Unto us done, ſhall do to thee;
Like Bitterneſs ſhall make thee taſte,
Like woful Objects make thee ſee:
Yea, happy who thy little Ones
Shall take and daſh againſt the Stones.

N° 19 *Thurſday, April* 2.

Ne te ſemper inops agitet vexetque Cupido;
Ne Pavor, & rerum mediocriter utilium Spes.
Hor. Ep. 18. l. 1. v. 98.

Leſt Avarice, ſtill poor, diſturb thine Eaſe;
Or Fear ſhou'd ſhake, or Cares thy Mind abuſe,
Or ardent Hope for things of little uſe. CREECH.

IT was prettily obſerved by ſomebody concerning the great Vices, that there are three which give Pleaſure, as Covetouſneſs, Gluttony and Luſt; one, which taſtes of nothing but Pain, as Envy; the reſt have a Mixture of Pleaſure and Pain, as Anger and Pride. But when a Man conſiders the State of his own Mind, about which every Member of the Chriſtian World is ſuppoſed at this time to be employed, he will find that the beſt Defence againſt Vice is preſerving the worthieſt Part of his own Spirit pure from any great Offence againſt it. There is a Magnanimity which makes us look upon ourſelves with Diſdain, after we have been betray'd by ſudden Deſire, Opportunity of Gain, the Abſence of a Perſon who excels us, the Fault of a Servant, or the ill Fortune of an Adverſary, into the Gratification of Luſt, Covetouſneſs, Envy, Rage or Pride; when the more ſublime Part of our Souls is kept alive, and we have not repeated Infirmities till they are become vicious Habits.

THE

THE Vice of Covetouſneſs is what enters deepeſt into the Soul of any other; and you may have ſeen Men, otherwiſe the moſt agreeable Creatures in the World, ſo ſeized with the Deſire of being richer, that they ſhall ſtartle at indifferent things, and live in a continual Guard and Watch over themſelves from a remote Fear of Expence. No pious Man can be ſo circumſpect in the Care of his Conſcience, as the covetous Man is in that of his Pocket.

IF a Man would preſerve his own Spirit, and his natural Approbation of higher and more worthy Purſuits, he could never fall into this Littleneſs, but his Mind would be ſtill open to Honour and Virtue, in ſpite of Infirmities and Relapſes. But what extremely diſcourages me in my Precautions as a GUARDIAN, is, that there is an univerſal Defection from the Admiration of Virtue. Riches and outward Splendor have taken up the Place of it; and no Man thinks he is mean, if he is not poor. But alas! this deſpicable Spirit debaſes our very Being, and makes our Paſſions take a new Turn from their natural Bent.

IT was a Cauſe of great Sorrow and Melancholy to me ſome Nights ago at a Play, to ſee a Crowd in the Habits of the Gentry of *England* ſtupid to the nobleſt Sentiments we have. The Circumſtance happened in the Scene of Diſtreſs betwixt *Piercy* and *Anna Bullen:* One of the Centinels who ſtood on the Stage, to prevent the Diſorders which the moſt unmannerly Race of young Men that ever were ſeen in any Age frequently raiſe in Publick Aſſemblies, upon *Piercy*'s beſeeching to be heard, burſt into Tears; upon which the greateſt Part of the Audience fell into a loud and ignorant Laughter; which others, who were touched with the liberal Compaſſion in the poor Fellow, could hardly ſuppreſs by their Clapping. But the Man, without the leaſt Confuſion or Shame in his Countenance for what had happened, wiped away the Tears, and was ſtill intent upon the Play. The Diſtreſs ſtill riſing, the Soldier was ſo much moved, that he was obliged to turn his Face from the Audience, to their no ſmall Merriment. *Piercy* had the Galantry to take notice of his honeſt Heart; and, as I am told, gave him a Crown to help him

him in his Affliction. It is certain this poor Fellow, in his humble Condition, had ſuch a lively Compaſſion as a Soul unwedded to the World; were it otherwiſe, gay Lights and Dreſſes, with Appearances of People of Faſhion and Wealth, to which his Fortune could not be familiar, would have taken up all his Attention and Admiration.

IT is every thing that is Praiſe-worthy, as well as pure Religion, (according to a Book too ſacred for me to quote) *to viſit the Fatherleſs and Widows in their Affliction, and to keep himſelf unſpotted from the World.* Every Step that a Man makes beyond moderate and reaſonable Proviſion, is taking ſo much from the Worthineſs of his own Spirit; and he that is intirely ſet upon making a Fortune, is all that while undoing the Man. He muſt grow deaf to the Wretched, eſtrange himſelf from the Agreeable, learn Hardneſs of Heart, diſreliſh every thing that is noble, and terminate all in his deſpicable Self. Indulgence in any one immoderate Deſire or Appetite engroſſes the whole Creature, and his Life is ſacrificed to that one Deſire or Appetite; but how much otherwiſe is it with thoſe that preſerve alive in them ſomething that adorns their Condition, and ſhews the Man, whether a Prince or a Beggar, above his Fortune.

I have juſt now recorded a Foot Soldier for the Politeſt Man in a *Britiſh* Audience, from the Force of Nature, untainted with the Singularity of an ill-applied Education. A good Spirit, that is not abuſed, can add new Glories to the higheſt State in the World, as well as give Beauties to the meaneſt. I ſhall exemplify this by inſerting a Prayer of *Harry* the Fourth of *France* juſt before a Battle, in which he obtain'd an intire Victory.

O LORD of Hoſts, who canſt ſee through the thickeſt Veil and cloſeſt Diſguiſe, who vieweſt the Bottom of my Heart, and the deepeſt Deſigns of my Enemies, who haſt in thy Hands, as well as before thine Eyes, all the Events which concern human Life, if thou knoweſt that my Reign will promote thy Glory and the Safety of thy People, if thou knoweſt that I have no other

Ambition

Ambition in my Soul, but to advance the Honour of thy Holy Name, and the Good of this State, favour, O great God, the Juſtice of my Arms, and reduce all the Rebels to acknowledge him whom thy ſacred Decrees, and the Order of a lawful Succeſſion, have made their Sovereign; but if thy good Providence has ordered it otherwiſe, and thou ſeeſt that I ſhould prove one of thoſe Kings whom thou giveſt in thine Anger, take from me, O merciful God, my Life and my Crown, make me this Day a Sacrifice to thy Will, let my Death end the Calamities of France, *and let my Blood be the laſt that is ſpilt in this Quarrel.*

THE King uttered this generous Prayer in a Voice, and with a Countenance, that inſpired all who heard and beheld him with like Magnanimity: Then turning to the Squadron, at the Head of which he deſigned to charge, *My Fellow-ſoldiers,* ſaid he, *as you run my Fortune, ſo do I yours; your Safety conſiſts in keeping well your Ranks; but if the Heat of the Action ſhould force you to Diſorder, think of nothing but rallying again; if you loſe the Sight of your Colours and Standards, look round for the white Plume in my Beaver, you ſhall ſee it where-ever you are, and it ſhall lead you to Glory and to Victory.*

THE Magnanimity of this Illuſtrious Prince was ſupported by a firm Reliance on Providence, which inſpired him with a Contempt of Life, and an Aſſurance of Conqueſt. His generous Scorn of Royalty, but as it conſiſted with the Service of God, and Good of his People, is an Inſtance, that the Mind of Man, when it is well diſpoſed, is always above its Condition, even tho' it be that of a Monarch.

Friday,

N° 20 *Friday, April* 3.

——— ——— ——— *Minuti*
Semper & infirmi eſt animi exiguique voluptas
Ultio ——— Juv. Sat. 13. v. 189.

——— *Revenge, which ſtill we find*
The weakeſt Frailty of a feeble Mind. CREECH.

ALL Galantry and Faſhion, one would imagine, ſhould riſe out of the Religion and Laws of that Nation wherein they prevail; but alas! in this Kingdom, gay Characters, and thoſe which lead in the Pleaſure and Inclinations of the faſhionable World, are ſuch as are readieſt to practiſe Crimes the moſt abhorrent to Nature, and contradictory to our Faith. A Chriſtian and a Gentleman are made inconſiſtent Appellations of the ſame Perſon; you are not to expect eternal Life, if you do not forgive Injuries, and your mortal Life is uncomfortable, if you are not ready to commit a Murder, in Reſentment for an Affront: For good Senſe as well as Religion is ſo utterly baniſhed the World, that Men glory in their very Paſſions, and purſue Trifles with the utmoſt Vengeance; ſo little do they know that to Forgive is the moſt arduous Pitch Human Nature can arrive at: A Coward has often Fought, a Coward has often Conquered, but *a Coward never forgave.* The Power of doing that flows from a Strength of Soul conſcious of its own Force; whence it draws a certain Safety, which its Enemy is not of Conſideration enough to interrupt; for 'tis peculiar in the Make of a brave Man to have his Friends ſeem much above him, his Enemies much below him.

YET though the Neglect of our Enemies may, ſo intenſe a Forgiveneſs as the Love of them is not to be in the leaſt accounted for by the Force of Conſtitution, but is a more ſpiritual and refined Moral, introduced by him who died for thoſe that perſecuted him; yet very juſtly

juſtly delivered to us, when we conſider ourſelves Offenders, and to be forgiven on the reaſonable Terms of Forgiving; for who can aſk what he will not beſtow? Eſpecially when that Gift is attended with a Redemption from the cruelleſt Slavery to the moſt acceptable Freedom: For when the Mind is in Contemplation of Revenge, all its Thoughts muſt ſurely be tortured with the alternate Pangs of Rancour, Envy, Hatred, and Indignation; and they who profeſs a Sweet in the Enjoyment of it, certainly never felt the conſummate Bliſs of Reconciliation: At ſuch an Inſtant the falſe Ideas we received unravel, and the Shineſs, the Diſtruſt, the ſecret Scorns, and all the baſe Satisfactions Men had in each others Faults and Misfortunes, are diſpelled, and their Souls appear in their native Whiteneſs, without the leaſt Streak of that Malice or Diſtaſte which ſullied them: And perhaps thoſe very Actions, which (when we looked at them in the oblique Glance with which Hatred doth always ſee things) were Horrid and Odious, when obſerved with honeſt and open Eyes, are Beauteous and Ornamental.

BUT if Men are averſe to us in the moſt violent Degree, and we can never bring them to an amicable Temper, then indeed we are to exert an obſtinate Oppoſition to them; and never let the Malice of our Enemies have ſo effectual an Advantage over us, as to eſcape our Good-will: For the neglected and deſpiſed Tenets of Religion are ſo Generous, and in ſo Tranſcendent and Heroic a manner diſpoſed for publick Good, that 'tis not in a Man's Power to avoid their Influence; for the Chriſtian is as much inclin'd to your Service when your Enemy, as the moral Man when your Friend.

BUT the Followers of a Crucified Saviour muſt root out of their Hearts all Senſe that there is any thing great and noble in Pride or Haughtineſs of Spirit; yet it will be very difficult to fix that Idea in our Souls, except we can think as worthily of ourſelves, when we practiſe the contrary Virtues; we muſt learn and be convinced, that there is ſomething Sublime and Heroic in true Meekneſs and Humility, for they ariſe from a great, not a groveling Idea of Things; for as certainly

as

as Pride proceeds from a mean and narrow View of the little Advantages about a Man's ſelf, ſo Meekneſs is founded on the extended Contemplation of the Place we bear in the Univerſe, and a juſt Obſervation how little, how empty, how wavering are our deepeſt Reſolves and Counſels. And as (to a well taught Mind) when you've ſaid an haughty and proud Man, you have ſpoke a narrow Conception, little Spirit, and deſpicable Carriage; ſo when you have ſaid a Man's meek and humble, you have acquainted us that ſuch a Perſon has arrived at the hardeſt Taſk in the World, in an univerſal Obſervation round him, to be quick to ſee his own Faults, and other Mens Virtues, and at the height of Pardoning every Man ſooner than himſelf; you have alſo given us to underſtand, that to treat him kindly, ſincerely and reſpectfully, is but a meer Juſtice to him that is ready to do us the ſame Offices. This Temper of Soul keeps us always awake to a juſt Senſe of Things, teaches us that we are as well akin to Worms as to Angels; and as nothing is above theſe, ſo nothing below thoſe. It keeps our Underſtanding tight about us, ſo that all Things appear to us great or little, as they are in Nature and the Sight of Heaven, not as they are gilded or ſullied by Accident or Fortune.

IT were to be wiſhed that all Men of Senſe would think it worth their while to reflect upon the Dignity of Chriſtian Virtues, it would poſſibly enlarge their Souls into ſuch a Contempt of what Faſhion and Prejudice have made honourable, that their Duty, Inclination and Honour would tend the ſame way, and make all their Lives an uniform Act of Religion and Virtue.

AS to the great Cataſtrophe of this Day, on which the Mediator of the World ſuffered the greateſt Indignities and Death itſelf for the Salvation of Mankind, it would be worth Gentlemens Conſideration, whether from his Example it would not be proper to kill all Inclinations to Revenge; and examine whether it would not be expedient to receive new Notions of what is Great and Honourable.

THIS

THIS is neceſſary againſt the Day wherein he who died ignominiouſly for us *ſhall deſcend from Heaven to be our Judge, in Majeſty and Glory.* How will the Man who ſhall die by the Sword of Pride and Wrath, and in Contention with his Brother, appear before him, at *whoſe preſence Nature ſhall be in an Agony, and the great and glorious Bodies of Light be obſcured; when the Sun ſhall be darkened, the Moon turned into Blood, and all the Powers of Heaven ſhaken; when the Heavens themſelves ſhall paſs away with a great Noiſe, and the Elements diſſolve with fervent Heat; when the Earth alſo, and all the Works that are therein ſhall be burnt up?*

WHAT may juſtly damp in our Minds the Diabolical Madneſs, which prompts us to decide our petty Animoſities by the Hazard of Eternity, is, that in that one Act the Criminal does not only highly offend, but forces himſelf into the Preſence of his Judge, that is certainly his Caſe who dies in a Duel. I cannot but repeat it, He that dies in a Duel knowingly offends God, and in that very Action ruſhes into his offended Preſence. Is it poſſible for the Heart of Man to conceive a more terrible Image than that of a departed Spirit in this Condition? Could we but ſuppoſe it has juſt left its Body, and ſtruck with the terrible Reflexion, That to avoid the Laughter of Fools, and being the By-word of Idiots, it has now precipitated itſelf into the Din of Demons, and the Howlings of Eternal Deſpair, how willingly now would it ſuffer the Imputation of Fear and Cowardiſe, to have one Moment left not to tremble in vain?

THE Scriptures are full of pathetical and warm Pictures of the Condition of an happy or miſerable Futurity; and, I am confident, that the frequent reading of them would make the way to an happy Eternity ſo agreeable and pleaſant, that he who tries it will find the Difficulties, which he before ſuffered in ſhunning the Allurements of Vice, abſorpt in the Pleaſure he will take in the purſuit of Virtue: And how happy muſt that Mortal be, who thinks himſelf in the favour of an Almighty, and can think of Death as a thing which it is an Infirmity not to deſire?

Saturday,

Nº 21 *Saturday, April* 4.

——————— *Fungar inani*
Muncre ——— Virg. Æn. 6. v. 885.

An empty Office I'll diſcharge.

DR. *Tillotſon*, in his Diſcourſe concerning the *Danger of all known Sin, both from the Light of Nature and Revelation*, after having given us the Deſcription of the Laſt-Day out of Holy Writ, has this remarkable Paſſage.

'I appeal to any Man, whether this be not a Repre-
'ſentation of things very proper and ſuitable to *that*
'*Great Day*, wherein he who made the World ſhall
'come to judge it? And whether the Wit of Man ever
'deviſed any thing ſo awful, and ſo agreeable to the
'Majeſty of God, and the ſolemn Judgment of the
'whole World? The Deſcription which *Virgil* makes
'of the *Elyſian Fields*, and the *Infernal Regions*, how
'infinitely do they fall ſhort of the Majeſty of the
'Holy Scripture, and the Deſcription there made of
'*Heaven* and *Hell*, and of *the Great and Terrible Day*
'*of the Lord!* So that in Compariſon they are childiſh
'and trifling; and yet perhaps he had the moſt re-
'gular and moſt govern'd Imagination of any Man
'that ever lived, and obſerved the greateſt Decorum
'in his Characters and Deſcriptions. But who can
'declare *the great things of God*, but *he to whom God*
'*ſhall reveal them?*

THIS Obſervation was worthy a moſt Polite Man, and ought to be of Authority with all who are ſuch, ſo far as to examine whether he ſpoke that as a Man of a juſt Taſte and Judgment, or advanced it merely for the Service of his Doctrine as a Clergyman.

I am very confident whoever reads the Goſpels, with an Heart as much prepared in Favour of them as when he ſits down to *Virgil* or *Homer*, will find no Paſſage there

there which is not told with more natural Force than any Epiſode in either of thoſe Wits, which were the Chief of mere Mankind.

THE laſt thing I read was the xxivth Chapter of St. *Luke*, which gives an Account of the Manner in which our Bleſſed Saviour, after his Reſurrection, joined with two Diſciples on the Way to *Emmaus* as an ordinary Traveller, and took the Privilege as ſuch to inquire of them what occaſioned a Sadneſs he obſerved in their Countenances; or whether it was from any Publick Cauſe? Their Wonder that any Man ſo near *Jeruſalem* ſhould be a Stranger to what had paſſed there; their Acknowledgment to one they met accidentally that they had believed in this Prophet; and that now, the Third Day after his Death, they were in Doubt as to their pleaſing Hope which occaſioned the Heavineſs he took notice of, are all repreſented in a Stile which Men of Letters call *the Great and Noble Simplicity*. The Attention of the Diſciples when he expounded the Scriptures concerning himſelf, his offering to take his Leave of them, their Fondneſs of his Stay, and the Manifeſtation of the great Gueſt whom they had entertained while he was yet at Meat with them, are all Incidents which wonderfully pleaſe the Imagination of a Chriſtian Reader; and give to him ſomething of that Touch of Mind which the Brethren felt, when they ſaid one to another, *Did not our Hearts burn within us, while he talked with us by the Way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?*

I am very far from pretending to treat theſe Matters as they deſerve; but I hope thoſe Gentlemen who are qualified for it, and called to it, will forgive me, and conſider that I ſpeak as a mere Secular Man, impartially conſidering the Effect which the Sacred Writings will have upon the Soul of an intelligent Reader; and it is ſome Argument, that a thing is the immediate Work of God, when it ſo infinitely tranſcends all the Labours of Man. When I look upon *Raphael*'s Picture of our Saviour appearing to his Diſciples after his Reſurrection, I cannot but think the juſt Diſpoſition of that Piece has in it the Force of many Volumes on the Subject: The Evangeliſts are eaſily diſtinguiſhed from the reſt by a paſſionate

ſionate Zeal and Love which the Painter has thrown in their Faces; the Huddle Group of thoſe who ſtand moſt diſtant are admirable Repreſentations of Men abaſhed with their late Unbelief and Hardneſs of Heart. And ſuch Endeavours as this of *Raphael*, and of all Men not called to the Altar, are Collateral Helps not to be deſpiſed by the Miniſters of the Goſpel.

'TIS with this View that I preſume upon Subjects of this Kind, and Men may take up this Paper, and be catched by an Admonition under the Diſguiſe of a Diverſion.

ALL the Arts and Sciences ought to be employed in one Confederecy againſt the prevailing Torrent of Vice and Impiety; and it will be no ſmall Step in the Progreſs of Religion, if it is as evident as it ought to be, that he wants the beſt Taſte and beſt Senſe a Man can have, who is cold to the *Beauty of Holineſs*.

AS for my part, when I have happened to attend the Corps of a Friend to his Interment, and have ſeen a graceful Man at the Entrance of a Churchyard, who became the Dignity of his Function, and aſſumed an Authority which is natural to Truth, pronounce *I am the Reſurrection and the Life, he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet ſhall he live; and whoſoever liveth and believeth in me ſhall never die:* I ſay, upon ſuch an Occaſion, the Retroſpect upon paſt Actions between the Deceaſed whom I followed and myſelf, together with the many little Circumſtances that ſtrike upon the Soul, and alternately give Grief and Conſolation, have vaniſhed like a Dream; and I have been relieved as by a Voice from Heaven, when the Solemnity has proceeded, and after a long Pauſe I again heard the Servant of God utter, *I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he ſhall ſtand at the latter Day upon the Earth; and though Worms deſtroy this Body, yet in my Fleſh ſhall I ſee God; whom I ſhall ſee for myſelf, and my Eyes ſhall behold, and not another.* How have I been raiſed above this World and all its Regards, and how well prepared to receive the next Sentence which the holy Man has ſpoken. *We brought nothing into this World, and it is certain we can carry nothing out; the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, bleſſed be the Name of the Lord!*

THERE

THERE are I know Men of heavy Temper without Genius, who can read theſe Expreſſions of Scripture with as much Indifference as they do the reſt of theſe looſe Papers: However I will not deſpair but to bring Men of Wit into a Love and Admiration of Sacred Writings; and, as old as I am, I promiſe myſelf to ſee the Day when it ſhall be as much in Faſhion among Men of Politeneſs to admire a Rapture of St. *Paul*, as any fine Expreſſion in *Virgil* or *Horace*; and to ſee a well-dreſſed young Man produce an Evangeliſt out of his Pocket, and be no more out of Countenance than if it were a Claſſick Printed by *Elzevir*.

IT is a Gratitude that ought to be paid to Providence by Men of diſtinguiſhed Faculties, to praiſe and adore the Author of their Being with a Spirit ſuitable to thoſe Faculties, and rouſe ſlower Men by their Words, Actions, and Writings to a Participation of their Tranſports and Thankſgivings.

N° 22 *Monday, April* 6.

Rura mihi & rigui placeant in Vallibus Amnes,
Flumina amem Sylvaſque inglorius ——
Virg. Georg. 2. v. 485.

My next Deſire is, void of Care and Striſe,
To lead a ſoft, ſecure, inglorious Life,
A Country Cottage near a Cryſtal Flood,
A winding Valley, and a lofty Wood. DRYDEN.

PASTORAL Poetry not only amuſes the Fancy the moſt delightfully, but is likewiſe more indebted to it than any other ſort whatſoever. It tranſports us into a kind of *Fairy-Land*, where our Ears are ſoothed with the Melody of Birds, bleating Flocks, and purling Streams; our Eyes inchanted with flowery Meadows and ſpringing Greens; we are laid under cool Shades, and entertained with all the Sweets and Freſhneſs of Nature. It is a Dream, 'tis a Viſion, which we wiſh may be real, and we believe that it is true.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Cornelia Lizard*'s Head was ſo far turned with theſe Imaginations, when we were laſt in the Country, that ſhe loſt her Reſt by liſtening to Nightingales; ſhe kept a Pair of Turtles cooing in her Chamber, and had a tame Lamb running after her up and down the Houſe. I uſed all gentle Methods to bring her to herſelf; as having had a Deſign heretofore of turning Shepherd myſelf, when I read *Virgil* or *Theocritus* at *Oxford*. But as my Age and Experience have armed me againſt any Temptation to the Paſtoral Life, I can now with the greater Safety conſider it; and ſhall lay down ſuch Rules, as thoſe of my Readers, who have the aforeſaid Deſign, ought to obſerve, if they would follow the Steps of the Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes of ancient Times.

IN order to form a right Judgment of Paſtoral Poetry, it will be neceſſary to caſt back our Eyes on the firſt Ages of the World. For ſince that way of Life is not now in Being, we muſt inquire into the manner of it when it actually did exiſt. Before Mankind was formed into large Societies, or Cities were built, and Commerce eſtabliſhed, the Wealth of the World conſiſted chiefly in Flocks and Herds. The tending of theſe, we find to have been the Employment of the firſt Princes, whoſe Subjects were Sheep and Oxen, and their Dominions the adjoining Vales. As they lived in great Affluence and Eaſe, we may preſume that they enjoyed ſuch Pleaſures as that Condition afforded, free and uninterrupted. Their manner of Life gave them Vigour of Body, and Serenity of Mind. The Abundance they were poſſeſt of ſecured them from Avarice, Ambition or Envy; they could ſcarce have any Anxieties or Contentions, where every one had more than he could tell what to do with. Love indeed might occaſion ſome Rivalſhips amongſt them, becauſe many Lovers fix upon one Object, for the Loſs of which they will be ſatisfied with no Compenſation. Otherwiſe it was a State of Eaſe, Innocence, and Contentment; where Plenty begot Pleaſure, and Pleaſure begot Singing, and Singing begot Poetry, and Poetry begot Pleaſure again.

THUS happy was the firſt Race of Men, but rude withal and uncultivated. For before they could make

any conſiderable Progreſs in Arts and Sciences, the Tranquillity of the Rural Life was deſtroyed by turbulent and ambitious Spirits; who, having built Cities, raiſed Armies, and ſtudied Policies of State, made Vaſſals of the defenceleſs Shepherds, and rendered that which was before eaſy and unreſtrained, a mean, laborious, miſerable Condition. Hence, if we conſider the Paſtoral Period before Learning, we ſhall find it unpoliſhed; if after, we ſhall find it unpleaſant.

THE Uſe that I would make of this ſhort Review of the Country Life ſhall be this. An Author that would amuſe himſelf by writing Paſtorals, ſhould form in his Fancy a Rural Scene of perfect Eaſe and Tranquillity, where Innocence, Simplicity, and Joy abound. It is not enough that he writes about the Country; he muſt give us what is agreeable in that Scene, and hide what is wretched. It is indeed commonly affirmed, that Truth well painted will certainly pleaſe the Imagination; but it is ſometimes convenient not to diſcover the whole Truth, but that Part which only is delightful. We muſt ſometimes ſhow only half an Image to the Fancy; which if we diſplay in a lively manner, the Mind is ſo dexterouſly deluded, that it doth not readily perceive that the other half is concealed. Thus in writing Paſtorals, let the Tranquillity of that Life appear full and plain, but hide the Meanneſs of it; repreſent its Simplicity as clear as you pleaſe, but cover its Miſery. I would not hereby be ſo underſtood, as if I thought nothing that is irkſom or unpleaſant ſhould have a Place in theſe Writings; I only mean that this State of Life in general ſhould be ſuppoſed agreeable. But as there is no Condition exempt from Anxiety, I will allow Shepherds to be afflicted with ſuch Misfortunes, as the Loſs of a favourite Lamb, or a faithleſs Miſtreſs. He may, if you pleaſe, pick a Thorn out of his Foot; or vent his Grief for loſing the Prize in Dancing; but theſe being ſmall Torments, they recommend that State which only produces ſuch trifling Evils. Again, I would not ſeem ſo ſtrict in my Notions of Innocence and Simplicity, as to deny the Uſe of a little Railing, or the Liberty of Stealing a Kid or a Sheep-hook. For theſe are likewiſe ſuch petty Enormities,

that

that we muſt think the Country happy where theſe are the greateſt Tranſgreſſions.

WHEN a Reader is placed in ſuch a Scene as I have deſcribed, and introduced into ſuch Company as I have choſen, he gives himſelf up to the pleaſing Deluſion; and ſince every one doth not know how it comes to paſs, I will venture to tell him why he is pleaſed.

THE firſt Reaſon is, becauſe all Mankind love Eaſe. Though Ambition and Avarice employ moſt Mens Thoughts, they are ſuch uneaſy Habits, that we do not indulge them out of Choice, but from ſome Neceſſity, real or imaginary. We ſeek Happineſs, in which Eaſe is the principal Ingredient, and the End propoſed in our moſt reſtleſs Purſuits is Tranquillity. We are therefore ſoothed and delighted with the Repreſentation of it, and fancy we partake of the Pleaſure.

A ſecond Reaſon is our ſecret Approbation of Innocence and Simplicity. Human Nature is not ſo much depraved, as to hinder us from reſpecting Goodneſs in others, though we ourſelves want it. This is the Reaſon why we are ſo much charmed with the pretty Prattle of Children, and even the Expreſſions of Pleaſure or Uneaſineſs in ſome Part of the Brute Creation. They are without Artifice or Malice; and we love Truth too well to reſiſt the Charms of Sincerity.

A third Reaſon is our Love of the Country. Health, Tranquillity and pleaſing Objects are the Growth of the Country, and though Men, for the general Good of the World, are made to love populous Cities, the Country hath the greateſt Share in an uncorrupted Heart. When we paint, deſcribe, or any way indulge our Fancy, the Country is the Scene which ſupplies us with the moſt lovely Images. This State was that wherein God placed *Adam* when in *Paradiſe*; nor could all the fanciful Wits of Antiquity imagine any thing that could adminiſter more exquiſite Delight in their *Elyſium*.

N° 23 *Tueſday, April* 7.

——— *Extrema per illos*
Juſtitia excedens terris veſtigia fecit.
Virg. Georg. 2. v. 473.

From hence Aſtræa *took her Flight, and here*
The Prints of her departing Steps appear. DRYDEN.

HAVING already conveyed my Reader into the Fairy or Paſtoral Land, and informed him what manner of Life, the Inhabitants of that Region lead; I ſhall, in this Day's Paper, give him ſome Marks whereby he may diſcover whether he is impoſed upon by thoſe who pretend to be of that Country; or, in other Words, what are the Characteriſticks of a true *Arcadian*.

FROM the foregoing Account of the Paſtoral Life, we may diſcover that Simplicity is neceſſary in the Character of Shepherds. Their Minds muſt be ſuppoſed ſo rude and uncultivated, that nothing but what is plain and unaffected can come from them. Nevertheleſs we are not obliged to repreſent them dull and ſtupid, ſince fine Spirits were undoubtedly in the World before Arts were invented to poliſh and adorn them. We may therefore introduce Shepherds with good Senſe and even with Wit, provided their Manner of Thinking be not too galant or refined. For all Men, both the rude and polite, think and conceive things the ſame way (Truth being eternally the ſame to all) though they expreſs them very differently. For here lies the Difference: Men, who by long Study and Experience have reduced their Ideas to certain Claſſes, and conſider the general Nature of things abſtracted from Particulars, expreſs their Thoughts after a more conciſe, lively, ſurpriſing Manner. Thoſe who have little Experience, or cannot abſtract, deliver their Sentiments in plain Deſcriptions, by Circumſtances, and thoſe Obſervations which either ſtrike

ſtrike upon the Senſes, or are the firſt Motions of the Mind. And though the former raiſes our Admiration more, the latter gives more Pleaſure, and ſooths us more naturally. Thus a courtly Lover may ſay to his Miſtreſs,

With thee for ever I in Woods could reſt,
Where never human Foot the Ground hath preſt;
Thou e'en from Dungeons Darkneſs canſt exclude,
And from a Deſart baniſh Solitude.

A Shepherd will content himſelf to ſay the ſame thing more ſimply.

Come, Roſalind, *Oh! come, for without thee*
What Pleaſure can the Country have for me?

AGAIN, ſince Shepherds are not allowed to make deep Reflexions, the Addreſs required is ſo to relate an Action, that the Circumſtances put together ſhall cauſe the Reader to reflect. Thus, by one delicate Circumſtance *Corydon* tells *Alexis* that he is the fineſt Songſter of the Country.

Of ſeven ſmooth Joints a mellow Pipe I have,
Which with his dying Breath Damœtas *gave:*
And ſaid, This, Corydon, *I leave to thee,*
For only thou deſerv'ſt it after me.

As in another Paſtoral Writer, after the ſame manner a Shepherd informs us how much his Miſtreſs likes him.

As I to cool me bath'd one ſultry Day,
Fond Lydia *lurking in the Sedges lay.*
The Wanton laugh'd, and ſeem'd in haſte to fly,
Yet often ſtopp'd, and often turn'd her Eye.

If ever a Reflexion be pardonable in Paſtorals, it is where the Thought is ſo obvious, that it ſeems to come eaſily to the Mind; as in the following admirable Improvement of *Virgil* and *Theocritus*.

Fair is my Flock, nor yet uncomely I,
If liquid Fountains flatter not. And why
Should liquid Fountains flatter us, yet ſhow
The bordering Flow'rs leſs beauteous than they grow?

A ſecond Characteriſtick of a true Shepherd is Simplicity of Manners, or Innocence. This is ſo obvious from what I have before advanced, that it would be but Repetition to inſiſt long upon it. I ſhall only remind the Reader, that as the Paſtoral Life is ſuppoſed to be where Nature is not much depraved, Sincerity and Truth will generally run through it. Some ſlight Tranſgreſſions for the Sake of Variety may be admitted, which in effect will only ſerve to ſet off the Simplicity of it in general. I cannot better illuſtrate this Rule than by the following Example of a Swain who found his Miſtreſs aſleep.

Once Delia *ſlept on eaſy Moſs reclin'd,*
Her lovely Limbs half-bare, and rude the Wind:
I ſmooth'd her Coats, and ſtole a ſilent Kiſs;
Condemn me, Shepherds, if I did amiſs.

A third Sign of a Swain is, that ſomething of Religion, and even Superſtition, is part of his Character. For we find that thoſe who have lived eaſy Lives in the Country, and contemplate the Works of Nature, live in the greateſt Awe of their Author. Nor doth this Humour prevail leſs now than of old: Our Peaſants as ſincerely believe the Tales of Goblins and Fairies, as the Heathens thoſe of Fawns, Nymphs, and Satyrs. Hence we find the Works of *Virgil* and *Theocritus* ſprinkled with left-handed Ravens, blaſted Oaks, Witch-crafts, Evil Eyes, and the like. And I obſerve with great Pleaſure, that our *Engliſh* Author of the Paſtorals I have quoted hath practiſed this Secret with admirable Judgment.

I will yet add another Mark, which may be obſerved very often in the above-named Poets, which is agreeable to the Character of Shepherds, and nearly allied to Superſtition, I mean the uſe of Proverbial Sayings. I take the common Similitudes in Paſtoral to be of the Pro-

Proverbial Order, which are ſo frequent, that it is needleſs and would be tireſom to quote them. I ſhall only take notice upon this Head, that it is a nice Piece of Art to raiſe a Proverb above the vulgar Stile, and ſtill keep it eaſy and unaffected. Thus the old Wiſh, *God reſt his Soul*, is finely turned.

Then gentle Sidney *liv'd, the Shepherd's Friend,*
Eternal Bleſſings on his Shade attend.

N° 24 *Wedneſday, April* 8.

——Dicenda tacendaque calles? Perſ. Sat. 4. v. 5.

——— ——— ——— Doſt thou, ſo young,
Know when to ſpeak, and when to hold thy Tongue?
DRYDEN.

JACK LIZARD was about Fifteen when he was firſt entered in the Univerſity, and being a Youth of a great deal of Fire, and a more than ordinary Application to his Studies, it gave his Converſation a very particular Turn. He had too much Spirit to hold his Tongue in Company; but at the ſame time ſo little Acquaintance with the World, that he did not know how to talk like other People.

AFTER a Year and a half's ſtay at the Univerſity, he came down among us to paſs away a Month or two in the Country. The firſt Night after his Arrival, as we were at Supper, we were all of us very much improved by *Jack's* Table-Talk. He told us, upon the Appearance of a Diſh of Wild-Fowl, that according to the Opinion of ſome Natural Philoſophers they might be lately come from the Moon. Upon which the *Sparkler* burſting out into a Laugh, he inſulted her with ſeveral Queſtions relating to the Bigneſs and Diſtance of the Moon and Stars; and after every Interrogatory would be winking upon me, and ſmiling at his Siſter's Ignorance. *Jack* gained his Point; for the Mother was

pleaſed, and all the Servants ſtared at the Learning of their young Maſter. *Jack* was ſo encouraged at this Succeſs, that for the firſt Week he dealt wholly in Paradoxes. It was a common Jeſt with him to pinch one of his Siſter's Lap-Dogs, and afterwards prove he could not feel it. When the Girls were ſorting a Set of Knots, he would demonſtrate to them that all the Ribbons were of the ſame Colour; or rather, ſays *Jack*, of no Colour at all. My Lady *Lizard* herſelf, though ſhe was not a little pleas'd with her Son's Improvements, was one Day almoſt angry with him; for having accidentally burnt her Fingers as ſhe was lighting the Lamp for her Tea-pot; in the midſt of her Anguiſh, *Jack* laid hold of the Opportunity to inſtruct her that there was no ſuch thing as Heat in Fire. In ſhort, no Day paſs'd over our Heads, in which *Jack* did not imagine he made the whole Family wiſer than they were before.

THAT Part of his Converſation which gave me the moſt Pain, was what paſs'd among thoſe Country Gentlemen that came to viſit us. On ſuch Occaſions *Jack* uſually took upon him to be the Mouth of the Company; and thinking himſelf obliged to be very merry, would entertain us with a great many odd Sayings and Abſurdities of their College Cook. I found this Fellow had made a very ſtrong Impreſſion upon *Jack*'s Imagination; which he never conſidered was not the Caſe of the reſt of the Company, till after many repeated Trials he found that his Stories ſeldom made any Body laugh but himſelf.

I all this while looked upon *Jack* as a young Tree ſhooting out into Bloſſoms before its Time; the Redundancy of which, though it was a little unſeaſonable, ſeemed to foretel an uncommon Fruitfulneſs.

IN order to wear out the Vein of Pedantry which ran through his Converſation, I took him out with me one Evening, and firſt of all inſinuated to him this Rule, which I had myſelf learned from a very great Author, *To think with the Wiſe, but talk with the Vulgar.* *Jack*'s good Senſe ſoon made him reflect that he had expoſed himſelf to the Laughter of the Ignorant by a contrary Behaviour; upon which he told me, that he would take care for the future to keep his Notions to

him-

himſelf, and converſe in the common received Sentiments of Mankind. He at the ſame time deſired me to give him any other Rules of Converſation which I thought might be for his Improvement. I told him I would think of it; and accordingly, as I have a particular Affection for the young Man, I gave him the next Morning the following Rules in Writing, which may perhaps have contributed to make him the agreeable Man he now is.

THE Faculty of interchanging our Thoughts with one another, or what we expreſs by the Word *Converſation*, has always been repreſented by Moral Writers as one of the nobleſt Privileges of Reaſon, and which more particularly ſets Mankind above the Brute Part of the Creation.

THOUGH nothing ſo much gains upon the Affections as this *Extempore Eloquence*, which we have conſtantly Occaſion for, and are obliged to practiſe every Day, we very rarely meet with any who excel in it.

THE Converſation of moſt Men is diſagreeable, not ſo much for Want of Wit and Learning, as of Good-Breeding and Diſcretion.

IF you reſolve to pleaſe, never ſpeak to gratify any particular Vanity or Paſſion of your own, but always with a Deſign either to divert or inform the Company. A Man who only aims at one of theſe, is always eaſy in his Diſcourſe. He is never out of Humour at being interrupted, becauſe he conſiders that thoſe who hear him are the beſt Judges whether what he was ſaying could either divert or inform them.

A modeſt Perſon ſeldom fails to gain the Good-will of thoſe he converſes with, becauſe no body envies a Man, who does not appear to be pleaſed with himſelf.

WE ſhould talk extremely little of ourſelves. Indeed what can we ſay? It would be as imprudent to diſcover our Faults, as ridiculous to count over our fancied Virtues. Our private and domeſtick Affairs are no leſs improper to be introduced in Converſation. What does it concern the Company how many Horſes you keep in your Stables? Or whether your Servant is moſt Knave or Fool?

A Man may equally affront the Company he is in, by engroſſing all the Talk, or obſerving a contemptuous Silence.

BEFORE you tell a Story it may be generally not amiſs to draw a ſhort Character, and give the Company a true Idea of the principal Perſons concerned in it. The Beauty of moſt things conſiſting not ſo much in their being ſaid or done, as in their being ſaid or done by ſuch a particular Perſon, or on ſuch a particular Occaſion.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the Advantages of Youth, few young People pleaſe in Converſation; the Reaſon is, that want of Experience makes them poſitive, and what they ſay is rather with a Deſign to pleaſe themſelves than any one elſe.

IT is certain that Age itſelf ſhall make many things paſs well enough, which would have been laughed at in the Mouth of one much younger.

NOTHING, however, is more inſupportable to Men of Senſe, than an empty formal Man who ſpeaks in Proverbs, and decides all Controverſies with a ſhort Sentence. This Piece of Stupidity is the more inſufferable, as it puts on the Air of Wiſdom.

A prudent Man will avoid talking much of any particular Science, for which he is remarkably famous. There is not methinks an handſomer thing ſaid of Mr. *Cowley* in his whole Life, than that none but his intimate Friends ever diſcovered he was a great Poet by his Diſcourſe: Beſides the Decency of this Rule, it is certainly founded in good Policy. A Man who talks of any thing he is already famous for, has little to get, but a great deal to loſe. I might add, that he who is ſometimes ſilent on a Subject where every one is ſatisfied he could ſpeak well, will often be thought no leſs knowing in other Matters, where perhaps he is wholly ignorant.

WOMEN are frightened at the Name of Argument, and are ſooner convinced by an happy Turn, or witty Expreſſion, than by Demonſtration.

WHENEVER you commend, add your Reaſons for doing ſo; it is this which diſtinguiſhes the Approbation of a Man of Senſe from the Flattery of Sycophants, and Admiration of Fools.

RAL-

RALLERY is no longer agreeable than while the whole Company is pleaſed with it. I would leaſt of all be underſtood to except the Perſon rallied.

THOUGH Good-humour, Senſe and Diſcretion can ſeldom fail to make a Man agreeable, it may be no ill Policy ſometimes to prepare yourſelf in a particular Manner for Converſation, by looking a little farther than your Neighbours into whatever is become a reigning Subject. If our Armies are beſieging a Place of Importance abroad, or our Houſe of Commons debating a Bill of Conſequence at home, you can hardly fail of being heard with Pleaſure, if you have nicely informed yourſelf of the Strength, Situation, and Hiſtory of the firſt, or of the Reaſons for and againſt the latter. It will have the ſame Effect if when any ſingle Perſon begins to make a Noiſe in the World, you can learn ſome of the ſmalleſt Accidents in his Life or Converſation, which though they are too fine for the Obſervation of the Vulgar, give more Satisfaction to Men of Senſe, (as they are the beſt Openings to a real Character) than the Recital of his moſt glaring Actions. I know but one ill Conſequence to be feared from this Method, namely, that coming full charged into Company, you ſhould reſolve to unload whether an handſom Opportunity offers itſelf or no.

THOUGH the aſking of Queſtions may plead for itſelf the ſpecious Names of Modeſty, and a Deſire of Information, it affords little Pleaſure to the reſt of the Company who are not troubled with the ſame Doubts; beſides which, he who aſks a Queſtion would do well to conſider that he lies wholly at the Mercy of another before he receives an Anſwer.

NOTHING is more ſilly than the Pleaſure ſome People take in what they call *ſpeaking their Minds*. A Man of this Make will ſay a rude thing for the mere Pleaſure of ſaying it, when an oppoſite Behaviour, full as innocent, might have preſerved his Friend, or made his Fortune.

IT is not impoſſible for a Man to form to himſelf as exquiſite a Pleaſure in complying with the Humour and Sentiments of others, as of bringing others over to his own; ſince 'tis the certain Sign of a Superior Genius,

Genius, that can take and become whatever Dreſs it pleaſes.

I ſhall only add, that beſides what I have here ſaid, there is ſomething which can never be learnt but in the Company of the Polite. The Virtues of Men are catching as well as their Vices, and your own Obſervations added to theſe, will ſoon diſcover what it is that commands Attention in one Man and makes you tired and diſpleaſed with the Diſcourſe of another.

N° 25 *Thurſday, April* 9.

——— *Quis tam Lucili fautor inepte eſt,*
Ut non hoc fateatur? —— Hor. Sat. 10. l. 1. v. 2.

——————— *What Friend of his* *
So blindly partial, to deny me this? CREECH.

THE prevailing Humour of crying up Authors that have writ in the Days of our Forefathers, and of paſſing ſlightly over the Merit of our Contemporaries, is a Grievance, that Men of a free and unprejudiced Thought have complained of through all Ages in their Writings.

I went home laſt Night full of theſe Reflexions from a Coffee-houſe, where a great many excellent Writings were arraigned, and as many very indifferent ones applauded, more (as it ſeemed to me) upon the Account of their Date, than upon any intrinſick Value or Demerit. The Converſation ended with great Encomiums upon my Lord *Verulam*'s Hiſtory of *Henry* the VIIth. The Company were unanimous in their Approbation of it. I was too well acquainted with the Traditional Vogue of that Book throughout the whole Nation, to venture my Thoughts upon it. Neither would I now offer my Judgment upon that Work to the Publick, (ſo great a Veneration have I for the Memory of a Man whoſe

* Of the Poet *Lucilius*.

whoſe Writings are the Glory of our Nation) but that the Authority of ſo leading a Name may perpetuate a vicious Taſte amongſt us, and betray future Hiſtorians to copy after a Model, which I cannot help thinking far from complete.

AS to the Fidelity of the Hiſtory, I have nothing to ſay; to examine it impartially in that View would require much Pains and Leiſure: But as to the Compoſition of it, and ſometimes the Choice of Matter, I am apt to believe it will appear a little faulty to an unprejudiced Reader. A complete Hiſtorian ſhould be endowed with the eſſential Qualifications of a great Poet. His Stile muſt be majeſtick and grave, as well as ſimple and unaffected; his Narration ſhould be animated, ſhort and clear, and ſo as even to outrun the Impatience of the Reader, if poſſible. This can only be done by being very ſparing and choice in Words, by retrenching all cold and ſuperfluous Circumſtances in an Action, and by dwelling upon ſuch alone as are material, and fit to delight or inſtruct a ſerious Mind. This is what we find in the great Models of Antiquity, and in a more particular manner in *Livy*, whom it is impoſſible to read without the warmeſt Emotions.

BUT my Lord *Verulam*, on the contrary, is ever, in the tedious Stile of Declaimers, uſing two Words for one; ever endeavouring to be witty, and as fond of out-of-the-way Similes as ſome of our old Play-Writers. He abounds in low Phraſes, beneath the Dignity of Hiſtory and often condeſcends to little Conceits and Quibbles. His Political Reflexions are frequently falſe, almoſt every where trivial and puerile. His whole manner of turning his Thoughts is full of Affectation and Pedantry; and there appears throughout his whole Work more the Air of a recluſe Scholar, than of a Man verſed in the World.

AFTER paſſing ſo free a Cenſure upon a Book which for theſe hundred Years and upwards has met with the moſt univerſal Approbation, I am obliged in my own Defence to tranſcribe ſome of the many Paſſages I formerly collected for the Uſe of my firſt Charge Sir *Marmaduke Lizard*. It would be endleſs ſhould I point out the frequent Tautologies and Circumlocutions that

that occur in every Page, which do (as it were) rarify inſtead of condenſing his Thoughts and Matter. It was, in all probability, his Application to the Law that gave him a Habit of being ſo wordy; of which I ſhall put down two or three Examples.

'THAT all Records, wherein there was any Me-'mory or Mention of the King's Attainder, ſhould be 'defaced, cancelled, and taken off the File—Divers 'ſecret and nimble Scouts and Spies, *&c.* to learn, 'ſearch and diſcover all the Circumſtances and Particu-'lars—— To aſſail, ſap, and work into the Conſtancy 'of Sir *Robert Clifford*.

I leave the following Paſſages to every one's Conſideration, without making any farther Remarks upon them.

'HE ſhould be well enough able to ſcatter the *Iriſh* 'as a flight of Birds, and rattle away his Swarm of 'Bees with their King.——The Rebels took their way 'towards *York*, *&c.* but their Snow-ball did not gather 'as it went——So that (in a kind of Mattacina of Hu-'man Fortune) he turned a Broach that had worn a 'Crown; whereas Fortune commonly doth not bring in 'a Comedy or Farce after a Tragedy—The Queen was 'crowned, *&c.* about two Years after the Marriage, 'like an old Chriſtening that had ſtaid long for God-'fathers——Deſirous to trouble the Waters in *Italy*, 'that he might fiſh the better, caſting the Net not out 'of St. *Peter*'s, but out of *Borgia*'s Bark——And 'therefore upon the firſt Grain of Incenſe that was ſa-'crificed upon the Altar of Peace at *Bulloigne*, *Perkin* 'was ſmok'd away——This was the End of this little 'Cockatrice of a King, that was able to deſtroy thoſe 'that did not eſpy him firſt——It was obſerved that the 'great Tempeſt, which drove *Philip* into *England* 'blew down the *Golden Eagle* from the Spire of St. '*Paul*'s; and in the Fall, it fell upon a Sign of the '*Black Eagle*, which was in *Paul*'s Churchyard in the 'Place where the School-houſe now ſtandeth, and bat-'tered it, and broke it down: Which was a ſtrange 'ſtooping of a Hawk upon a Fowl.——The King be-'gan to find where his Shoe did wring him——In 'whoſe Boſom or Budget moſt of *Perkins*'s Secrets were 'laid up——One might know afar off where the Owl

'was

'was by the Flight of Birds—— Bold Men, and careleſs of Fame, and that took Toll of their Maſter's Griſt—— *Empſon* and *Dudley* would have cut another Chop out of him.—— *Peter Hialas*, ſome call him *Elias*; ſurely he was the Forerunner of, &c.—*Lionel*, Biſhop of *Concordia*, was ſent as Nuncio, &c. but notwithſtanding he had a good ominous Name to have made a Peace, nothing followed——Taxing him for a great Taxer of his People——Not by Proclamations, but by Court-Fames, which commonly print better than printed Proclamations——Sir *Edward Poynings* was enforced to make a wild Chace upon the wild *Iriſh*—— In ſparing of Blood by the bleeding of ſo much Treaſure—and although his own Caſe had both Steel and Parchment more than the other; that is to ſay, a Conqueſt in the Field, and an Act of Parliament—— That Pope knowing that King *Henry* the Sixth was reputed in the World abroad but for a ſimple Man, was afraid it would but diminiſh the Eſtimation of that kind of Honour, if there were not a diſtance kept between Innocents and Saints.

NOT to trouble my Reader with any more Inſtances of the like Nature, I muſt obſerve that the whole Work is ill-conducted, and the Story of *Perkin Warbeck* (which ſhould have been only like an Epiſode in a Poem) is ſpun out to near a third Part of the Book. The Character of *Henry* the Seventh, at the end, is rather an abſtract of his Hiſtory than a Character. It is tedious, and diverſified with ſo many Particulars as confound the Reſemblance, and make it almoſt impoſſible for the Reader to form any diſtinct Idea of the Perſon. It is not thus the Ancients drew their Characters; but in a few juſt and bold Strokes gave you the diſtinguiſhing Features of the Mind (if I may be allowed the Metaphor) in ſo diſtinct a manner, and in ſo ſtrong a Light, that you grew intimate with your Man immediately, and knew him from an hundred.

AFTER all it muſt be conſider'd in favour of my Lord *Verulam*, that he lived in an Age wherein chaſte and correct Writing was not in Faſhion and when Pedantry was the Mode even at Court: So that it is no Wonder if the prevalent Humour of the Times bore down

down his Genius, though ſuperior in Force perhaps to any of our Countrymen, that have either gone before or ſucceeded him.

N° 26 *Friday, April* 10.

Non ego illam mihi dotem eſſe puto, quæ dos dicitur,
Sed pudicitiam & pudorem & ſedatam cupidinem.

Plaut.

A Woman's true Dowry, in my Opinion, is Virtue, Modeſty, and Deſires reſtrain'd; not that which is uſually ſo called.

AN healthy old Fellow that is not a Fool, is the happieſt Creature living. It is at that Time of Life only Men enjoy their Faculties with Pleaſure and Satisfaction. It is then we have nothing to manage, as the Phraſe is; we ſpeak the downright Truth, and whether the reſt of the World will give us the Privilege or not, we have ſo little to aſk of them that we can take it. I ſhall be very free with the Women from this one Conſideration; and having nothing to deſire of hem, ſhall treat them as they ſtand in Nature, and as they are adorned with Virtue, and not as they are pleaſed to form and diſguiſe themſelves. A Set of Fops, from one Generation to another, has made ſuch a Pother with *Bright Eyes, the Fair Sex, the Charms, the Air*, and ſomething ſo incapable to be expreſſed but with a Sigh, that the Creatures have utterly gone out of their very Being, and there are no Women in all the World. If they are not Nymphs, Shepherdeſſes, Graces, or Goddeſſes, they are to a Woman all of them *the Ladies*. Get to a Chriſtening at any Alley in the Town, and at the meaneſt Artificer's, and the World is, *Well, who takes care of the Ladies?* I have taken notice that ever ſince the Word *Forſooth* was baniſhed for *Madam*, the Word *Woman* has been diſcarded for *Lady*. And as there is now never a Woman in *England*, I hope I may talk of *Women* without

out Offence to the *Ladies*. What puts me in this preſent Diſpoſition to tell them their own is, that in the Holy Week I very civilly deſired all Delinquents in point of Chaſtity to make ſome Atonement for their Freedoms, by beſtowing a Charity upon the miſerable Wretches who languiſh in the *Lock* Hoſpital. But I hear of very little done in that matter; and I am informed, they are pleaſed, inſtead of taking notice of my Precaution, to call me an ill-bred old Fellow, and ſay I do not underſtand the World. It is not, it ſeems, within the Rules of Good-breeding to tax the Vices of People of Quality, and the Commandments were made for the Vulgar. I am indeed informed of ſome Oblations ſent into the Houſe, but they are all come from the Servants of Criminals of Condition. A poor Chambermaid has ſent in Ten Shillings out of her Huſh-Money, to expiate her Guilt of being in her Miſtreſs's Secret; but ſays ſhe dare not aſk her Ladyſhip for any thing, for ſhe is not to ſuppoſe that ſhe is locked up with a young Gentleman, in the Abſence of her Huſband, three Hours together, for any Harm; but as my Lady is a Perſon of great Senſe, the Girl does not know but that they were reading ſome good Book together; but becauſe ſhe fears it may be otherwiſe, ſhe has ſent her Ten Shillings for the Guilt of concealing it. We have a Thimble from a Country Girl that owns ſhe has had Dreams of a fine Gentleman who comes to their Houſe, who gave her half a Crown, and bid her have a care of the Men in this Town; but ſhe thinks he does not mean what he ſays, and ſends the Thimble, becauſe ſhe does not hate him as ſhe ought. The Ten Shillings, this Thimble, and an Occamy Spoon from ſome other unknown poor Sinner, are all the Atonement which is made for the Body of Sin in *London* and *Weſtminſter*. I have computed that there is One in every Three Hundred who is not chaſte; and if that be a modeſt Computation, how great a Number are thoſe who make no Account of my Admonition. It might be expected one or two of the Two Hundred and Ninety-nine honeſt, might out of mere Charity and Compaſſion to Iniquity, as it is a Misfortune, have done ſomething upon ſo good a Time, as that wherein they were ſolicited. But Major *Crabtree*,

a ſour

a ſour Pot-Companion of mine, ſays, the Two Hundred Ninety and Nine are one way or other as little Virtuous as the Three Hundredth unchaſte Woman, I would ſay Lady. It is certain, that we are infeſted with a parcel of Jilflirts, who are not capable of being Mothers of brave Men, for the Infant partakes of the Temper and Diſpoſition of its Mother. We ſee the unaccountable Effects which ſudden Frights and Longings have upon the Offspring; and it is not to be doubted, but the ordinary way of Thinking of the Mother has its Influence upon what ſhe bears about her Nine Months. Thus from the want of Care in this particular of chooſing Wives, you ſee Men, after much Care, Labour, and Study, ſurpriſed with prodigious Starts of Ill-Nature and Paſſion, that can be accounted for no otherwiſe but from hence, that it grew upon them in Embrio, and the Man was determined Surly, Peeviſh, Froward, Sullen or Outrageous before he ſaw the Light. The laſt time I was in a Publick Place I fell in Love by Proxy for Sir *Harry Lizard*. The young Woman happens to be of Quality: Her Father was a Gentleman of as noble a Diſpoſition, as any I ever met with. The Widow her Mother, under whoſe Wing ſhe loves to appear, and is proud of it, is a Pattern to Perſons of Condition. Good-Senſe, heightened and exerted with Good-breeding, is the Parents diſtinguiſhing Character; and if we can get this Young Woman into our Family, we ſhall think we have a much better Purchaſe than others, who, without her good Qualities, may bring into theirs the greateſt Acceſſion of Riches. I ſent Sir *Harry* by laſt Night's Poſt the following Letter on the Subject.

Dear Sir HARRY,

'UPON our laſt Parting, and as I had juſt mounted 'the little Roan I am ſo fond of, you called me 'back; and when I ſtooped to you, you ſqueezed me 'by the Hand, and with Alluſion to ſome pleaſant Diſ'courſe we had had a Day or two before in the Houſe, 'concerning the preſent Mercantile way of contracting 'Marriages, with a Smile and a Bluſh you bid me look 'upon ſome Women for you, and ſend Word how they

'went:

'went: I did not ſee one to my Mind till the laſt *Opera* 'before *Eaſter*. I aſſure you I have been as unquiet 'ever ſince, as I wiſh you were till you had her: Her 'Height, her Complexion, and every thing but her 'Age, which is under Twenty, are very much to my 'Satisfaction; there is an ingenious Shame in her Eyes, 'which is to the Mind what the Bloom of Youth is to 'the Body, neither implies that there are Virtuous Ha-'bits and Accompliſhments already attained by the Poſ-'ſeſſor, but they certainly ſhew an unprejudiced Capa-'city towards them. As to the Circumſtance of this 'young Woman's Age, I am reconciled to her Want of 'Years, becauſe ſhe pretends to nothing above them; 'you don't ſee in her the odious Forwardneſs to I know 'not what, as in the aſſured Countenances, naked 'Boſoms, and confident Glances of her Cotempora-'ries.

'I will vouch for her, that you will have her whole 'Heart, if you can win it; ſhe is in no Familiarities 'with the Fops, her Fan has never been yet out of her 'own Hand, and her Brother's Face is the only Man's 'ſhe ever looked in Stedfaſtly.

'WHEN I have gone thus far, and told you that I 'am very confident of her as to her Virtue and Educa-'tion, I may ſpeak a little freely to you as you are a 'young Man: There is a Dignity in the young Lady's 'Beauty, when it ſhall become her to receive your Friends 'with a good Air and affable Countenance; when ſhe 'is to repreſent that Part of you, which you muſt de-'light in, the frank and chearful Reception of your 'Friends, her Beauty will do as much Honour to your 'Table, as they will give you Pleaſure in your Bed.

'IT is no ſmall Inſtance of Felicity to have a Wo-'man, from whoſe Behaviour your Friends are more 'endeared to you; and for whoſe ſake your Children 'are as much valued as for your own.

'IT is not for me to celebrate the lovely Height of 'her Forehead, the ſoft Pulp of her Lips, or to deſcribe 'the amiable Profile which her fine Hair, Cheeks and 'Neck made to the Beholders that Night, but ſhall leave 'them to your own Obſervation when you come to 'Town; which you may do at your Leiſure, and be

'Time

'Time enough, for there are many in Town richer 'than her whom I recommend.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt Obedient and

moſt Humble Servant,

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

N° 27 *Saturday, April* 11.

Multâ putans, ſortemque animo miſeratus iniquam.
Virg. Æn. 6. v. 332.

Struck with Compaſſion of ſo ſad a State.

IN Compaſſion to thoſe gloomy Mortals, who by their Unbelief are rendered incapable of feeling thoſe Impreſſions of Joy and Hope, which the Celebration of the late glorious Feſtival naturally leaves on the Mind of a Chriſtian, I ſhall in this Paper endeavour to evince that there are Grounds to expect a future State, without ſuppoſing in the Reader any Faith at all, not even the Belief of a Deity. Let the moſt ſtedfaſt Unbeliever open his Eyes, and take a Survey of the ſenſible World, and then ſay if there be not a Connexion, and Adjuſtment, and exact and conſtant Order diſcoverable in all the Parts of it. Whatever be the Cauſe, the thing itſelf is evident to all our Faculties. Look into the Animal Syſtem, the Paſſions, Senſes, and locomotive Powers; is not the like Contrivance and Propriety obſervable in theſe two? Are they not fitted to certain Ends, and are they not by Nature directed to proper Objects.

IS it poſſible then that the ſmalleſt Bodies ſhould, by a Management ſuperior to the Wit of Man, be diſpoſed in the moſt excellent manner agreeable to their reſpective Natures; and yet the Spirits or Souls of Men be neglected, or managed by ſuch Rules as fall ſhort of Man's Underſtanding? Shall every other Paſſion be rightly placed

placed by Nature, and ſhall that Appetite of Immortality natural to all Mankind be alone miſplaced, or deſigned to be fruſtrated? Shall the induſtrious Application of the inferior Animal Powers in the meaneſt Vocations be anſwered by the Ends we propoſe, and ſhall not the generous Efforts of a virtuous Mind be rewarded? In a word, Shall the Corporeal World be all Order and Harmony, the intellectual Diſcord and Confuſion? He who is Bigot enough to believe theſe things, muſt bid adieu to that natural Rule, of *Reaſoning from Analogy*; muſt run counter to that Maxim of common Senſe, *That Men ought to form their Judgments of things unexperienced from what they have experienced.*

IF any thing looks like a Recompence of calamitous Virtue on this ſide the Grave, it is either an Aſſurance that thereby we obtain the Favour and Protection of Heaven, and ſhall, whatever befals us in this, in another Life meet with a juſt Return; or elſe that Applauſe and Reputation, which is thought to attend virtuous Actions. The former of theſe, our *Free-thinkers*, out of their ſingular Wiſdom and Benevolence to Mankind, endeavour to eraſe from the Minds of Men. The latter can never be juſtly diſtributed in this Life, where ſo many ill Actions are reputable, and ſo many good Actions diſeſteemed or miſinterpreted; where ſubtle Hypocriſy is placed in the moſt engaging Light, and modeſt Virtue lies concealed; where the Heart and the Soul are hid from the Eyes of Men, and the Eyes of Men are dimmed and vitiated. *Plato*'s Senſe in relation to this Point is contained in his *Gorgias* where he introduces *Socrates* ſpeaking after this manner.

'IT was in the Reign of *Saturn* provided by a Law, 'which the Gods have ſince continued down to this 'time, That they who had lived virtuouſly and piouſly 'upon Earth, ſhould after Death enjoy a Life full of 'Happineſs, in certain Iſlands appointed for the Habi'tation of the Bleſſed: But that ſuch as had lived 'wickedly ſhould go into the Receptacle of Damned 'Souls, named *Tartarus*, there to ſuffer the Puniſh'ments they deſerved. But in all the Reign of *Sa'turn*, and in the Beginning of the Reign of *Jove*,

'living

'living Judges were appointed, by whom each Perſon 'was judged in his Life-time in the ſame Day on 'which he was to die. The Conſequence of which 'was, that they often paſſed wrong Judgments. *Pluto*, 'therefore, who preſided in *Tartarus*, and the Guar-'dians of the Bleſſed Iſlands, finding that on the other 'ſide many unfit Perſons were ſent to their reſpective 'Dominions, complained to *Jove*, who promiſed to 'redreſs the Evil. He added, the Reaſon of theſe un-'juſt Proceedings are that Men are judged in the Body. 'Hence many conceal the Blemiſhes and Imperfecti-'ons of their Minds by Beauty, Birth and Riches; not 'to mention, that at the time of Trial there are crowds 'of Witneſſes to atteſt their having lived well. Theſe 'things miſlead the Judges, who being themſelves 'alſo of the number of the Living, are ſurrounded each 'with his own Body, as with a Veil thrown over his 'Mind. For the future, therefore, it is my Intention 'that Men do not come on their Trial till after 'Death, when they ſhall appear before the Judge, diſ-'robed of all their Corporeal Ornaments. The Judge 'himſelf too ſhall be a pure unveiled Spirit, beholding 'the very Soul, the naked Soul of the Party before 'him. With this View I have already conſtituted 'my Sons, *Minos* and *Rhadamanthus*, Judges, who are 'Natives of *Aſia*; and *Æacus*, a Native of *Europe*. 'Theſe, after Death, ſhall hold their Court in a cer-'tain Meadow, from which there are two Roads, lead-'ing the one to *Tartarus*, the other to the Iſlands of '*the Bleſſed*.

FROM this, as from numberleſs other Paſſages of his Writings, may be ſeen *Plato*'s Opinion of a future State. A thing therefore in regard to us ſo comfortable, in itſelf ſo juſt and excellent, a thing ſo agreeable to the Analogy of Nature, and ſo univerſally credited by all Orders and Ranks of Men, of all Nations and Ages, what is it that ſhould move a few Men to reject? Surely there muſt be ſomething of Prejudice in the caſe. I appeal to the ſecret Thoughts of a *Free-Thinker*, if he does not argue within himſelf after this manner: The Senſes and Faculties I enjoy at preſent are viſibly deſigned to repair, or preſerve the Body from

the

the Injuries it is liable to in its preſent Circumſtances. But in an Eternal State where no Decays are to be repaired, no outward Injuries to be fenced againſt, where there are no Fleſh and Bones, Nerves or Blood-Veſſels, there will certainly be none of the Senſes: and that there ſhould be a State of Life without the Senſes is inconceivable.

BUT as this manner of Reaſoning proceeds from a Poverty of Imagination, and Narrowneſs of Soul in thoſe that uſe it, I ſhall endeavour to remedy thoſe Defects, and open their Views, by laying before them a Caſe which, being naturally poſſible, may perhaps reconcile them to the belief of what is ſupernaturally revealed.

LET us ſuppoſe a Perſon blind and deaf from his Birth, who being grown to Man's Eſtate, is by the Dead Palſy, or ſome other Cauſe, deprived of his Feeling, Taſting, and Smelling, and at the ſame time has the impediment of his Hearing removed, and the Film taken from his Eyes. What the five Senſes are to us, that the Touch, Taſte and Smell were to him. And any other ways of Perception of a more refined and extenſive Nature were to him as inconceivable, as to us thoſe are which will one Day be adapted to perceive thoſe things which *Eye hath not ſeen, nor Ear heard, neither hath it entered into the Heart of Man to conceive.* And it would be juſt as reaſonable in him to conclude, that the loſs of thoſe three Senſes could not poſſibly be ſucceeded by any new Inlets of Perception; as in a Modern *Free-thinker* to imagine there can be no State of Life and Perception without the Senſes he enjoys at preſent. Let us further ſuppoſe the ſame Perſon's Eyes, at their firſt opening, to be ſtruck with a great Variety of the moſt gay and pleaſing Objects, and his Ears with a melodious Conſort of Vocal and Inſtrumental Muſick: Behold him amazed, raviſhed, tranſported; and you have ſome diſtant Repreſentation, ſome faint and glimmering Idea of the ecſtatic State of the Soul in that Article in which ſhe emerges from this Sepulchre of Fleſh into Life and Immortality.

N.B.

N. B. *It has been obſerved by the Chriſtians, that a certain ingenious Foreigner, who has publiſhed many exemplary Jeſts for the uſe of Perſons in the Article of Death, was very much out of Humour in a late Fit of Sickneſs, till he was in a fair way of Recovery.*

N° 28 *Monday, April* 13.

Ætas Parentum pejor Avis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitioſiorem.

Hor. Od. 6. l. 5. v. 46.

Our Fathers have been worſe than theirs,
And we than ours: next Age will ſee
A Race more profligate than we. ROSCOMMON.

THEOCRITUS, *Bion* and *Moſchus* are the moſt famous amongſt the *Greek* Writers of Paſtorals. The two latter of theſe are judged to be far ſhort of *Theocritus*, whom I ſhall ſpeak of more largely, becauſe he rivals the greateſt of all Poets, *Virgil* himſelf. He hath the Advantage confeſſedly of the *Latin*, in coming before him, and writing in a Tongue more proper for Paſtoral. The Softneſs of the *Dorick* Dialect, which this Poet is ſaid to have improved beyond any who came before him, is what the Ancient *Roman* Writers owned their Language could not approach. But beſides this Beauty, he ſeems to me to have had a Soul more ſoftly and tenderly inclined to this way of Writing than *Virgil*, whoſe Genius led him naturally to Sublimity. It is true that the great *Roman*, by the Niceneſs of his Judgment, and great Command of himſelf, has acquitted himſelf dexterouſly this way. But a penetrating Judge will find there the Seeds of that Fire which burned afterwards ſo bright in the *Georgicks*, and blazed out in the *Æneid*. I muſt not, however, diſſemble that theſe bold Strokes appear chiefly in thoſe Eclogues of *Virgil*, which ought not

to

to be numbred amongſt his Paſtorals, which are indeed generally thought to be all of the Paſtoral kind; but by the beſt Judges are only called his Seleƈt Poems, as the Word *Eclogue* originally means.

THOSE who will take the pains to conſult *Scaliger*'s Compariſon of theſe two Poets, will find that *Theocritus* hath out-done him in thoſe very Paſſages which the Critick hath produced in honour of *Virgil*. There is, in ſhort, more Innocence, Simplicity, and whatever elſe hath been laid down as the diſtinguiſhing Marks of Paſtoral, in the *Greek* than the *Roman*; and all Arguments from the Exaƈtneſs, Propriety, Conciſeneſs and Nobleneſs of *Virgil*, may very well be turned againſt him. There is indeed ſometimes a Groſſneſs and Clowniſhneſs in *Theocritus*, which *Virgil*, who borrowed his greateſt Beauties from him, hath avoided. I will however add, that *Virgil*, out of the Excellence of Genius only, hath come ſhort of *Theocritus*; and had poſſibly excelled him, if in greater Subjeƈts he had not been born to excel all Mankind.

THE *Italians* were the firſt, amongſt the Moderns, that fell into Paſtoral Writing. It is obſerved, that the People of that Nation are very profound and abſtruſe in their Poetry as well as Politicks; fond of ſurpriſing Conceits and far-fetched Imaginations, and labour chiefly to ſay what was never ſaid before. From Perſons of this Charaƈter, how can we expeƈt that Air of Simplicity and Truth, which hath been proved ſo eſſential to Shepherds? There are two Paſtoral Plays in this Language, which they boaſt of as the moſt elegant Performances in Poetry that the latter Ages have produced; the *Aminta* of *Taſſo*, and *Guarini*'s *Paſtor Fido*. In theſe the Names of the Perſons are indeed Paſtoral, and the *Sylvan* Gods, the *Dryads*, and the *Satyrs* appointed with the Equipage of Antiquity; but neither the Language, Sentiments, Paſſions or Deſigns, like thoſe of the Pretty Triflers in *Virgil* and *Theocritus*. I ſhall produce an Example out of each, which are commonly taken notice of, as Patterns of the *Italian* way of Thinking in Paſtoral. *Sylvia* in *Taſſo*'s Poem enters adorned with a Garland of Flowers, and views herſelf in a Fountain with ſuch Self-admiration, that ſhe breaks out into a

Speech to the Flowers on her Head, and tells them, *She doth not wear them to adorn herſelf, but to make them aſhamed.* In the *Paſtor Fido*, a Shepherdeſs reaſons after an abſtruſe Philoſophical manner about the Violence of Love, and expoſtulates with the Gods, *for making Laws ſo rigorous to reſtrain us, and at the ſame time giving us invincible Deſires.* Whoever can bear theſe, may be aſſured he hath no Taſte for Paſtoral.

WHEN I am ſpeaking of the *Italians*, it would be unpardonable to paſs by *Sannazarius*. He hath changed the Scene in this kind of Poetry from Woods and Lawns, to the barren Beach and boundleſs Ocean: introduces Sea-calves in the room of Kids and Lambs, Sea-mews for the Lark and the Linnet, and preſents his Miſtreſs with Oiſters inſtead of Fruits and Flowers. How good ſoever his Stile and Thoughts may be; yet who can pardon him for his Arbitrary Change of the ſweet Manners and pleaſing Objects of the Country, for what in their own Nature are uncomfortable and dreadful? I think he hath few or no Followers, or if any, ſuch as knew little of his Beauties, and only copied his Faults, and ſo are loſt and forgotten.

THE *French* are ſo far from thinking abſtruſely, that they often ſeem not to think at all. It is all a Run of Numbers, Common-place Deſcriptions of Woods, Floods, Groves, Loves, *&c.* Thoſe who write the moſt accurately fall into the manner of their Country; which is Galantry. I cannot better illuſtrate what I would ſay of the *French*, than by the Dreſs in which they make their Shepherds appear in their Paſtoral Interludes upon the Stage, as I find it deſcribed by a celebrated Author. 'The Shepherds, ſaith he, are all embroi-
'dered, and acquit themſelves in a Ball better than our
'*Engliſh* Dancing-Maſters. I have ſeen a couple of Ri-
'vers appear in Red-Stockings; and *Alpheus* inſtead
'of having his Head covered with Sedges and Bull-
'ruſhes, making Love in a fair full-bottomed Periwig
'and a Plume of Feathers; but with a Voice ſo full of
'Shakes and Quavers, that I ſhould have thought the
'Murmurs of a Country Brook the much more agree-
'able Muſick.

Tueſday,

N° 29 *Tueſday, April* 14.

Ride ſi ſapis — Mart. Epig. 41. l. 2. v. 1.
Laugh, if you're wiſe.

IN order to look into any Perſon's Temper, I generally make my firſt Obſervation upon his Laugh, whether he is eaſily moved, and what are the Paſſages which throw him into that agreeable Kind of Convulſion. People are never ſo much unguarded, as when they are pleaſed: and Laughter being a viſible Symptom of ſome inward Satisfaction, 'tis then, if ever, we may believe the Face. There is, perhaps, no better Index to point us to the Particularities of the Mind than this, which is in itſelf one of the chief Diſtinctions of our Rationality. For, as *Milton* ſays,

—— Smiles from Reaſon flow, to Brutes deny'd,
And are of Love the Food ——

It may be remarked in general under this Head, that the Laugh of Men of Wit is for the moſt part but a faint conſtrained kind of half-Laugh, as ſuch Perſons are never without ſome Diffidence about them; but that of Fools is the moſt honeſt, natural, open Laugh in the World.

I have often had Thoughts of Writing a Treatiſe upon this Faculty, wherein I would have laid down Rules for the better Regulation of it at the Theatre; I would have criticiſed on the Laughs now in vogue, by which our Comic Writers might the better know how to tranſport an Audience into this pleaſing Affection. I had ſet apart a Chapter for a Diſſertation on the Talents of ſome of our modern Comedians; and as it was the Manner of *Plutarch* to draw Compariſons of his Heroes and Orators, to ſet their Actions and Eloquence in a fairer Light; ſo I would have made the Parallel of *Pinketh-*

man, *Norris* and *Bullock*; and ſo far ſhown their different Methods of raiſing Mirth, that any one ſhould be able to diſtinguiſh whether the Jeſt was the Poet's, or the Actor's.

AS the Play-houſe affords us the moſt Occaſions of obſerving upon the Behaviour of the Face, it may be uſeful (for the Direction of thoſe who would be Criticks this Way) to remark, that the Virgin Ladies uſually diſpoſe themſelves in the Front of the Boxes, the young married Women compoſe the ſecond Row, while the Rear is generally made up of Mothers of long ſtanding, undeſigning Maids and contented Widows. Whoever will caſt his Eye upon them under this View, during the Repreſentation of a Play, will find me ſo far in the right, that *a double Entendre* ſtrikes the firſt Row into an affected Gravity, or careleſs Indolence, the ſecond will venture at a Smile, but the third take the Conceit entirely, and expreſs their Mirth in a downright Laugh.

WHEN I deſcend to Particulars, I find the reſerved Prude will relapſe into a Smile at the extrvagant Freedoms of the Coquette, the Coquette in her turn laughs at the Starchneſs and aukward Affectation of the Prude; the Man of Letters is tickled with the Vanity and Ignorance of the Fop, and the Fop confeſſes his Ridicule at the Unpoliteneſs of the Pedant.

I fancy we may range the ſeveral Kinds of Laughers under the following Heads:

The *Dimplers.*
The *Smilers.*
The *Laughers.*
The *Grinners.*
The *Horſe-Laughers.*

THE *Dimple* is practiſed to give a Grace to the Features, and is frequently made a Bait to entangle a gazing Lover; this was called by the Ancients the *Chian* Laugh.

THE Smile is for the moſt part confined to the Fair Sex, and their Male Retinue. It expreſſes our Satisfaction in a ſilent ſort of Approbation, doth not too much

much diſorder the Features, and is practiſed by Lovers of the moſt delicate Addreſs. This tender Motion of the Phyſiognomy the Ancients called the *Ionic* Laugh.

THE *Laugh* among us is the common *Riſus* of the Ancients.

THE *Grin* by Writers of Antiquity is called the *Syncruſian*; and was then, as 'tis at this time, made uſe of to diſplay a beautiful Set of Teeth.

THE *Horſe-Laugh*, or the *Sardonick*, is made uſe of with great Succeſs in all kinds of Diſputation. The Proficients in this Kind by a well-timed Laugh, will baffle the moſt ſolid Argument. This upon all Occaſions ſupplies the want of Reaſon, is always received with great Applauſe in Coffee-houſe Diſputes, and that Side the Laugh joins with, is generally obſerved to gain the better of his Antagoniſt.

THE Prude hath a wonderful Eſteem for the *Chian* Laugh or Dimple; ſhe looks upon all the other Kinds of Laughter as Exceſſes of Levity; and is never ſeen upon the moſt extravagant Jeſts to diſorder her Countenance with the Ruffle of a Smile. Her Lips are compoſed with a Primneſs peculiar to her Character, all her Modeſty ſeems collected into her Face, and ſhe but very rarely takes the Freedom to ſink her Cheek into a Dimple.

THE young Widow is only a *Chian* for time; her Smiles are confined by Decorum, and ſhe is obliged to make her Face ſympathize with her Habit; ſhe looks demure by Art, and by the ſtricteſt Rules of Decency is never allowed the Smile till the firſt Offer or Advance towards her is over.

THE Effeminate Fop, who by the long Exerciſe of his Countenance at the Glaſs, hath reduced it to an exact Diſcipline, may claim a Place in this Clan. You ſee him upon any Occaſion, to give Spirit to his Diſcourſe, admire his own Eloquence by a Dimple.

THE *Ionics* are thoſe Ladies that take a greater Liberty with their Features, yet even theſe may be ſaid to ſmother a Laugh, as the former to ſtifle a Smile.

THE Beau is an *Ionic* out of Complaiſance, and practiſes the Smile the better to ſympathize with the

Fair. He will ſometimes join in a *Laugh* to humour the Spleen of a Lady, or applaud a piece of Wit of his own, but always takes care to confine his Mouth within the Rules of Good-breeding; he takes the Laugh from the Ladies, but is never guilty of ſo great an Indecorum as to begin it.

THE *Ionic* Laugh is of univerſal Uſe to Men of Power at their Levées; and is eſteemed by judicious Place-Hunters a more particular Mark of Diſtinction than the Whiſper. A young Gentleman of my Acquaintance valued himſelf upon his Succeſs, having obtained this Favour after the Attendance of three Months only.

A judicious Author ſome Years ſince Publiſhed a Collection of Sonnets, which he very ſucceſsfully called *Laugh and be Fat*, or *Pills to purge Melancholy:* I cannot ſufficiently admire the facetious Title of theſe Volumes, and muſt cenſure the World of Ingratitude, while they are ſo negligent in rewarding the Jocoſe Labours of my Friend Mr. *D'Urfey*, who was ſo large a Contributor to this Treatiſe, and to whoſe humourous Productions ſo many Rural Squires in the remoteſt Parts of this Iſland are obliged for the Dignity and State which Corpulency gives them. The Story of the Sick Man's breaking an Impoſthume by a ſudden Fit of Laughter, is too well known to need a Recital. It is my Opinion, that the above Pills would be extremely proper to be taken with *Aſſes Milk*, and mightily contribute towards the renewing and reſtoring decayed Lungs. *Democritus* is generally repreſented to us as a Man of the largeſt Size, which we may attribute to his requent Exerciſe of his riſible Faculty. I remember *Juvenal* ſays of him,

Perpetuo riſu pulmonem agitare ſolebat.

Sat. 10. v. 33.

He ſhook his Sides with a perpetual Laugh.

THAT ſort of Man whom a late Writer has called the *Butt* is a great Promoter of this healthful Agitation, and is generally ſtocked with ſo much Good-humour, as to ſtrike in with the Gaiety of Converſation, though

ſome

ſome innocent Blunder of his own be the Subject of the Rallery.

I ſhall range all old amorous Dotards under the Denomination of *Grinners*; when a young blooming Wench touches their Fancy, by an Endeavour to recal Youth into their Cheeks, they immediately overſtrain their Muſcular Features, and ſhrivel their Countenance into this frightful Merriment.

THE Wag is of the ſame kind, and by the ſame Artifice labours to ſupport his Impotence of Wit; but he very frequently calls in the *Horſe-Laugh* to his Aſſiſtance.

THERE are another kind of *Grinners*, which the Ancients call *Megarics*, and ſome Moderns have, not injudiciouſly, given them the Name of the *Sneerers*. Theſe always indulge their Mirth at the Expence of their Friends, and all their Ridicule conſiſts in unſeaſonable Ill-nature. I could wiſh theſe Laughers would conſider, that let 'em do what they can, there is no laughing away their own Follies by laughing at other People's.

THE Mirth of the Tea-Table is for the moſt part *Megaric*, and in Viſits the Ladies themſelves very ſeldom ſcruple the ſacrificing a Friendſhip to a Laugh of this Denomination.

THE Coquette hath a great deal of the *Megaric* in her; but in ſhort, ſhe is a Proficient in Laughter, and can run through the whole Exerciſe of the Features; ſhe ſubdues the formal Lover with the *Dimple*, accoſts the Fop with the *Smile*, joins with the Wit in the downright *Laugh*; to vary the Air of her Countenance frequently rallies with the *Grinn*; and when ſhe has ridiculed her Lover quite out of his Underſtanding, to complete his Misfortunes, ſtrikes him dumb with the *Horſe-Laugh*.

THE *Horſe-Laugh* is a diſtinguiſhing Characteriſtick of the Rural Hoyden, and 'tis obſerved to be the laſt Symptom of Ruſticity that forſakes her under the Diſcipline of the Boarding-School.

PUNSTERS, I find, very much contribute towards the *Sardonic*, and the Extremes of either Wit or Folly ſeldom fail of raiſing this noiſy kind of Ap-

plauſe. As the Ancient Phyſicians held the *Sardonic* Laugh very beneficial to the Lungs; I ſhould, methinks, adviſe all my Countrymen of Conſumptive and Hectical Conſtitutions to aſſociate with the moſt facetious Punſters of the Age. *Perſius* hath very elegantly deſcribed a *Sardonic* Laugher in the following Line,

Ingeminat tremulos Naſo criſpante cachinnos.

Sat. 3. v. 87.

Redoubled Peals of trembling Laughter burſts,
Convulſing every Feature of the Face.

LAUGHTER is a Vent of any ſudden Joy that ſtrikes upon the Mind, which being too volatile and ſtrong, breaks out in this Tremor of the Voice. The Poets make uſe of this Metaphor when they would deſcribe Nature in her richeſt Dreſs, for Beauty is never ſo lovely as when adorned with the Smile, and Converſation never ſits eaſier upon us, than when we now and then diſcharge ourſelves in a Symphony of Laughter, which may not improperly be called *The Chorus of Converſation.*

N° 30 *Wedneſday, April* 15.

——— *redeunt Saturnia Regna.* Virg. Ecl. 4. v. 6.

——— *Saturnian Times*
Roll round again. DRYDEN.

THE *Italians* and *French* being diſpatched, I come now to the *Engliſh*, whom I ſhall treat with ſuch Meekneſs as becomes a good Patriot; and ſhall ſo far recommend this our Iſland as a proper Scene for Paſtoral under certain Regulations, as will ſatisfy the courteous Reader that I am in the Landed Intereſt.

I muſt in the firſt place obſerve, that our Countrymen have ſo good an Opinion of the Ancients, and think ſo modeſtly of themſelves, that the generality of Paſtoral

Paſtoral Writers have either ſtol'n all from the *Greeks* and *Romans*, or ſo ſervilely imitated their Manners and Cuſtoms, as makes them very ridiculous. In looking over ſome *Engliſh* Paſtorals a few Days ago, I peruſed at leaſt fifty lean Flocks, and reckoned up an hundred left-handed Ravens, beſides blaſted Oaks, withering Meadows, and weeping Deities. Indeed moſt of the occaſional Paſtorals we have, are built upon one and the ſame Plan. A Shepherd aſks his Fellow, why he is ſo pale, if his favourite Sheep hath ſtrayed, if his Pipe be broken, or *Phyllis* unkind; He anſwers, None of theſe Misfortunes have befallen him, but one much greater, for *Damon* (or ſometimes the God *Pan*) is dead. This immediately cauſes the other to make Complaints, and call upon the lofty Pines and Silver Streams to join in the Lamentation. While he goes on, his Friend interrupts him, and tells him that *Damon* lives, and ſhows him a Track of Light in the Skies to confirm it; then invites him to Cheſnuts and Cheeſe. Upon this Scheme moſt of the noble Families in *Great Britain* have been comforted; nor can I meet with any Right Honourable Shepherd that doth not die and live again, after the manner of the aforeſaid *Damon*.

HAVING already informed my Reader wherein the Knowledge of Antiquity may be ſerviceable, I ſhall now direct him where he may lawfully deviate from the Ancients. There are ſome things of an eſtabliſhed Nature in Paſtoral, which are eſſential to it, ſuch as a Country Scene, Innocence, Simplicity. Others there are of a changeable kind, ſuch as Habits, Cuſtoms, and the like. The Difference of the Climate is alſo to be conſidered, for what is proper in *Arcadia*, or even in *Italy*, might be very abſurd in a colder Country. By the ſame Rule the Difference of the Soil, of Fruits and Flowers, is to be obſerved. And in ſo fine a Country as *Britain*, what occaſion is there for that Profuſion of *Hyacinths* and *Pæſtan* Roſes, and that *Cornucopia* of Foreign Fruits, which the *Britiſh* Shepherds never heard of! How much more pleaſing is the following Scene to an *Engliſh* Reader!

This Place may ſeem for Shepherds leiſure made,
So lovingly theſe Elves unite their Shade,
Th' ambitious Woodbine, how it climbs to breathe
Its balmy Sweets around on all beneath:
The Ground with Graſs of chearful Green beſpread,
Thro' which the ſpringing Flow'r up-rears its Head.
Lo here the King-Cup of a golden Hue,
Medly'd with Daiſies white, and Endive blue!
Hark, how the gaudy Goldfinch, and the Thruſh,
With tuneful Warblings fill that Bramble-Buſh!
In pleaſing Conſort all the Birds combine,
And tempt us in the various Song to join.

THE Theology of the ancient Paſtoral is ſo very pretty, that it were pity intirely to change it; but I think that Part only is to be retained which is univerſally known, and the reſt to be made up out of our own ruſtical Superſtition of Hob-thruſhes, Fairies, Goblins and Witches. The Fairies are capable of being made very entertaining Perſons, as they are deſcribed by ſeveral of our Poets; and particularly by Mr. *Pope*.

About this Spring (if ancient Fame ſay true)
The dapper Elves their Moon-light Sports purſue,
Their Pygmy King, and little Fairy Queen,
In circling Dances gambol'd on the Green,
While tuneful Sprights a merry Conſort made,
And Airy Muſick warbled through the Shade.

WHAT hath been ſaid upon the Difference of Climate, Soil and Theology, reaches the Proverbial Sayings, Dreſs, Cuſtoms and Sports of Shepherds. The following Examples of our Paſtoral Sports are extremely beautiful.

Whilome did I, all as this Poplar fair,
Upraiſe my heedleſs Head, devoid of Care,
'Mong ruſtick Routs the chief for Wanton Game;
Nor could they merry make till Lobbin *came;*
Who better ſeen than I in Shepherds Arts,
To pleaſe the Lads, and win the Laſſes Hearts?
How deftly to mine Oaten Reed, ſo ſweet,
Wont they upon the Green to ſhift their Feet?

And

And when the Dance was done, how would they yearn
Some well deviſed Tale from me to learn?
For many Songs and Tales of Mirth had I,
To chaſe the lingring Sun a-down the Sky.

——— *O now! if ever, bring*
The Laurel green, the ſmelling Eglantine,
And tender Branches from the mantling Vine,
The dewy Cowſlip that in Meadow grows,
The Fountain Violet, and Garden Roſe:
Your Hamlet ſtrew, and every publick Way,
And conſecrate to Mirth Albino's *Day.*
Myſelf will laviſh all my little Store,
And deal about the Goblet-flowing Ore:
Old Moulin *there ſhall harp, young* Mico *ſing,*
And Cuddy *dance the Round amidſt the Ring,*
And Hobbinol *his antick Ganbols play.*

THE Reaſon why ſuch Changes from the Ancients ſhould be introduced is very obvious; namely, that Poetry being Imitation, and that Imitation being the beſt which deceives the moſt eaſily, it follows that we muſt take up the Cuſtoms which are moſt famliar, or univerſally known, ſince no Man can be deceived or delighted with the Imitation of what he is Ignorant of.

IT is eaſy to be obſerved that theſe Rules are drawn from what our Countrymen *Spencer* and *Philips* have performed in this way. I ſhall not preſume to ſay any more of them, than that both have copied and improved the Beauties of the Ancients, whoſe manner of Thinking I would above all things recommend. As far as our Language would allow them, they have formed a Paſtoral Stile according to the *Doric* of *Theocritus*, in which I dare not ſay they have excelled *Virgil*; but I may be allowed, for the Honour of our Language, to ſuppoſe it more capable of that pretty Ruſticity than the *Latin*. To their Works I refer my Reader to make Obſervations upon the Paſtoral Stile; where he will ſooner find that Secret than from a Folio of Criticiſms.

Thurſday,

N° 31 *Thurſday, April* 16.

Fortem poſce animum ——— Juv. Sat. 10. v. 357.

Aſk of the Gods Content and Strength of Mind.

MY Lady *Lizard* is never better pleaſed than when ſhe ſees her Children about her engaged in any profitable Diſcourſe. I found her laſt Night ſitting in the midſt of her Daughters, and forming a very beautiful Semi-cirle about the Fire. I immediately took my Place in an Elbow-Chair, which is always left empty for me in one Corner.

OUR Converſation fell inſenſibly upon the Subject of Happineſs, in which every one of the young Ladies gave her Opinion, with that Freedom and Unconcernedneſs which they always uſe when they are in Company only with their Mother and myſelf.

Mrs. *Jane* declared, that ſhe thought it the greateſt Happineſs to be married to a Man of Merit, and placed at the Head of a well-regulated Family. I could not but obſerve, that in her Character of a Man of Merit, ſhe gave us a lively Deſcription of *Tom Worthy*, who has long made his Addreſſes to her. The Siſters did not diſcover this at firſt, 'till ſhe began to run down Fortune in a Lover, and among the Accompliſhments of a Man of Merit, unluckily mentioned white Teeth and black Eyes.

Mrs. *Annabella*, after having rallied her Siſter upon her Man of Merit, talked much of Conveniencies of Life, Affluence of Fortune, and Eaſineſs of Temper, in one whom ſhe ſhould pitch upon for a Huſband. In ſhort, tho' the Baggage would not ſpeak out, I found the Sum of her Wiſhes was a rich Fool, or a Man ſo turned to her Purpoſes, that ſhe might enjoy his Fortune, and inſult his Underſtanding.

THE Romantick *Cornelia* was for living in a Wood among Choirs of Birds, with Zephyrs, Echos, and Rivulets

vulets to make up the Conſort; ſhe would not ſeem to include a Huſband in her Scheme, but at the ſame time talked ſo paſſionately of Cooing Turtles, Moſſy Banks, and Beds of Violets, that one might eaſily perceive ſhe was not without Thoughts of a Companion in her Solitudes.

MISS *Betty* placed her *Summum bonum* in Equipages, Aſſemblies, Balls and Birth-nights, talked in Raptures of Sir *Edward Shallow*'s gilt Coach, and my Lady *Tattle*'s Room, in which ſhe ſaw Company; nor would ſhe have eaſily given over, had ſhe not obſerved that her Mother appeared more ſerious than ordinary, and by her Looks ſhewed that ſhe did not approve ſuch a Redundance of Vanity and Impertinence.

MY Favourite, the *Sparkler*, with an Air of Innocence and Modeſty, which is peculiar to her, ſaid that ſhe never expected ſuch a thing as Happineſs, and that ſhe thought the moſt any one could do was to keep themſelves from being uneaſy; for, as Mr. *Ironſide* has often told us, ſays ſhe, we ſhould endeavour to be eaſy here and happy hereafter: At the ſame time ſhe begged me to acquaint them by what Rules this Eaſe of Mind, or if I would pleaſe to call it Happineſs, is beſt attained.

MY Lady *Lizard* joined in the ſame Requeſt with her youngeſt Daughter, adding, with a ſerious Look, The thing ſeemed to her of ſo great Conſequence, that ſhe hoped I would for once forget they were all Women, and give my real Thoughts of it with the ſame Juſtneſs I would uſe among a Company of my own Sex. I complied with her Deſire, and communicated my Sentiments to them on this Subject, as near as I can remember, pretty much to the following Purpoſe.

AS nothing is more natural than for every one to deſire to be happy, it is not to be wondered at that the wiſeſt Men in all Ages have ſpent ſo much time to diſcover what Happineſs is, and wherein it chiefly conſiſts. An eminent Writer, named *Varro*, reckons up no leſs than two hundred eighty eight different Opinions upon this Subject; and another, called *Lucian*, after having given us a long Catalogue of the Notions of ſeveral Philoſophers, endeavours to ſhew the Abſurdity

ſurdity of all of them, without eſtabliſhing any thing of his own.

THAT which ſeems to have made ſo many err in this Caſe, is the Reſolution they took to fix a Man's Happineſs to one determined Point, which I conceive cannot be made up, but by the Concurrence of ſeveral Particulars.

I ſhall readily allow *Virtue* the firſt Place, as ſhe is the Mother of *Content*. It is this which calms our Thoughts, and makes us ſurvey ourſelves with Eaſe and Pleaſure. *Naked Virtue*, however, is not alone ſufficient to make a Man happy. It muſt be accompanied with at leaſt a moderate Proviſion of all the Neceſſities of Life, and not ruffled and diſturbed by bodily Pains. A Fit of the Stone was ſharp enough to make a Stoick cry out, That *Zeno*, his Maſter, taught him falſe, when he told him that Pain was no Evil.

BUT beſides this, *Virtue* is ſo far from being alone ſufficient to make a Man happy, that the Exceſs of it in ſome Particulars, joined to a ſoft and feminine Temper, may often give us the deepeſt Wounds, and chiefly contribute to render us uneaſy. I might inſtance in *Pity*, *Love*, and *Friendſhip*. In the two laſt Paſſions it often happens, that we ſo entirely give up our Hearts, as to make our Happineſs wholly depend upon another Perſon; a Truſt for which no human Creature, however excellent, can poſſibly give us a ſufficient Security.

THE Man therefore who would be truly happy, muſt, beſides an habitual Virtue, attain to ſuch a *Strength of Mind*, as to confine his Happineſs within himſelf, and keep it from being dependent upon others. A Man of this make will perform all thoſe good-natured Offices that could have been expected from the moſt bleeding Pity, without being ſo far affected at the common Misfortunes of human Life, as to diſturb his own Repoſe. His Actions of this kind are ſo much more meritorious than another's, as they flow purely from a Principle of Virtue, and a Senſe of his Duty; whereas a Man of a ſofter Temper, even while he is aſſiſting another, may in ſome meaſure be ſaid to be relieving himſelf.

A Man

A Man endowed with that *Strength of Mind* I am here ſpeaking of, tho' he leaves it to his Friend or Miſtreſs to make him ſtill more happy, does not put it in the Power of either to make him miſerable.

FROM what has been already ſaid it will alſo appear, that nothing can be more weak than to place our Happineſs in the Applauſe of others, ſince by this Means we make it wholly independent of ourſelves. People of this Humour, who place their chief Felicity in Reputation and Applauſe, are alſo extremely ſubject to Envy, the moſt painful as well as the moſt abſurd of all Paſſions.

THE ſureſt Means to attain that *Strength of Mind* and independent State of Happineſs I am here recommending, is A virtuous Mind ſufficiently furniſhed with Ideas to ſupport Solitude, and keep up an agreeable Converſation with itſelf. Learning is a very great Help on this Occaſion, as it lays up an infinite Number of Notions in the Memory, ready to be drawn out, and ſet in Order upon any Occaſion. The Mind often takes the ſame Pleaſure in looking over theſe her Treaſures, in augmenting and diſpoſing them into proper Forms, as a Prince does in a Review of his Army.

AT the ſame time I muſt own, that as a Mind thus furniſhed, feels a ſecret Pleaſure in the Conſciouſneſs of its own Perfection, and is delighted with ſuch Occaſions as call upon it to try its Force, a lively Imagination ſhall produce a Pleaſure very little inferior to the former in Perſons of much weaker Heads. As the firſt therefore may not be improperly called, *The Heaven of a wiſe Man*; the latter is extremely well repreſented by our Vulgar Expreſſion, which terms it *A Fool's Paradiſe*. There is, however, this Difference between them, that as the firſt naturally produces that Strength and Greatneſs of Mind I have been all along deſcribing as ſo eſſential to render a Man happy, the latter is ruffled and diſcompoſed by every Accident, and loſt under the common Misfortune.

IT is this Strength of Mind that is not to be overcome by the Changes of Fortune, that ariſes at the Sight of Dangers, and could make *Alexander* (in that Paſſage of his Life ſo much admired by the Prince of *Conde*) when

when his Army mutinied, bid his Soldiers return to *Macedon*, and tell their Countrymen that they had left their King conquering the World; ſince for his part he could not doubt of raiſing an Army where-ever he appear'd. It is this that chiefly exerts itſelf when a Man is moſt oppreſſed, and gives him always in proportion to whatever Malice or Injuſtice would deprive him of. It is this, in ſhort, that makes the virtuous Man inſenſibly ſet a Value upon himſelf, and throws a Varniſh over his Words and Actions, that will at laſt command Eſteem, and give him a greater aſcendent over others, than all the Advantages of Birth and Fortune.

N° 32 *Friday, April* 17.

——— *ipſe volens, faciliſque ſequetur,*
Si te fata vocant: aliter non viribus ullis
Vincas ——— Virg. Æn. 6. v. 146.

The willing Metal will obey thy Hand,
Following with Eaſe, if, favour'd by thy Fate,
Thou art foredoom'd to view the Stygian State:
If not, no Labour can the Tree conſtrain:
And Strength of ſtubborn Arms, and Steel are vain.
DRYDEN.

HAVING delivered my Thoughts upon Paſtoral Poetry, after a Didactic Manner, in ſome foregoing Papers, wherein I have taken ſuch Hints from the Criticks as I thought rational, and departed from 'em according to the beſt of my Judgment, and ſubſtituted others in their Place, I ſhall cloſe the whole with the following Fable or Allegory.

IN ancient Times there dwelt in a pleaſant Vale of *Arcadia* a Man of very ample Poſſeſſions, named *Menalcas*; who deriving his Pedigree from the God *Pan*, kept very ſtrictly up to the Rules of the Paſtoral Life, as it was in the *Golden Age*. He had a Daughter, his only Child, called *Amaryllis*. She was a Virgin of a moſt inchanting

chanting Beauty, of a moſt eaſy and unaffected Air; but having been bred up wholly in the Country, was baſhful to the laſt Degree. She had a Voice that was exceeding ſweet, yet had a Ruſticity in its Tone, which however to moſt who heard her ſeemed an additional Charm. Though in her Converſation in general ſhe was very engaging, yet to her Lovers, who were numerous, ſhe was ſo coy, that many left her in Diſguſt after a tedious Courtſhip, and matched themſelves where they were better received. For *Menalcas* had not only reſolved to take a Son-in-law, who ſhould inviolably maintain the Cuſtoms of his Family; but had received one Evening, as he walked in the Fields, a Pipe of an Antique Form from a *Faun*, or, as ſome ſay, from *Oberon* the Fairy, with a particular Charge not to beſtow his Daughter upon any one who could not play the ſame Tune upon it as at that time he entertained him with.

WHEN the Time that he had deſigned to give her in Marriage was near at hand, he publiſhed a Decree, whereby he invited the neighbouring Youths to make Trial of this Muſical Inſtrument, with Promiſe that the Victor ſhould poſſeſs his Daughter, on Condition that the Vanquiſhed ſhould ſubmit to what Puniſhment he thought fit to inflict. Thoſe who were not yet diſcouraged, and had high Conceits of their own Worth, appeared on the appointed Day, in a Dreſs and Equipage ſuitable to their reſpective Fancies.

THE Place of Meeting was a flowery Meadow, through which a clear Stream murmured in many irregular Meanders. The Shepherds made a ſpacious Ring for the contending Lovers; and in one Part of it there ſat upon a little Throne of Turf, under an Arch of Eglantine and Wood-bines, the Father of the Maid, and at his right Hand the Damſel crowned with Roſes and Lilies. She wore a flying Robe of a ſlight green Stuff; ſhe had her Sheephook in one Hand, and the fatal Pipe in the other.

THE firſt who approached her was a Youth of a graceful Preſence and courtly Air, but dreſt in a richer Habit than had ever been ſeen in *Arcadia*. He wore a Crimſon Veſt, cut indeed after the Shepherd's Faſhion, but ſo enriched with Embroidery, and ſparkling with Jewels,

Jewels, that the Eyes of the Spectators were diverted from conſidering the Mode of the Garment by the dazzling of the Ornaments. His Head was covered with a Plume of Feathers, and his Sheep-hook glittered with Gold and Enamel. He accoſted the Damſel after a very galant manner, and told her, * *Madam, you need not to conſult your Glaſs to adorn yourſelf To-day; you may ſee the Greatneſs of your Beauty in the Number of your Conqueſts.* She having never heard any Compliment ſo polite, could give him no Anſwer, but preſented the Pipe. He applied it to his Lips, and began a Tune which he ſet off with ſo many Graces and Quavers, that the Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes (who had paired themſelves in order to dance) could not follow it; as indeed it required great Skill and Regularity of Steps, which they had never been bred to. *Menalcas* ordered him to be ſtript of his coſtly Robes, and to be clad in a Ruſſet Weed, and confined him to tend the Flocks in the Valleys for a Year and a Day.

* *Vid.* Fontenelle.

THE Second that appeared was in a very different Garb. He was clothed in a Garment of rough Goat-skins, his Hair was matted, his Beard neglected; in his Perſon uncouth, and aukward in his Gate. He came up fleering to the Nymph, and told her † *He had hugg'd his Lambs, and kiſs'd his young Kids, but he hoped to kiſs one that was ſweeter.* The Fair one bluſhed with Modeſty and Anger, and prayed ſecretly againſt him as ſhe gave him the Pipe. He ſnatched it from her, but with ſome Difficulty made it ſound; which was in ſuch harſh and jarring Notes, that the Shepherds cried one and all, that he underſtood no Muſick. He was immediately ordered to the moſt craggy Parts of *Arcadia*, to keep the Goats, and commanded never to touch a Pipe any more.

† *Vid.* Theocritus.

THE Third that advanced appeared in Clothes that were ſo ſtrait and uneaſy to him, that he ſeemed to move with Pain. He marched up to the Maiden with a thoughtful Look and ſtately Pace, and ſaid, ‡ *Divine* Amaryllis, *you wear not thoſe Roſes to improve your Beauty, but to make them aſhamed.* As ſhe did not comprehend his Mean-

‡ *Vid.* Taſſo.

Meaning, ſhe preſented the Inſtrument without Reply: The Tune that he play'd was ſo intricate and perplexing, that the Shepherds ſtood ſtock ſtill, like People aſtoniſhed and confounded. In vain did he plead that it was the Perfection of Muſick, and compoſed by the moſt skilful Maſter in *Heſperia*. *Menalcas* finding that he was a Stranger, hoſpitably took Compaſſion on him, and delivered him to an old Shepherd, who was ordered to get him Clothes that would fit him, and teach him to ſpeak plain.

THE Fourth that ſtep'd forwards was young *Aymntas*, the moſt beautiful of all the *Arcadian* Swains, and ſecretly beloved by *Amaryllis*. He wore that Day the ſame Colours as the Maid for whom he ſighed. He moved towards her with an eaſy but unaſſured Air: ſhe bluſhed as he came near her, and when ſhe gave him the Fatal Preſent, they both trembled, but neither could ſpeak. Having ſecretly breathed his Vows to the Gods, he poured forth ſuch melodious Notes, that though they were a little wild and irregular, they filled every Heart with Delight. The Swains immediately mingled in the Dance, and the old Shepherds affirmed, that they had often heard ſuch Muſick by Night, which they imagined to be played by ſome of the Rural Deities. The good old Man leaped from his Throne, and after he had embraced him, preſented him to his Daughter, which cauſed a general Acclamation.

WHILE they were in the midſt of their Joy, they were ſurpriſed with a very odd Appearance. A Perſon in a blue Mantle, crown'd with Sedges and Ruſhes, ſtep'd into the middle of the Ring. He had an Angling-Rod in his Hand, a Panier upon his Back, and a poor meagre Wretch in wet Clothes carried ſome Oiſters before him. Being asked whence he came, and what he was? He told them, he was come to invite *Amaryllis* from the Plains to the Sea-Shore, that his Subſtance conſiſted in Sea-Calves, and that he was acquainted with the *Nereids* and the *Naiads*. *Are thou acquainted with the Naiads?* ſaid *Menalcas*; *To them then ſhalt thou return.* The Shepherds immediately hoiſted him up as an Enemy to *Arcadia*, and plunged him in the River, where he ſunk, and was never heard of ſince.

AMYNTAS

AMYNTAS and *Amaryllis* lived a long and happy Life, and governed the Vales of *Arcadia*. Their Generation was very long-lived, there having been but four Deſcents in above two thouſand Years. His Heir was called *Theocritus*, who left his Dominions to *Virgil*, *Virgil* left his to his Son *Spencer*, and *Spencer* was ſucceeded by his eldeſt-born *Philips*.

N° 33 *Saturday, April* 18.

——*Dignum ſapiente, bonoque eſt.*

Hor. Ep. 4. l. 1. v. 5.

Worthy a wiſe Man, and a good.

I HAVE made it a Rule to myſelf not to publiſh any thing on a *Saturday*, but what ſhall have ſome Analogy to the Duty of the Day enſuing. It is an unſpeakable Pleaſure to me, that I have lived to ſee the Time when I can obſerve ſuch a Law to myſelf, and yet turn my Diſcourſe upon what is done at the Play-Houſe. I am ſure the Reader knows I am going to mention *the Tragedy of CATO*. The Principal Character is moved by no Conſideration, but Reſpect to that ſort of Virtue, the Senſe of which is retained in our Language under the Word *Publick Spirit*. All Regards to his Domeſtick are wholly laid aſide, and the Hero is drawn as having, by this Motive, ſubdued Inſtinct itſelf, and taking Comfort from the Diſtreſſes of his Family, which are brought upon them by their Adherence to the Cauſe of Truth and Liberty. There is nothing uttered by *Cato* but what is worthy the beſt of Men; and the Sentiments which are given him, are not only the moſt warm for the Conduct of this Life, but ſuch as we may think will not need to be eraſed, but conſiſt with the Happineſs of the Human Soul in the next. This illuſtrious Character has its proper Influence on all below it; the other virtuous Perſonages are, in their Degree, as worthy, and as exemplary as the Principal; the Conduct of the Lovers, (who are more warm, though more diſcreet,

creet, than ever yet appeared on the Stage) has in it a conſtant Senſe of the great Cataſtrophe which was expected from the Approach of *Cæſar*. But to ſee the Modeſty of an Heroine, whoſe Country and Family were at the ſame time in the moſt imminent Danger, preſerv'd, while ſhe breaks out into the moſt fond and open Expreſſions of her Paſſion for her Lover, is an Inſtance of no common Addreſs. Again, to obſerve the Body of a galant young Man brought before us, who, in the Bloom of his Youth, in the Defence of all that is Good and Great, had received numberleſs Wounds; I ſay, to obſerve that this dead Youth is introduced only for the Example of his Virtue, and that his Death is ſo circumſtantiated, that we are ſatisfied, for all his Virtue, it was for the Good of the World, and his own Family, that his warm Temper was not to be put upon farther Trial, but his Taſk of Life ended while it was yet virtuous, is an Employment worthy the Conſideration of our young *Britons*. We are obliged to Authors, that can do what they will with us, that they do not play our Affections and Paſſions againſt ourſelves, but to make us ſo ſoon reſigned to the Death of *Marcus*, of whom we were ſo fond, is a Power that would be unfortunately lodged in a Man without the Love of Virtue.

WERE it not that I ſpeak on this Occaſion, rather as a Guardian than a Critick, I could proceed to the Examination of the Juſtneſs of each Character, and take notice that the *Numidian* is as well drawn as the *Roman*. There is not an Idea in all the Part of *Syphax* which does not apparently ariſe from the Habits which grow in the Mind of an *African*; and the Scene between *Juba* and his General, where they talk for and againſt a liberal Education, is full of Inſtruction: *Syphax* urges all that can be ſaid againſt Philoſophy, as it is made ſubſervient to ill Ends by Men who abuſe their Talents; and *Juba* ſets the leſs Excellencies of Activity, Labour, Patience of Hunger, and Strength of Body, which are the admired Qualifications of a *Numidian*, in their proper Subordination to the Accompliſhments of the Mind. But this Play is ſo well recommended by others, that I will not, for that, and ſome private Reaſons, enlarge any farther. Dr. *Garth* has very agreeably rallied the Mercenary

cenary Traffick between Men and Women of this Age in the *Epilogue* by Mrs. *Porter* who acted *Lucia*. And Mr. *Pope* has prepared the Audience for a new Scene of Paſſion and Tranſport on a more noble Foundation than they have before been entertain'd with in the *Prologue*. I ſhall take the liberty to gratify the Impatience of the Town by inſerting theſe two excellent Pieces, as Earneſts of the Work itſelf, which will be printed within few Days.

PROLOGUE to *CATO*.

By Mr. *POPE*.

Spoken by Mr. *WILKS*.

TO wake the Soul by tender Strokes of Art,
To raiſe the Genius, and to mend the Heart;
To make Mankind in conſcious Virtue bold,
Live o'er each Scene, and Be what they behold:
For this the Tragick Muſe firſt trod the Stage,
Commanding Tears to ſtream thro' every Age;
Tyrants no more their Savage Nature kept,
And Foes to Virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our Author ſhuns by vulgar Springs to move
The Hero's Glory, or the Virgin's Love;
In pitying Love we but our Weakneſs ſhow,
And wild Ambition well deſerves its Woe.
Here Tears ſhall flow from a more gen'rous Cauſe,
Such Tears as Patriots ſhed for dying Laws:
He bids your Breaſts with Ancient Ardor riſe,
And calls forth Roman *Drops from* Britiſh *Eyes.*
Virtue confeſs'd in human Shape he draws,
What Plato *thought, and God-like* Cato *was.*
No common Object to your Sight diſplays;
But what with Pleaſure Heaven itſelf ſurveys,
A brave Man ſtruggling in the Storms of Fate,
And greatly falling with a falling State.
While Cato *gives his little Senate Laws,*
What Boſom beats not in his Country's Cauſe?
Who ſees him act, but envies ev'ry Deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wiſh to bleed?

Ev'n

Ev'n when proud Cæſar, *'midſt triumphal Cars,*
The Spoils of Nations, and the Pomp of Wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome *her* Cato's *Figure drawn in State;*
As her dead Father's rev'rend Image paſt,
The Pomp was darken'd, and the Day o'ercaſt,
The Triumph ceas'd — Tears guſh'd from ev'ry Eye;
The World's great Victor paſt unheeded by;
Her laſt good Man dejected Rome *ador'd,*
And honour'd Cæſar's *leſs than* Cato's *Sword.*
Britons *attend: Be Worth like this approv'd,*
And ſhow you have the Virtue to be mov'd,
With honeſt Scorn the firſt-fam'd Cato *view'd*
Rome *learning Arts from* Greece, *whom ſhe ſubdu'd,*
Our Scene precariouſly ſubſiſts too long
On French *Tranſlation, and* Italian *Song:*
Dare to have Senſe yourſelves, aſſert the Stage,
Be juſtly warm'd with your own Native Rage.
Such Plays alone ſhould pleaſe a Britiſh *Ear,*
As Cato's *ſelf had not diſdain'd to hear.*

EPILOGUE to *CATO.*

By Dr. *GARTH.*

Spoken by Mrs. *PORTER.*

WHAT odd fantaſtick Things we Women do!
Who would not liſten when young Lovers woo!
What! die a Maid, yet have the Choice of Two!
Ladies are often cruel to their Coſt:
To give you Pain, themſelves they puniſh moſt.
Vows of Virginity ſhould well be weigh'd;
Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in Convents made.
Wou'd you revenge ſuch raſh Reſolves——you may
Be ſpiteful——and believe the thing we ſay;
We hate you when you're eaſily ſaid Nay.
How needleſs, if you knew us, were your Fears?
Let Love have Eyes, and Beauty will have Ears.
Our Hearts are form'd, as you yourſelves would chooſe,
Too proud to aſk, too humble to refuſe:

We

We give to Merit, and to Wealth we ſell;
He ſighs with moſt Succeſs that ſettles well.
The Woes of Wedlock with the Joys we mix;
'Tis beſt repenting in a Coach and ſix.
Blame not our Conduct, ſince we but purſue
Thoſe lively Leſſons we have learn'd from you:
Your Breaſts no more the Fire of Beauty warms,
But wicked Wealth uſurps the Power of Charms;
What Pains to get the gaudy Thing you hate,
To ſwell in Show, and be a Wretch in State!
At Plays you ogle, at the Ring you bow;
Ev'n Churches are no Sanctuaries now,
There Golden Idols all your Vows receive,
She is no Goddeſs who has nought to give.
Oh may once more the happy Age appear,
When Words were artleſs, and the Soul ſincere;
When Gold and Grandeur were unenvy'd things,
And Crowns leſs coveted than Groves and Springs.
Love then ſhall only mourn when Truth complains,
And Conſtancy feel Tranſport in its Chains;
Sighs with Succeſs their own ſoft Anguiſh tell,
And Eyes ſhall utter what the Lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright Station climb,
And Beauty fear no Enemy but Time:
The Fair ſhall liſten to Deſert alone,
And every Lucia *find a* Cato's *Son.*

N° 34. *Monday, April* 20.

——— *Mores multorum vidit* ———

Hor. Ars Poet. v. 142.

He many Men, and many Manners ſaw.

IT is a moſt vexatious thing to an old Man, who endeavours to ſquare his Notions by Reaſon, and to talk from Reflexion and Experience, to fall in with a Circle of young Ladies at their Afternoon Tea-Table. This happened very lately to be my Fate. The Converſation

verſation, for the firſt half Hour, was ſo very rambling, that it is hard to ſay what was talked of, or who ſpoke leaſt to the Purpoſe. The various Motions of the Fan, the Toſſings of the Head, intermixt with all the pretty kinds of Laughter, made up the greateſt Part of the Diſcourſe. At laſt, this modiſh way of Shining, and being Witty, ſettled into ſomething like Converſation, and the Talk ran upon *Fine Gentlemen*. From the ſeveral Characters that were given, and the Exceptions that were made, as this or that Gentleman happen'd to be named, I found that a Lady is not difficult to be pleaſed, and that the Town ſwarms with fine Gentlemen. A nimble Pair of Heels, a ſmooth Complexion, a full-bottom Wig, a laced Shirt, an embroidered Suit, a Pair of fringed Gloves, a Hat and Feather; any one or more of theſe and the like Accompliſhments enobles a Man, and raiſes him above the Vulgar, in a Female Imagination. On the contrary, a modeſt ſerious Behaviour, a plain Dreſs, a thick Pair of Shoes, a Leathern Belt, a Waſtecoat not lined with Silk, and ſuch like Imperfections, degrade a Man, and are ſo many Blots in his Eſcutcheon. I could not forbear ſmiling at one of the prettieſt and livelieſt of this gay Aſſembly, who excepted to the Gentility of Sir *William Hearty*, becauſe he wore a Frize Coat, and breakfaſted upon Toaſt and Ale. I pretended to admire the Fineneſs of her Taſte; and to ſtrike in with her in ridiculing thoſe aukward healthy Gentlemen, that ſeem to make Nouriſhment the chief end of Eating. I gave her an Account of an honeſt *Yorkſhire* Gentleman, who, (when I was a Traveller) uſed to invite his Acquaintance at *Paris*, to break their Faſt with him upon cold Roſt Beef and Mum. There was, I remember, a little *French* Marquis, who was often pleaſed to rally him unmercifully upon Beef and Pudding, of which our Countryman would diſpatch a Pound or two with great Alacrity, while this Antagoniſt was piddling at a Muſhroom, or the Haunch of a Frog. I could perceive the Lady was pleaſed with what I ſaid, and we parted very good Friends by virtue of a Maxim I always obſerve, Never to contradict or reaſon with a ſprightly Female. I went home, however, full of a great many ſerious Reflexions upon what had paſſed;

and though, in Complaiſance, I diſguiſed my Sentiments, to keep up the Good-humour of my fair Companions, and to avoid being looked upon as a teſty old Fellow, yet out of the Good-will I bear to the Sex, and to prevent for the future their being impoſed upon by *Counterfeits*, I ſhall give them the diſtinguiſhing Marks of *a true Fine Gentleman.*

WHEN a good Artiſt would expreſs any remarkable Character in Sculpture, he endeavours to work up his Figure into all the Perfections his Imagination can form; and to imitate not ſo much what is, as what may or ought to be. I ſhall follow their Example, in the Idea I am going to trace out of a fine Gentleman, by aſſembling together ſuch Qualifications as ſeem requiſite to make the Character compleat. In order to this I ſhall premiſe in general, that by a fine Gentleman I mean a Man compleatly qualify'd as well for the Service and Good, as for the Ornament and Delight of Society. When I conſider the Frame of Mind peculiar to a Gentleman, I ſuppoſe it graced with all the Dignity and Elevation of Spirit that Human Nature is capable of: To this I would have joined a clear Underſtanding, a Reaſon free from Prejudice, a ſteady Judgment, and an extenſive Knowledge. When I think of the Heart of a Gentleman, I imagine it firm and intrepid, void of all inordinate Paſſions, and full of Tenderneſs, Compaſſion and Benevolence. When I view the fine Gentleman with regard to his Manners, methinks I ſee him modeſt without Baſhfulneſs, frank and affable without Impertinence, obliging and complaiſant without Servility, chearful and in Good-humour without Noiſe. Theſe amiable Qualities are not eaſily obtained; neither are there any Men, that have a Genius to excel this Way. A finiſhed Gentleman is perhaps the moſt uncommon of all the great Characters in Life. Beſides the natural Endowments with which this diſtinguiſhed Man is to be born, he muſt run through a long Series of Education. Before he makes his Appearance and ſhines in the World, he muſt be principled in Religion, inſtructed in all the moral Virtues, and led through the whole Courſe of the polite Arts and Sciences. He ſhould be no Stranger to Courts and to Camps; he muſt Travel to open his Mind, to enlarge

enlarge his Views, to learn the Policies and Intereſts of foreign States, as well as to faſhion and poliſh himſelf, and to get clear of national Prejudices; of which every Country has its Share. To all theſe more eſſential Improvements, he muſt not forget to add the faſhionable Ornaments of Life, ſuch as are the Languages and the bodily Exerciſes moſt in vogue: Neither would I have him think even Dreſs itſelf beneath his Notice.

IT is no very uncommon Thing in the World to meet with Men of Probity; there are likewiſe a great many Men of Honour to be found: Men of Courage, Men of Senſe, and Men of Letters are frequent. But a true fine Gentleman is what one ſeldom ſees. He is properly a Compound of the various good Qualities that embelliſh Mankind. As the great Poet animates all the different Parts of Learning by the Force of his Genius, and irradiates all the Compaſs of his Knowledge by the Luſtre and Brightneſs of his Imagination; ſo all the great and ſolid Perfections of Life appear in the finiſhed Gentleman, with a beautiful Gloſs and Varniſh; every thing he ſays or does is accompanied with a Manner, or rather a Charm, that draws the Admiration and Good-will of every Beholder.

ADVERTISEMENT.

For the Benefit of my Female Readers.

N. B. *The Gilt Chariot, the Diamond Ring, the Gold Snuff-Box and Brocade Sword-Knot, are no eſſential Parts of a fine Gentleman; but may be uſed by him, provided he caſts his Eye upon them but once a Day.*

N° 35 *Tueſday, April* 21.

O vitæ Philoſophia dux, virtutis indagatrix! Cic.

O Philoſophy, Thou Guide of Life, and Diſcoverer of Virtue!

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Eſq;*

SIR,

'I AM a Man who have ſpent great Part of that Time 'in rambling through Foreign Countries, which 'young Gentlemen uſually paſs at the Univerſity; 'by which courſe of Life, although I have acquired no 'ſmall Inſight into the Manners and Converſation of 'Men, yet I could not make proportionable Advances 'in the way of Science and Speculation. In my Re-'turn through *France*, as I was one Day ſetting forth 'this my Caſe to a certain Gentleman of that Nation, 'with whom I had contracted a Friendſhip, after ſome 'Pauſe, he conducted me into his Cloſet, and opening 'a little Amber Cabinet, took from thence a ſmall Box 'of Snuff; which he ſaid, was given him by an Uncle 'of his, the Author of *the Voyage to the World of* Deſ-'cartes; and, with many Profeſſions of Gratitude and 'Affection, made me a Preſent of it, telling me at the 'ſame time, that he knew no readier way to furniſh and 'adorn a Mind with Knowledge in the Arts and Scien-'ces, than that ſame Snuff rightly applied.

'YOU muſt know, ſaid he, that *Deſcartes* was the 'firſt who diſcovered a certain Part of the Brain, called 'by Anatomiſts the *Pineal Gland*, to be the immediate 'Receptacle of the Soul, where ſhe is affected with all 'ſorts of Perceptions, and exerts all her Operations by 'the Intercourſe of the Animal Spirits which run thro' 'the Nerves that are thence extended to all Parts of the 'Body. He added, that the ſame Philoſopher having 'conſidered the Body as a Machine, or Piece of Clock-'work which performed all the vital Operations with-'out the Concurrence of the Will, began to think a way

'may

'may be found out for ſeparating the Soul for ſome 'time from the Body, without any Injury to the latter; 'and that after much Meditation on that Subject, the 'above-mentioned Virtuoſo compoſed the Snuff he then 'gave me; which, if taken in a certain Quantity, would 'not fail to diſengage my Soul from my Body. Your 'Soul (continued he) being at liberty to tranſport her-'ſelf with a Thought where-ever ſhe pleaſes, may enter 'into the *Pineal Gland* of the moſt learned Philoſopher, 'and being ſo placed become Spectator of all the Ideas 'in his Mind, which would inſtruct her in a much leſs 'time than the uſual Methods. I returned him Thanks, 'and accepted his Preſent, and with it a Paper of Di-'rections.

'YOU may imagine it was no ſmall Improvement 'and Diverſion, to paſs my Time in the *Pineal Glands* 'of Philoſophers, Poets, Beaux, Mathematicians, La-'dies and Stateſmen. One while to trace a Theorem in 'Mathematicks through a long Labyrinth of intricate 'Turns, and Subtilities of Thought; another, to be 'conſcious of the Sublime Ideas and comprehenſive 'Views of a Philoſopher, without any fatigue or waſt-'ing of my own Spirits. Sometimes to wander through 'perfumed Groves, or enamelled Meadows, in the Fan-'cy of a Poet: At others to be preſent when a Battle 'or a Storm raged, or a glittering Palace roſe in his Ima-'gination; or to behold the Pleaſures of a Country 'Life, the Paſſion of a generous Love, or the Warmth 'of Devotion wrought up to Rapture. Or (to uſe the 'Words of a very ingenious Author) to

Behold *the Raptures which a Writer knows,*
When in his Breaſt a Vein of Fancy glows,
Behold *his Buſineſs while he works the Mine,*
Behold *his Temper when he ſees it ſhine.*
Eſſay on the different Stiles of Poetry.

'THESE gave me inconceivable Pleaſure. Nor 'was it an unpleaſant Entertainment, ſometimes to de-'ſcend from theſe ſublime and magnificent Ideas to the 'Impertinences of a Beau, the dry Schemes of a Coffee-'Houſe Politician, or the tender Images in the Mind of

'a young Lady. And, as in order to frame a right Idea 'of Human Happineſs, I thought it expedient to make 'a Trial of the various Manners wherein Men of diffe-'rent Purſuits were affected; I one Day entered into 'the Pineal Gland of a certain Perſon, who ſeemed very 'fit to give me an Inſight into all that which conſti-'tutes the Happineſs of him who is called *a Man of 'Pleaſure*. But I found myſelf not a little diſappoint-'ed in my Notion of the Pleaſures which attend a Vo-'luptuary, who has ſhaken off the Reſtraints of Rea-'ſon.

'HIS Intellectuals, I obſerved, were grown unſer-'viceable by too little Uſe, and his Senſes were de-'cay'd and worn out by too much. That perfect In-'action of the higher Powers prevented Appetite in 'prompting him to ſenſual Gratifications; and the out-'running natural Appetite produced a Loathing inſtead 'of a Pleaſure. I there beheld the intemperate Cravings 'of Youth, without the Enjoyments of it; and the 'Weakneſs of old Age, without its Tranquillity. 'When the Paſſions were teazed and rouſed by ſome 'powerful Object, the Effect was, not to delight or 'ſooth the Mind, but to torture it between the return-'ing Extremes of Appetite and Satiety. I ſaw a Wretch 'racked, at the ſame time, with a painful Remembrance 'of paſt Miſcarriages, a diſtaſte of the preſent Objects 'that ſolicit his Senſes, and a ſecret dread of Futurity. 'And I could ſee no manner of Relief or Comfort in 'the Soul of this miſerable Man, but what conſiſted in 'preventing his Cure, by inflaming his Paſſions and ſup-'preſſing his Reaſon. But tho' it muſt be own'd, he 'had almoſt quenched that Light which his Creator 'had ſet up in his Soul, yet in ſpite of all his Efforts, I 'obſerved at certain Seaſons frequent Flaſhes of Re-'morſe ſtrike thro' the Gloom, and interrupt that Satis-'faction he enjoy'd in hiding his own Deformities 'from himſelf.

'I was alſo preſent at the original Formation or Pro-'duction of a certain Book in the Mind of a Free-think-'er, and, believing it may not be unacceptable to let 'you into the ſecret Manner and internal Principles by 'which that Phænomenon was formed, I ſhall in my

'next

'next give you an Account of it. I am, in the mean 'time,

Your moſt Obedient Humble Servant,

Ulyſſes Coſmopolita.

N. B. Mr. *Ironſide* has lately received out of *France* ten Pound Averdupois Weight of this Philoſophical Snuff, and gives notice that he will make uſe of it, in order to diſtinguiſh the real from the profeſſed Sentiments of all Perſons of Eminence in Court, City, Town, and Country.

N° 36 *Wedneſday, April* 22.

Punnica *ſe quantis attollet Gloria* Rebus!
Virg. Æn. 4. v. 49.

What Rebus's *exalt the* Punnic *Fame!*

THE Gentleman, who doth me the Favour to write the following Letter, ſaith as much for himſelf as the thing will bear. I am particularly pleaſed to find, that in his *Apology* for *Punning* he only celebrates the Art, as it is a Part of Converſation. I look upon premeditated Quibbles and Puns committed to the Preſs as unpardonable Crimes. There is as much Difference betwixt theſe and the Starts in common Diſcourſe, as betwixt caſual Rencounters, and Murder with Malice Præpenſe.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Eſq;*

SIR,

'I Have, from your Writings, conceived ſuch an Opi-'nion of your Benevolence to Mankind, that I truſt 'you will not ſuffer any Art to be vilified, which 'helps to poliſh and adorn us. I do not know any ſort 'of Wit that hath been uſed ſo reproachfully as the '*Pun*; and I perſuade myſelf that I ſhall merit your 'Eſteem, by recommending it to your Protection; 'ſince there can be no greater Glory to a generous Soul

'than to ſuccour the Diſtreſt. I ſhall therefore, without farther Preface, offer to your Conſideration the following *Modeſt Apology for Punning*; wherein I ſhall make uſe of no double Meanings or Equivocations: Since I think it unneceſſary to give it any other Praiſes than Truth and common Senſe, its profeſſed Enemies, are forced to grant.

'IN order to make this an uſeful Work, I ſhall ſtate the Nature and Extent of *the Pun*, I ſhall diſcover the Advantages that flow from it, the Moral Virtues that it produces, and the Tendency that it hath to promote Vigour of Body, and Eaſe of Mind.

'THE Pun is defined by one, who ſeems to be no Well-wiſher to it, to be *a Conceit ariſing from the uſe of two Words that agree in the Sound, but differ in the Senſe*. Now if this be the Eſſence of the Pun, how great muſt we allow the Dignity of it to be, when we conſider that it takes in moſt of the conſiderable Parts of Learning! For is it not moſt certain, that all learned Diſputes are rather about Sounds than Senſe? Are not the Controverſies of Divines about the different Interpretations of Terms? Are not the Diſputations of Philoſophers about Words, and all their pompous Diſtinctions only ſo many Unravellings of double Meanings? Who ever loſt his Eſtate in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, but complained that he was Quibbled out of his Right? Or what Monarch ever broke a Treaty, but by virtue of Equivocation? In ſhort ſo great is the Excellence of this Art, ſo diffuſive its Influence, that when I go into a Library I ſay to myſelf, *What Volumes of Puns do I behold!* When I look upon the Men of Buſineſs I cry out, *How powerful is the Tribe of the Quibblers!* When I ſee Stateſmen and Ambaſſadors, I reflect, *How ſplendid the Equipage of the Quirk, in what Pomp do the Punſters appear!*

'BUT as there are *Serious* Puns, ſuch as I have inſtanced in, ſo likewiſe there are Puns *Comical*. Theſe are what I would recommend to my Countrymen; which I ſhall do by diſplaying the Advantages flowing from them.

'THE

'THE first Advantage of Punning is, that it gives 'us the Compaſs of our own Language. This is very 'obvious. For the great Buſineſs of the Punſter is to 'hunt out the ſeveral Words in our Tongue that agree 'in Sound, and have various Signification. By this 'Means he will likewiſe enter into the Nicety of Spell-'ing, an Accompliſhment regarded only by middling 'People, and much neglected by Perſons of great and 'no Quality. This Error may produce unneceſſary 'Folios amongſt Grammarians yet unborn. But to 'proceed. A Man of Learning hath, in this manner 'of Wit, great Advantages; as indeed, what Advan-'tages do not flow from Learning? If the Pun fails in '*Engliſh*, he may have ſpeedy Recourſe to the *Latin* 'or the *Greek*, and ſo on. I have known Wonders per-'formed by this Secret. I have heard the *French* aſſiſt-'ed by the *German*, the *Dutch* mingle with the *Itali-'an*, and where the Jingle hath ſeemed deſperate in 'the *Greek*, I have known it revive in the *Hebrew*. 'My Friend *Dick Babel* hath often, to ſhow his Parts, 'ſtarted a Conceit at the Equinoctial, and purſued it 'through all the Degrees of Latitude; and after he 'punned round the Globe, hath ſat down like *Alexan-'der*, and mourned that he had no more Worlds to 'conquer.

'ANOTHER Advantage in Punning is, that it 'ends Diſputes, or what is all one, Puns *Comical* de-'ſtroy Puns *Serious*. Any Man that drinks a Bottle 'knows very well, that about *Twelve*, People that do 'not kiſs or cry are apt to debate. This often occa-'ſions Heats and Heart-Burnings, unleſs one of the 'Diſputants vouchſafes to end the Matter with a Joke. 'How often have *Ariſtotle* and *Carteſius* been reconcil-'ed by a merry Conceit, how often have Whigs 'and Tories ſhook Hands over a Quibble, and the 'claſhing of Swords been prevented by the Jingling of 'Words!

'ATTENTION of Mind is another Benefit en-'joyed by Punſters. This is diſcoverable from the Per-'petual Gape of the Company where they are, and the 'earneſt Deſire to know what was ſpoken laſt, if a 'Word eſcapes any one at the Table. I muſt add, that

'quick Apprehenſion is required in the Hearer, readily 'to take ſome things which are very far fetched; as 'likewiſe great Vivacity in the Performer, to reconcile 'diſtant and even hoſtile Ideas by the mere Mimickry 'of Words and Energy of Sound.

'MIRTH or Good-humour is the laſt Advantage, 'that, out of a Million, I ſhall produce to recommend 'Punning. But this will more naturally fall in when I 'come to demonſtrate its Operation upon the Mind and 'Body. I ſhall now diſcover what Moral Virtues it 'promotes, and ſhall content myſelf with Inſtancing 'in thoſe which every Reader will allow of.

'A Punſter is adorned with Humility. This our Ad-'verſaries will not deny; becauſe they hold it to be a 'Condeſcenſion in any Man to trifle, as they arrogantly 'call it, with Words. I muſt however confeſs, for my 'own Share, I never punned out of the Pride of my 'Heart, nor did I ever know one of our Fraternity that 'ſeemed to be troubled with the Thirſt of Glory.

'THE Virtue called *Urbanity* by the Moraliſts, or a 'Courtly Behaviour, is much cultivated by this Science. 'For the whole Spirit of Urbanity conſiſts in a Deſire 'to pleaſe the Company, and what elſe is the Deſign 'of the Punſter? Accordingly we find ſuch Burſts of 'Laughter, ſuch Agitations of the Sides, ſuch Contor-'tions of the Limbs, ſuch earneſt Attempts to recover 'the dying Laugh, ſuch Tranſport in the Enjoyment of 'it, in equivocating Aſſemblies; as Men of Common-'Senſe are amazed at, and own they never felt.

'BUT nothing more diſplays itſelf in the Punſter, 'than Juſtice, the Queen of all the Virtues. At the 'Quibbling Board every Performer hath his Due. The 'Soul is ſtruck at once, and the Body recognizes the 'Merit of each Joke by ſudden and comical Emotions. 'Indeed how ſhould it be otherwiſe, where not only 'Words, but even Syllables have Juſtice done them; 'where no Man invades the Right of another, but with 'perfect Innocence and Good-nature takes as much De-'light in his Neighbour's Joy, as in his own?

'FROM what hath been advanced, it will eaſily ap-'pear, that this Science contributes to Eaſe of Body, 'and Serenity of Mind. You have, in a former *Pre-*

'*caution*,

'*caution*, advis'd your Hectical Readers to aſſociate 'with thoſe of our Brotherhood, who are, for the moſt 'part, of a corpulent Make, and a round vacant Coun-'tenance: It is natural the next Morning, after a Mer-'riment, to reflect how we behaved ourſelves the Night 'before: And I appeal to any one whether it will not 'occaſion greater Peace of Mind to conſider, that he 'hath only been waging harmleſs War with Words; 'than if he had ſtirred his Brother to Wrath, grieved 'the Soul of his Neighbour by Calumny, or increaſed 'his own Wealth by Fraud. As for Health of Body, I 'look upon Punning as a *Noſtrum*, a *Medicina Gymna-'ſtica*, that throws off all the bad Humours, and occa-'ſions ſuch a briſk Circulation of the Blood, as keeps 'the Lamp of Life in a clear and conſtant Flame. I 'ſpeak, as all Phyſicians ought to do, from Experience. 'A Friend of mine, who had the Ague this Spring, 'was, after the failing of ſeveral Medicines and Charms, 'adviſed by me to enter into a Courſe of Quibbling. 'He threw his Electuaries out at his Window, and took 'ABRACADABRA off from his Neck, and by the mere 'Force of Punning upon that long Magical Word, 'threw himſelf into a fine breathing Sweat, and a quiet 'Sleep. He is now in a fair Way of Recovery, and 'ſays pleaſantly, he is leſs obliged to the *Jeſuits* for their 'Powder, than for their Equivocation.

'SIR, this is *My Modeſt Apology for Punning*, which 'I was the more encouraged to undertake, becauſe we 'have a learned Univerſity where it is in Requeſt, and 'I am told that a famous Club hath given it Protection. 'If this meets with Encouragement, I ſhall write a 'Vindication of the *Rebus*, and do Juſtice to the *Conun-'drum*. I have indeed looked philoſophically into their 'Natures, and made a ſort of *Arbor Porphyriana* of the 'ſeveral Subordinations and Diviſions of *Low Wit*. 'This the Ladies perhaps may not underſtand; but I 'ſhall thereby give the Beaux an Opportunity of ſhow-'ing their Learning. I am,

SIR,

with great Reſpect,

Your moſt Obedient Humble Servant.

Nº 37 *Thurſday, April* 23.

Me Duce Damnoſas homines compeſcite curas.
Ovid. Rem. Amor. v. 69.

Learn, Mortals, from my Precepts to control
The furious Paſſions, that diſturb the Soul.

IT is natural for an old Man to be fond of ſuch Entertainments as revive in his Imagination the agreeable Impreſſions made upon it in his Youth: The Set of Wits and Beauties he was firſt acquainted with, the Balls and Drawing Rooms in which he made an agreeable Figure, the Muſick and Actors he heard and ſaw, when his Life was freſh and his Spirits vigorous and quick, have uſually the Preference in his Eſteem to any ſucceeding Pleaſures that preſent themſelves when his Taſte is grown more languid. It is for this Reaſon I never ſee a Picture of Sir *Peter Lely*'s, who drew ſo many of my firſt Friends and Acquaintance, without a ſenſible Delight; and I am in Raptures when I reflect on the Compoſitions of the famous Mr. *Henry Laws*, long before *Italian* Muſick was introduced in our Nation. Above all I am pleaſed in obſerving that the Tragedies of *Shakeſpear*, which in my youthful Days have ſo frequently filled my Eyes with Tears, hold their Rank ſtill, and are the great Support of our Theatre,

IT was with this agreeable Prepoſſeſſion of Mind, I went ſome time ago, to ſee the old Tragedy of *Othello*, and took my Female Wards with me, having promiſed them a little before to carry them to the firſt Play of *Shakeſpear*'s which ſhould be acted. Mrs. *Cornelia*, who is a great Reader, and never fails to peruſe the Play-Bills, which are brought to her every Day, gave me notice of it early in the Morning. When I came to my Lady *Lizard*'s at Dinner, I found the young Folks all dreſt, and expecting the Performance of my Promiſe. I went with them at the proper Time, placed them together

gether in the Boxes, and myſelf by them in a Corner Seat. As I have the chief Scenes of the Play by Heart, I did not look much on the Stage, but formed to myſelf a new Satisfaction in keeping an Eye on the Faces of my little Audience, and obſerving, as it were by Reflexion, the different Paſſions of the Play repreſented in their Countenances. Mrs. *Betty* told us the Name of ſeveral Perſons of Diſtinction as they took their Places in the Boxes, and entertained us with the Hiſtory of a new Marriage or two 'till the Curtain drew up. I ſoon perceived that Mrs. *Jane* was touched with the Love of *Deſdemona*, and in a Concern to ſee how ſhe would come off with her Parents. *Annabella* had a rambling Eye, and for ſome time was much taken up with obſerving what Gentlemen looked at her, and with criticiſing the Dreſs of the Ladies, than with any thing that paſs'd on the Stage. Mrs. *Cornelia*, who I have often ſaid is addicted to the Study of Romances, commended that Speech in the Play in which *Othello* mentions his *Hair-breadth Scapes 'in th' imminent deadly Breach*, and recites his Travels and Adventures with which he had captivated the Heart of *Deſdemona*. The *Sparkler* looked ſeveral times frighted; and as the Diſtreſs of the Play was heightened, their different Attention was collected, and fix'd wholly on the Stage, 'till I ſaw them all, with a ſecret Satisfaction, betray'd into Tears.

I have often conſidered this Play as a noble, but irregular, Production of a Genius, which had the Power of animating the Theatre beyond any Writer we have ever known. The Touches of Nature in it are ſtrong and maſterly, but the Oeconomy of the Fable, and in ſome Particulars the Probability, are too much neglected. If I would ſpeak of it in the moſt ſevere Terms, I ſhould ſay as *Waller* does of the *Maid's Tragedy*,

Great are its Faults, but glorious is its Flame.

BUT it would be a poor Employment in a Critick to obſerve upon the Faults, and ſhew no Taſte for the Beauties, in a Work that has always ſtruck the moſt ſenſible Part of our Audiences in a very forcible Manner.

THE chief Subject of this Piece is the Paſſion of *Jealouſy*, which the Poet has repreſented at large, in its Birth,

Birth, its various Workings and Agonies, and its horrid Conſequences. From this Paſſion, and the Innocence and Simplicity of the Perſon ſuſpected, ariſes a very moving Diſtreſs.

IT is a Remark, as I remember, of a modern Writer, who is thought to have penetrated deeply into the Nature of the Paſſions, that the *moſt extravagant Love is neareſt to the ſtrongeſt Hatred.* The Moor is furious in both theſe Extremes. His Love is tempeſtuous, and mingled with a Wildneſs peculiar to his Character, which ſeems very artfully to prepare for the Change which is to follow.

HOW ſavage, yet how ardent is that Expreſſion of the Raptures of his Heart, when looking after *Deſdemona* as ſhe withdraws, he breaks out,

Excellent Wretch! Perdition catch my Soul,
But I do love thee; and when I love thee not,
Chaos *is come again.*

THE deep and ſubtle Villany of *Iago*, in working this Change from Love to Jealouſy in ſo tumultuous a Mind as that of *Othello*, prepoſſeſſed with a Confidence in the diſintereſted Affection of the Man who is leading him on inſenſibly to his Ruin, is likewiſe drawn with a maſterly Hand. *Iago*'s broken Hints, Queſtions, and ſeeming Care to hide the Reaſon of them, his obſcure Suggeſtions to raiſe the Curioſity of the Moor; his perſonated Confuſion, and refuſing to explain himſelf, while *Othello* is drawn on and held in ſuſpence 'till he grows impatient and angry, then his throwing in the Poiſon, and naming to him in a Caution the Paſſion he would raiſe,

——— *O beware of Jealouſy!* ———

are inimitable Strokes of Art, in that Scene which has always been juſtly eſteemed one of the beſt which was ever repreſented on the Theatre.

TO return to the Character of *Othello*; his Strife of Paſſions, his Starts, his Returns of Love, and Threatnings to *Iago* who put his Mind on the Rack, his Relapſes afterwards to Jealouſy, his Rage againſt his Wife, and his aſking Pardon of *Iago*, whom he thinks he had abuſed

abuſed for his Fidelity to him, are Touches which no one can overlook that has the Sentiments of Human Nature, or has conſider'd the Heart of Man in its Frailties, its Penances, and all the Variety of its Agitations. The Torments which the Moor ſuffers are ſo exquiſitely drawn, as to render him as much an Object of Compaſſion, even in the barbarous Action of murdering *Deſdemona*, as the innocent Perſon herſelf who falls under his Hand.

BUT there is nothing in which the Poet has more ſhewn his Judgment in this Play, than in the Circumſtance of the Handkerchief, which is employ'd as a Confirmation to the Jealouſy of *Othello* already raiſed. What I would here obſerve is, that the very Slightneſs of this Circumſtance is the Beauty of it. How finely has *Shakeſpear* expreſſed the Nature of Jealouſy in thoſe Lines, which, on this Occaſion, he puts into the Mouth of *Iago*,

Trifles light as Air
Are to the Jealous Confirmations ſtrong
As Proofs of Holy Writ.

IT would be eaſy for a taſteleſs Critick to turn any of the Beauties I have here mentioned into Ridicule; but ſuch an one would only betray a Mechanical Judgment formed out of borrow'd Rules and Common-place Reading, and not ariſing from any true Diſcernment in Human Nature and its Paſſions.

AS the Moral of this Tragedy is an admirable Caution againſt haſty Suſpicions, and the giving way to the firſt Tranſports of Rage and Jealouſy, which may plunge a Man in a few Minutes into all the Horrors of Guilt, Diſtraction and Ruin, I ſhall further enforce it, by relating a Scene of Misfortunes of the like kind, which really happened ſome Years ago in *Spain*; and is an Inſtance of the moſt Tragical Hurricane of Paſſion I have ever met with in Hiſtory. It may be eaſily conceived, that an Heart ever big with Reſentments of its own Dignity, and never allay'd by Reflexions which make us honour ourſelves for acting with Reaſon and Equality, will take Fire precipitantly. It will on a ſudden flame too high to be extinguiſhed. The ſhort Story I am going to tell is a lively Inſtance of the Truth of this

this Obſervation, and a juſt Warning to thoſe of jealous Honour to look about them, and begin to poſſeſs their Souls as they ought, for no Man of Spirit knows how terrible a Creature he is till he comes to be provoked.

DON ALONZO, a *Spaniſh* Nobleman, had a beautiful and virtuous Wife, with whom he had lived for ſome Years in great Tranquillity. The Gentleman, however, was not free from the Faults uſually imputed to this Nation, he was proud, ſuſpicious and impetuous. He kept a Moor in his Houſe, whom, on a Complaint from his Lady, he had puniſhed for a ſmall Offence with the utmoſt Severity. The Slave vowed Revenge, and communicated his Reſolution to one of the Lady's Women with whom he lived in a Criminal Way. This Creature alſo hated her Miſtreſs, for ſhe feared ſhe was obſerved by her; ſhe therefore undertook to make *Don Alonzo* jealous, by inſinuating that the Gard'ner was often admitted to his Lady in private, and promiſing to make him an Eye-witneſs of it. At a proper time agreed on between her and the Moriſco, ſhe ſent a Meſſage to the Gard'ner, that his Lady having ſome haſty Orders to give him, would have him come that Moment to her in her Chamber. In the mean time ſhe had placed *Alonzo* privately in an outer Room, that he might obſerve who paſſed that Way. It was not long before he ſaw the Gard'ner appear. *Alonzo* had not Patience, but following him into the Apartment, ſtruck him at one Blow with a Dagger to the Heart; then dragging his Lady by the Hair without inquiring farther, he inſtantly killed her.

HERE he pauſed, looking on the dead Bodies with all the Agitations of a Dæmon of Revenge; when the Wench who had occaſioned theſe Terrors, diſtracted with Remorſe, threw herſelf at his Feet, and in a Voice of Lamentation, without Senſe of the Conſequence, repeated all her Guilt. *Alonzo* was overwhelmed with all the violent Paſſions at one Inſtant, and uttered the broken Voices and Motions of each of them for a Moment, till at laſt he recollected himſelf enough to end his Agony of Love, Anger, Diſdain, Revenge and Remorſe, by murdering the Maid, the Moor, and himſelf.

Friday,

Nº 38 *Friday, April* 24.

——— *Prodire tenus ſi non datur Ultrà.*
Hor. Ep. 1. l. 1. v. 32.

Thus far at leaſt, tho' here we ſtop.

I HAVE lately given a *Precaution* concerning the Difficulty in arriving at what ought to be eſteemed a *fine Gentleman*. That Character has been long wholly engroſſed by well-dreſt Beaux, and Men of Senſe have given up all Pretence to it. The higheſt any of them contend for is the Character of a *pretty Gentleman*; for here the Dreſs may be more careleſs, and ſome Wit is thought neceſſary; whereas a *fine Gentleman* is not oblig'd to converſe further than the offering his Snuff-box round the Room. However, the *pretty Gentleman* muſt have his Airs, and tho' they are not ſo pompous as thoſe of the other, yet they are ſo affected, that few who have Underſtanding can bring themſelves to be Proficients this Way, tho' ever ſo uſeful towards being well received; but if they fail here, they ſucceed with ſome Difficulty in being allow'd to have *much of the Gentleman* in them: To obtain this Epithet, a Man of Senſe muſt arrive at a certain Deſire to appear more than is natural to him; but as the World goes, it is fit he ſhould be encouraged in this Attempt, ſince nothing can mend the general Taſte, but ſetting the true Character in as publick a View as the falſe. This indeed can never be done to the Purpoſe, while the Majority is ſo great on the wrong Side; one of a hundred will have the Shout againſt him; but if People of Wit would be as zealous to aſſiſt old *Ironſide*, as he is to promote them and their Intereſt, a little time would give theſe things a new Turn. However, I will not deſpair but I ſhall be able to ſummon all the good Senſe in the Nation to my Aſſiſtance, in my Ambition to produce a new Race of Mankind, to take the Places of ſuch as have hitherto

hitherto pretended to engroſs the Faſhion. The Univerſity Scholar ſhall be called upon to learn his Exerciſe, and frequent mixt Company; the Military and the Travelled Man, to read the beſt Authors; the Country Gentleman, to divide his Time, ſo as together with the Care of his Eſtate, to make an equal Progreſs in Learning and Breeding; and when the ſeveral Candidates think themſelves prepared, I ſhall appoint Under-Officers to examine their Qualifications, and as I am ſatisfied with their Report, give out my Paſſports recommending them to all Companies as *the Guardian's fine Gentlemen*. If my Recommendations appear juſt, I will not doubt but ſome of the preſent *fine Gentlemen* will ſee the Neceſſity of Retirement, till they can come abroad with Approbation. I have indeed already given out Orders in this Behalf, and have directed Searchers to attend at the Inns, where the *Oxford* and *Cambridge* Coaches ſtand, and commanded them to bring any young Fellow, of any Hopes in the World, directly to my Lodgings as ſoon as he lands, for I will take him, tho' I know I can only make him *much of a Gentleman*; for when I have gone thus far, one would think it ſhould be eaſy to make him a *Gentleman-like Man*. As the World now goes, we have no adequate Idea of what is meant by *Gentlemanly*, *Gentleman-like*, or *much of a Gentleman*; you can't be cheated at Play, but it is certainly done by *a very Gentleman-like Man*; you can't be deceived in your Affairs, but it was done in ſome *Gentlemanly Manner*; you can't be wrong'd in your Bed, but all the World will ſay of him that did the Injury, it muſt be allowed *he is very much of a Gentleman*. Here is a very pleaſant Fellow, a Correſpondent of mine, that puts in for that Appellation even to High-way Men; I muſt confeſs the Gentleman he perſonates is very apparently ſuch, tho' I did not look upon that ſort of Fellow in that Light, till he favoured me with his Letter, which is as follows.

Mr. IRONSIDE,

'I Have been upon the High-way theſe ſix Years, in 'the *Park*, at the *Play*, at *Bath*, *Tunbridge*, *Epſom*, and at every other Place where I could have any Pro-

'ſpect

'ſpect of ſtealing a Fortune; but have met with no 'Succeſs, being diſappointed either by ſome of your 'damned *Ironſide* Race, or by old curſed Curs who 'put more Bolts on their Doors and Bars in their Win-'dows than are in *Newgate*. All that ſee me own I am 'a *Gentleman-like Man*; and whatever raſcally things 'the grave Folks ſay I am guilty of, they themſelves 'acknowledge I am a *Gentlemanly kind of Man*, and in 'every reſpect accompliſhed for running away with a 'Lady. I have been bred up to no Buſineſs, am illi-'terate, have ſpent the ſmall Fortune I had in purchaſ-'ing Favours from the Fair Sex: The Bounty of their 'Purſes I have received, as well as the Endearments of 'their Perſons, but I have gratefully diſpoſed of it 'among themſelves, for I always was a Keeper when I 'was kept. I am fearleſs in my Behaviour, and never 'fail of putting your Bookiſh ſort of Fellows, your 'Men of Merit, forſooth, out of Countenance. I 'triumph when I ſee a modeſt young Woman bluſh at 'an Aſſembly, or a Virgin betray'd into Tears at a 'well-wrought Scene in a Tragedy. I have long forgot 'Shame, for it proceeds from a Conſciouſneſs of ſome 'Defect, and I am, as I told you, a *Gentlemanly Man*. 'I never knew any but you muſty Philoſophers applaud 'Bluſhes, and you yourſelves will allow that they are 'cauſed, either by ſome real Imperfection, or the Ap-'prehenſion of Defect where there is not any; but for 'my part I hate Miſtakes, and ſhall not ſuſpect myſelf 'wrongfully. Such as I am, if you approve of my 'Perſon, Eſtate and Character, I deſire you would ad-'mit me as a Suitor to one of the *Lizards*, and beg 'your ſpeedy Anſwer to this; for it is the laſt time 'my black Coat will bear Scouring, or my long Wig 'Buckling.

I am, SIR,

The Fair Ladies, and

Your Humble Servant,

Will. Bareface.

THOSE

THOSE on the High-way, who make a ſtand with a Piſtol at your Breaſt (compelled perhaps by Neceſſity, Misfortune, or driven out of an honeſt Way of Life, to anſwer the Wants of a craving Family) are much more excuſable than thoſe of their Fraternity, who join the Converſations of Gentlemen, and get into a Share of their Fortunes without one good Art about them. What a Crowd of theſe *Gentleman-like Men* are about this Town? For from an unjuſt Modeſty, and Incapacity for Common-Life, the ordinary Failings of Men of Letters and Induſtry in our Nation, it happens that Impudence ſuppreſſes all Virtue, and aſſumes the Reward and Eſteem which are due to it. Hence it is that worthleſs Rogues have the Smiles of the Fair, and the Favours of the Great: To be well dreſſed and in Health, and very impudent, in this licentious undiſtinguiſhing Age, is enough to conſtitute a Perſon *very much of a Gentleman*; and to this Paſs are we come, by the Proſtitution of Wit in the Cauſe of Vice, which has made the moſt unreaſonable and unnatural things prevail againſt all the Suggeſtions of common Senſe: No body denies that we live in a Chriſtian Country, and yet he who ſhould decline, upon reſpective Opportunities, to commit Adultery or Murder, would be thought *very little of a Gentleman*.

N° 39 *Saturday, April* 25.

—— *Ægri Somnia.* Hor. Ars Poet. v. 7.

A Sick Man's Dreams.

MY Correſpondent, who has acquired the Faculty of entering into other Mens Thoughts, having, in purſuance to a former Letter, ſent me an Account of certain uſeful Diſcoveries he has made by the Help of that Invention, I ſhall communicate the ſame to the Publick in this Paper.

Mr.

Mr. IRONSIDE,

'ON the 11th Day of *October*, in the Year 1712, 'having left my Body locked up ſafe in my 'Study I repaired to the *Grecian* Coffee-houſe, where 'entering into the *Pineal Gland* of a certain eminent '*Free-thinker*, I made directly to the higheſt Part of 'it, which is the Seat of the Underſtanding, expecting 'to find there a comprehenſive Knowledge of all things 'Human and Divine; but, to my no ſmall Aſtoniſh-'ment, I found the Place narrower than ordinary, in-'ſomuch that there was not any Room for a Miracle, 'Propheſy, or *Separate Spirit*.

'THIS obliged me to deſcend a Story lower, into 'the Imagination, which I found larger, indeed, but 'Cold and Comfortleſs. I diſcover'd *Prejudice* in the 'Figure of a Woman ſtanding in a Corner, with her 'Eyes cloſe ſhut, and her Fore-fingers ſtuck in her 'Ears; many Words in a confuſed Order, but ſpoken 'with great Emphaſis, iſſued from her Mouth. Theſe 'being condenſed by the Coldneſs of the Place formed 'a ſort of Miſt, through which methought I ſaw a 'great Caſtle with a Fortification caſt round it, and 'a Tower adjoining to it, that through the Windows 'appeared to be filled with Racks and Halters. Be-'neath the Caſtle I could diſcern vaſt Dungeons, 'and all about it lay ſcattered the Bones of Men. It 'ſeemed to be garriſoned by certain Men in Black, 'of Gigantick Size, and moſt terrible Forms. But as 'I drew near, the Terror of the Appearance vaniſh-'ed, and the Caſtle I found to be only a Church, 'whoſe Steeple with its Clock and Bell Ropes was 'miſtaken for a Tower filled with Racks and Halters. 'The terrible Giants in Black ſhrunk into a few inno-'cent Clergymen. The Dungeons were turned into 'Vaults deſigned only for the Habitation of the Dead, 'and the Fortifications proved to be a Churchyard, 'with ſome ſcattered Bones in it, and a plain Stone-'Wall round it.

'I had not been long here before my Curioſity was 'raiſed by a loud Noiſe that I heard in the inferior 'Region. Deſcending thither I found a Mob of the 'Paſſions aſſembled in a riotous manner. Their tu-

'multuary

'multuary Proceedings ſoon convinced me, that they 'affected a Democracy. After much Noiſe and 'Wrangle, they at length all hearkened to *Vanity*, 'who propoſed the raiſing of a great Army of Notions 'which ſhe offered to lead againſt thoſe dreadful Phan-'toms in the Imagination that had occaſioned all this 'Uproar.

'AWAY poſted *Vanity*, and I after her, to the Store-'houſe of Ideas; where I beheld a great Number of 'lifeleſs Notions confuſedly thrown together, but upon 'the Approach of *Vanity* they began to crawl. Here 'were to be ſeen among other odd Things, Sleeping 'Deities, Corporeal Spirits, and Worlds formed by 'Chance, with an endleſs Variety of Heathen Notions, 'the moſt irregular and groteſk imaginable. And 'with theſe were jumbled ſeveral of Chriſtian Extrac-'tion; but ſuch was the Dreſs and Light they were 'put in, and their Features were ſo diſtorted, that 'they looked little better than Heathens. There was 'likewiſe aſſembled no ſmall Number of Phantoms in 'ſtrange Habits, who proved to be idolatrous Prieſts of 'different Nations. *Vanity* gave the Word, and ſtraight-'way the *Talapians*, *Faquirs*, *Bramines* and *Bonzes* 'drew up in a Body. The Right Wing conſiſted of 'Ancient Heathen Notions, and the Left Wing of 'Chriſtians naturalized. All theſe together, for Num-'bers, compoſed a very formidable Army; but the 'Precipitation of *Vanity* was ſo great, and ſuch was 'their own inbred Averſion to the Tyranny of Rules 'and Diſcipline, that they ſeemed rather a confuſed 'Rabble than a regular Army. I could, neverthe-'leſs, obſerve, that they all agreed in a Squinting 'Look, or Caſt of their Eyes towards a certain Perſon 'in a Maſk, who was placed in the Centre, and 'whom by ſure Signs and Tokens I diſcovered to be '*Atheiſm*.

'*Vanity* had no ſooner led her Forces into the Ima-'gination, but ſhe reſolved upon ſtorming the Caſtle 'and giving no Quarter. They began the Aſſault 'with a loud Outcry and great Confuſion. I for my 'part made the beſt of my Way and re-entered my own 'Lodging. Some time after, inquiring at a Bookſel-

'ler's

'ler's for *a Diſcourſe on Free-thinking*, which had made 'ſome Noiſe, I met with the Repreſentatives of 'all thoſe Notions drawn up in the ſame confuſed Or-'der upon Paper. Sage *Neſtor*, I am

Your moſt Obedient Humble Servant,

Ulyſſes Coſmopolita.

N. B. 'I went round the Table, but could not find 'a Wit or Mathematician among them.

I imagine the Account here given may be uſeful in directing to the proper Cure of a *Free-thinker*. In the firſt Place, it is plain his Underſtanding wants to be opened and enlarged, and he ſhould be taught the way to order and methodize his Ideas; to which end the Study of the Mathematicks may be uſeful. I am farther of opinion, that as his Imagination is filled with Amuſements, ariſing from Prejudice, and the obſcure or falſe Lights in which he ſees things, it will be neceſſary to bring him into good Company, and now and then carry him to Church; by which Means he may in Time come to a right Senſe of Religion, and wear off the ill Impreſſions he has received. Laſtly, I adviſe whoever undertakes the Reformation of a modern *Free-thinker*, that above all things he be careful to ſubdue his Vanity; that being the principal Motive which prompts a little Genius to diſtinguiſh itſelf by Singularities that are hurtful to Mankind.

OR, if the Paſſion of Vanity, as it is for the moſt part very ſtrong in your *Free-thinkers*, cannot be ſubdued, let it be won over to the Intereſt of Religion, by giving them to underſtand that the greateſt Genii of the Age have a Reſpect for things Sacred; that their Rhapſodies find no Admirers, and that the Name *Free-thinker* has, like the *Tyrant* of old, degenerated from its original Signification, and is now ſuppoſed to denote ſomething contrary to Wit and Reaſon. In fine, let them know that whatever Temptations a few Men of Parts might formerly have had, from the Novelty of the thing, to oppoſe the received Opinions of Chriſtians, yet that now the Humour is worn out, and Blaſphemy

phemy and Irreligion are Diſtinctions which have long ſince deſcended down to Lackeys and Drawers.

BUT it muſt be my Buſineſs to prevent all Pretenders in this Kind from hurting the Ignorant and Unwary. In order to this, I communicated an Intelligence which I received of a Gentleman's appearing very ſorry that he was not well during a late Fit of Sickneſs, contrary to his own Doctrine, which obliged him to be merry upon that Occaſion, except he was ſure of recovering. Upon this Advice to the World, the following Advertiſement got a Place in the *Poſt-Boy*.

'WHEREAS in the Paper called the *Guardian*, 'of *Saturday* the 11th of *April* Inſtant, a Co-'rollary Reflexion was made on Monſieur *D*——, a 'Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences in *Paris*, 'Author of a Book lately publiſhed, entitled,

'A Philological Eſſay, or Reflexions on the Death 'of *Free-thinkers*, with the Characters of the moſt emi-'nent Perſons of both Sexes, Ancient and Modern, that 'died pleaſantly and unconcerned, *&c.* Sold by *J. 'Baker* in *Pater-noſter-Row*.

'ſuggeſting, as if that Gentleman, now in *London*, *was 'very much out of Humour, in a late Fit of Sickneſs, till 'he was in a fair way of Recovery*. This is to aſſure 'the Publick, that the ſaid Gentleman never expreſs'd 'the leaſt Concern at the Approach of Death, but ex-'pected the fatal Minute with a moſt Heroical and 'Philoſophical Reſignation; of which a Copy of Verſes 'he writ, in the ſerene Intervals of his Diſtemper, is 'an invincible Proof.

ALL that I contend for, is, that this Gentleman was out of Humour when he was ſick; and the Advertiſer to confute me ſays, that *in the ſerene Intervals of his Diſtemper*, that is, when he was not Sick, he writ Verſes. I ſhall not retract my Advertiſement till I ſee thoſe Verſes, and I'll chooſe what to believe then, except they are underwritten by his Nurſe, nor then neither, except ſhe is an Houſe-keeper. I muſt tie this Gentleman cloſe to the Argument, for if he had not actually his Fit upon him, there is nothing Courageous in

in the thing, nor does it make for his purpoſe, nor are they Heroick Verſes.

THE Point of being Merry at the Hour of Death is a Matter that ought to be ſettled by Divines; but the Publiſher of the Philological Eſſay produces his chief Authorities from *Lucretius*, the Earl of *Rochester*, and Mr. *John Dryden*, who were Gentlemen that did not think themſelves obliged to prove all they ſaid, or elſe proved their Aſſertions, by ſaying or ſwearing they were all Fools that believed to the contrary. If it be abſolutely neceſſary that a Man ſhould be facetious at his Death, it would be very well if theſe Gentlemen, Monſieur *D*—— and Mr. *B*—— would repent betimes, and not truſt to a Death-Bed Ingenuity; by what has appeared hitherto, they have only raiſed our Longing to ſee their poſthumous Works.

THE Author of *Poetæ Ruſticantis literatum Otium* is but a mere Phraſeologiſt, the Philological Publiſher is but a Tranſlator; but I expected better Uſage from Mr. *Abel Roper* who is an Original.

Nº 40 *Monday, April* 27.

Compulerantque Greges Corydon & Thyrſis in unum:
Ex illo Corydon, Corydon eſt tempore nobis.
Virg. Ecl. 7. v. 2. & ult.

Their Sheep and Goats together graz'd the Plains—
Since when? 'tis Corydon *among the Swains,*
Young Corydon *without a Rival reigns.*
DRYDEN.

I Deſigned to have troubled the Reader with no farther Diſcourſes of *Paſtorals*, but being informed that I am taxed of Partiality in not mentioning an Author, whoſe Eclogues are publiſhed in the ſame Volume with Mr. *Philips*'s; I ſhall employ this Paper in Obſervations upon him, written in the free Spirit of Criticiſm, and without Apprehenſion of offending the

Gentleman, whoſe Character it is, that he takes the greateſt Care of his Works before they are publiſhed, and has the leaſt Concern for them afterwards.

I have laid it down as the firſt Rule of Paſtoral, that its Idea ſhould be taken from the Manners of the *Golden Age*, and the Moral form'd upon the Repreſentation of Innocence; 'tis therefore plain that any Deviations from that Deſign degrade a Poem from being true Paſtoral. In this View it will appear that *Virgil* can only have two of his Eclogues allowed to be ſuch: His Firſt and Ninth muſt be rejected, becauſe they deſcribe the Ravages of Armies, and Oppreſſions of the Innocent; *Corydon*'s Criminal Paſſion for *Alexis* throws out the Second; the Calumny and Railing in the Third are not proper to that State of Concord; the Eighth repreſents unlawful Ways of procuring Love by Inchantments, and introduces a Shepherd whom an inviting Precipice tempts to Self-Murder. As to the Fourth, Sixth, and Tenth, they are given up by * *Heinſius*, *Salmaſius*, *Rapin*, and the Criticks in general. They likewiſe obſerve that but eleven of all the *Idyllia* of *Theocritus* are to be admitted as Paſtorals; and even out of that Number, the greater Part will be excluded for one or other of the Reaſons above-mentioned. So that when I remark'd in a former Paper, that *Virgil*'s Eclogues, taken all together, are rather *Select Poems* than *Paſtorals*; I might have ſaid the ſame thing, with no leſs Truth, of *Theocritus*. The Reaſon of this I take to be yet unobſerved by the Criticks, *viz. They never meant them all for Paſtorals.* Which it is plain *Philips* hath done, and in that Particular excelled both *Theocritus* and *Virgil*.

* *See* Rapin *de* Carm. Paſt. *pars* 3.

AS Simplicity is the diſtinguiſhing Characteriſtick of Paſtoral, *Virgil* has been thought guilty of too Courtly a Stile: His Language is perfectly pure, and he often forgets he is among Peaſants. I have frequently wondered that ſince he was ſo converſant in the Writings of *Ennius*, he had not imitated the Ruſticity of the *Doric*, as well, by the help of the old obſolete *Roman* Language, as *Philips* hath by the antiquated *Engliſh*: For Example, might he not have ſaid *Quoi* inſtead of *Cui*:

Quoijum

Quoijum for *Cujum*; *volt* for *vult*, &c. as well as our Modern hath *Welladay* for *Alas*, *Whilome* for *of old*, *make mock* for *deride*, and *witleſs Younglings* for *ſimple Lambs*, &c. by which means he had attained as much of the Air of *Theocritus*, as *Philips* hath of *Spenſer*.

Mr. *POPE* hath fallen into the ſame Error with *Virgil*. His Clowns do not converſe in all the Simplicity proper to the Country: His Names are borrow'd from *Theocritus* and *Virgil*, which are improper to the Scene of his Paſtorals. He introduces *Daphnis*, *Alexis* and *Thyrſis* on *Britiſh* Plains, as *Virgil* had done before him on the *Mantuan*: whereas *Philips*, who hath the ſtricteſt Regard to Propriety, makes choice of Names peculiar to the Country, and more agreeable to a Reader of Delicacy; ſuch as *Hobbinol*, *Lobbin*, *Cuddy*, and *Colin Clout*.

SO eaſy as Paſtoral Writing may ſeem, (in the Simplicity we have deſcribed it) yet it requires *great Reading*, both of the *Ancients* and *Moderns*, to be a Maſter of it. *Philips* hath given us manifeſt Proofs of his Knowledge of Books; it muſt be confeſſed his Competitor hath imitated ſome ſingle Thoughts of the Ancients well enough, if we conſider he had not the Happineſs of an Univerſity Education; but he hath diſperſed them here and there, without that Order and Method which Mr. *Philips* obſerves, whoſe whole third Paſtoral is an Inſtance how well he hath ſtudied the fifth of *Virgil*, and how judiciouſly reduced *Virgil*'s Thoughts to the Standard of Paſtoral; as his Contention of *Colin Clout* and the *Nightingale*, ſhows with what Exactneſs he hath imitated *Strada*.

WHEN I remarked it as a principal Fault to introduce Fruits and Flowers of a Foreign Growth, in Deſcriptions where the Scene lies in our Country, I did not deſign that Obſervation ſhould extend alſo to Animals, or the Senſitive Life; for *Philips* hath with great Judgment deſcribed *Wolves* in *England* in his firſt Paſtoral. Nor would I have a Poet ſlaviſhly confine himſelf (as Mr. *Pope* hath done) to one particular Seaſon of the Year, one certain Time of the Day, and one unbroken Scene in each Eclogue. 'Tis plain *Spenſer* neglected this Pedantry, who in his

Paſtoral of *November* mentions the mournful Song of the Nightingale.

Sad Philomel *her Song in Tears doth ſteep.*

AND Mr. *Philips*, by a Poetical Creation, hath raiſed up finer Beds of Flowers than the moſt induſtrious Gardiner; his Roſes, Lilies and Daffodils blow in the ſame Seaſon.

BUT the better to diſcover the Merits of our two Contemporary Paſtoral Writers, I ſhall endeavour to draw a Parallel of them, by ſetting ſeveral of their particular Thoughts in the ſame Light, whereby it will be obvious how much *Philips* hath the Advantage. With what Simplicity he introduces two Shepherds ſinging alternately:

Hobb. *Come*, Roſalind, *O come, for without thee*
What Pleaſure can the Country have for me?
Come, Roſalind, *O come: my brinded Kine,*
My ſnowy Sheep, my Farm, and all is thine.
Lanq. *Come*, Roſalind. *O come; here ſhady Bowers,*
Here are cool Fountains, and here ſpringing Flow'rs.
Come, Roſalind; *Here ever let us ſtay,*
And ſweetly waſte our live-long Time away.

Our other Paſtoral Writer, in expreſſing the ſame Thought, deviates into downright Poetry.

Streph. *In Spring the Fields, in Autumn Hills I love,*
At Morn the Plains, at Noon the ſhady Grove,
But Delia *always; forc'd from* Delia's *Sight,*
Nor Plains at Morn, nor Groves at Noon delight.
Daph. Sylvia's *like Autumn ripe, yet mild as* May,
More bright than Noon, yet freſh as early Day;
Ev'n Spring diſpleaſes when ſhe ſhines not here:
But bleſt with her, 'tis Spring throughout the Year.

In the firſt of theſe Authors, two Shepherds thus innocently deſcribe the Behaviour of their Miſtreſſes.

Hobb. *As* Marian *bath'd, by chance I paſſed by;*
She bluſh'd, and at me caſt a ſide-long Eye:

Then

Then ſwift beneath the Cryſtal Wave ſhe try'd
Her beauteous Form, but all in vain, to hide.
Lanq. *As I to cool me bath'd one ſultry Day,*
Fond Lydia *lurking in the Sedges lay,*
The Wanton laugh'd, and ſeem'd in Haſte to fly;
Yet often ſtopp'd, and often turn'd her Eye.

The other Modern (who it muſt be confeſſed hath a knack of Verſifying) hath it as follows.

Streph. *Me gentle* Delia *beckons from the Plain,*
Then, hid in Shades, eludes her eager Swain;
But feigns a Laugh, to ſee me ſearch around,
And by that Laugh the willing Fair is found.
Daph. *The ſprightly* Sylvia *trips along the Green;*
She runs, but hopes ſhe does not run unſeen;
While a kind Glance at her Purſuer flies,
How much at Variance are her Feet and Eyes!

There is nothing the Writers of this kind of Poetry are fonder of, than Deſcriptions of Paſtoral Preſents. *Philips* ſays thus of a Sheephook,

Of Seaſon'd Elm; where Studs of Braſs appear,
To ſpeak the Giver's Name, the Month and Year,
The Hook of poliſh'd Steel, the Handle turn'd,
And richly by the Graver's Skill adorn'd.

The other of a Bowl emboſſed with Figures,

——— *where wanton Ivy twines,*
And ſwelling Cluſters bend the curling Vines;
Four Figures riſing from the Work appear,
The various Seaſons of the rolling Year;
And what is that which binds the radiant Sky,
Where twelve bright Signs in beauteous Order lie.

The Simplicity of the Swain in this Place, who forgets the Name of the *Zodiack*, is no ill Imitation of *Virgil*; but how much more plainly and unaffectedly would *Philips* have dreſſed his Thought in his *Doric?*

And what That height, which girds the Welkin ſheen,
Where twelve gay Signs in meet Array are ſeen.

IF the Reader would indulge his Curioſity any farther in the Compariſon of Particulars, he may read the firſt Paſtoral of *Philips* with the ſecond of his Contemporary, and the fourth and ſixth of the former, with the fourth and firſt of the latter; where ſeveral Parallel Places will occur to every one.

HAVING now ſhown ſome Parts, in which theſe two Writers may be compared, it is a Juſtice I owe to Mr. *Philips*, to diſcover thoſe in which no Man can compare with him. Firſt, that *beautiful Ruſticity*, of which I ſhall only produce two Inſtances, out of a hundred not yet quoted.

O woful Day! O Day of Woe, quoth he,
And woful I, who live the Day to ſee!

That Simplicity of Diction, the melancholy Flowing of the Numbers, the Solemnity of the Sound, and the eaſy Turn of the Words, in this *Dirge* (to make uſe of our Author's Expreſſion) are extremely Elegant.

IN another of his Paſtorals a Shepherd utters a *Dirge* not much inferior to the former, in the following Lines.

Ah me the while! ah me, the luckleſs Day!
Ah luckleſs Lad, the rather might I ſay;
Ah ſilly I! more ſilly than my Sheep,
Which on the flow'ry Plains I once did keep.

How he ſtill charms the Ear with theſe artful Repetitions of the Epithets; and how ſignificant is the laſt Verſe! I defy the moſt common Reader to repeat them without feeling ſome Motions of Compaſſion.

IN the next Place I ſhall rank his *Proverbs*, in which I formerly obſerved he excels: For Example,

A rolling Stone is ever bare of Moſs;
And, to their Coſt, green Years old Proverbs croſs.
—— *He that late lies down, as late will riſe,*
And, Sluggard-like, till Noon-day ſnoring lies.
Againſt Ill-luck *all cunning Foreſight fails;*
Whether we ſleep or wake it nought avails.
—— *Nor fear, from* upright *Sentence,* Wrong.

Laſtly

Laſtly his *Elegant Dialect*, which alone might prove him the eldeſt Born of *Spenſer*, and our only true *Arcadian*, I ſhould think it proper for the ſeveral Writers of Paſtoral, to confine themſelves to their ſeveral *Counties*: *Spenſer* ſeems to have been of this Opinion; for he hath laid the Scene of one of his Paſtorals in *Wales*, where, with all the Simplicity natural to that Part of our Iſland, one Shepherd bids the other *Good-morrow* in an unuſual and elegant Manner.

Diggon Davy, *I bid hur God-day:*
Or Diggon *hur is, or I miſ-ſay.*

Diggon anſwers,

Hur was hur while it was Day-light;
But now hur is a moſt wretched Wight, &c.

BUT the moſt beautiful Example of this kind that I ever met with, is a very valuable Piece, which I chanced to find among ſome old Manuſcripts, entitled *A Paſtoral Ballad*; which I think, for its Nature and Simplicity, may (notwithſtanding the Modeſty of the Title) be allowed a perfect Paſtoral: It is compoſed in the *Somerſetſhire* Dialect, and the Names ſuch as are proper to the Country People. It may be obſerved, as a farther Beauty of this Paſtoral, the Words *Nymph*, *Dryad*, *Naiad*, *Fawn*, *Cupid*, or *Satyr*, are not once mentioned through the whole. I ſhall make no Apology for inſerting ſome few Lines of this excellent Piece. *Cicily* breaks thus into the Subject, as ſhe is going a Milking;

Cicily. Rager *go vetch tha* * *Kee, or elſe tha Zun*
Will quite be go, be vore c'have half a don.

* That is the *Kine* or *Cows*.

Roger. *Thou ſhouldſt not ax ma tweece, but I've a be*
To dreave our Bull to Bull tha Parſon's Kee.

It is to be obſerved, that this whole Dialogue is formed upon the Paſſion of Jealouſy; and his mentioning the Parſon's Kine naturally revives the Jealouſy of the Shepherdeſs *Cicily*, which ſhe expreſſes as follows:

Cicily. *Ah* Rager, Rager, *chez was zore avraid*
When in yond Vield you kiſs'd tha Parſon's Maid:
Is this the Love that once to me you zed
When from the Wake thou broughtſt me Ginger-bread?

Roger. Cicily *thou charg'ſt me falſe—I'll zwear to thee,*
Tha Parſon's Maid is ſtill a Maid for me.

In which Anſwer of his are expreſs'd at once that *Spirit of Religion*, and that *Innocence of the Golden Age*, ſo neceſſary to be obſerved by all Writers of Paſtoral.

AT the Concluſion of this Piece, the Author reconciles the Lovers, and ends the Eclogue the moſt ſimply in the World.

So Rager *parted vor to vetch tha Kee,*
And vor her Bucket in went Cicily.

I am loth to ſhew my Fondneſs for Antiquity ſo far as to prefer this Ancient *Britiſh* Author to our preſent *Engliſh* Writers of Paſtoral; but I cannot avoid making this obvious Remark, that both *Spenſer* and *Philips* have hit into the ſame Road with this old *Weſt Country* Bard of ours.

AFTER all that hath been ſaid, I hope none can think it any Injuſtice to Mr. *Pope*, that I forebore to mention him as a Paſtoral Writer; ſince upon the whole he is of the ſame Claſs with *Moſchus* and *Bion*, whom we have excluded that Rank; and of whoſe Eclogues, as well as ſome of *Virgil*'s, it may be ſaid, that according to the Deſcription we have given of this ſort of Poetry, they are by no means *Paſtorals*, but *ſomething better*.

N° 41 *Tueſday, April* 28.

Even Churches are no Sanctuaries now.
Epilogue to *Cato.*

THE following Letter has ſo much Truth and Reaſon in it, that I believe every Man of Senſe and Honour in *England,* will have a juſt Indignation againſt the Perſon, who could commit ſo great a Violence, as that of which my Correſpondent complains.

To the Author of the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

'I Claim a Place in your Paper for what I now write to you, from the Declaration which you made at your firſt Appearance, and the very Title you aſſume to yourſelf.

'IF the Circumſtance, which I am going to mention, is over-look'd by one who calls himſelf *Guardian,* I am ſure Honour and Integrity, Innocence and Virtue, are not the Objects of his Care.—The *Examiner* ends his Diſcourſe of *Friday* the 24th Inſtant with theſe Words.

'*No ſooner was* D——— *among the Whigs, and confirmed paſt retrieving, but Lady* Char—te *is taken Knotting in Saint* James's *Chapel during Divine Service, in the immediate Preſence both of God and Her Majeſty, who were affronted together, that the Family might appear to be intirely come over. I ſpare the Beauty for the ſake of her Birth, but certainly there was no Occaſion for ſo publick a Proof, that her Fingers are more dextrous in* Tying *a* Knot, *than her Father's Brains in perplexing the Government.*

'IT is apparent that the Perſon here intended is by her Birth a Lady, and Daughter of an Earl of *Great Britain,* and the Treatment this Author is pleas'd to

'give her, he makes no Scruple to own ſhe is expoſed 'to by being his Daughter. Since he has aſſum'd a 'Licence to talk of this Nobleman in Print to his Diſ-'advantage, I hope his Lordſhip will pardon me, that 'out of the Intereſt which I, and all true *Engliſhmen*, 'have in his Character, I take the Liberty to defend 'him.

'I am willing, on this Occaſion, to allow the Claim 'and Pretenſion to Merit to be ſuch, as the ſame Au-'thor deſcribes in his preceeding Paper.

'*BY active Merit* (ſays *the Examiner* of the 21ſt) '*I underſtand, not only the Power and Ability to ſerve, 'but the actual Exerciſe of any one or more Virtues, for 'promoting the good of ones Country, and a long and 'ſteady Courſe of real Endeavours to appear uſeful in a 'Government; or where a Perſon, eminently qualified 'for publick Affairs, diſtinguiſhes himſelf in ſome Criti-'cal Juncture, and at the Expence of his Eaſe and 'Fortune, or with the Hazard of his Perſon, expoſes 'himſelf to the Malice of a deſigning Faction, by thwart-'ing their wicked Purpoſes, and contributing to the 'Safety, Repoſe and Welfare of a People.*

'LET us examine the Conduct of this noble Earl by 'this Deſcription; upon the late Glorious Revolution, 'when it was in Debate in what manner the People of '*England* ſhould expreſs their Gratitude to their Deli-'verer, this Lord, from the utmoſt Tenderneſs and 'Loyalty to his unhappy Prince, and apprehenſive of 'the Danger of ſo great a Change, voted againſt King '*William*'s Acceſſion to the Throne: However his fol-'lowing Services ſufficiently teſtified the Truth of that 'his memorable Expreſſion, *Though he could not make a 'King, he could obey him.* The whole Courſe and 'Tenor of his Life ever ſince has been viſibly ani-'mated, by a ſteady and conſtant Zeal for the Monarchy 'and Epiſcopacy of theſe Realms. He has been ever 'reviled by all who are cold to the Intereſts of our 'Eſtabliſhed Religion, or Diſſenters from it, as a Fa-'vourer of Perſecution, and a Bigot to the Church, 'againſt the Civil Rights of his Fellow Subjects. Thus 'it ſtood with him at the Trial of Dr. *Sacheverell*, 'when this noble Earl had a very great ſhare in ob-

'taining

'taining the gentle Sentence which the Houſe of Lords 'pronounced on that Occaſion: But, indeed, I have 'not heard that any of his Lordſhip's Dependents joined '*Saint Harry* in the Pilgrimage which *that Meek Man* 'took afterwards round *England*, followed by Drum, 'Trumpet and Acclamations to *Viſit the Churches*.—— 'Civil Prudence made it, perhaps, neceſſary to throw 'the Publick Affairs into ſuch Hands as had no Pre-'tenſions to Popularity in either Party, but from the 'Diſtribution of the Queen's Favours.

'DURING ſuch, and other later Tranſactions '(which are too freſh to need being recounted) the Earl 'of *Nottingham* has had the Misfortune to differ with 'the Lords who have the Honour to be employed in the 'Adminiſtration; but even among theſe Incidents he 'has highly diſtinguiſhed himſelf in procuring an Act 'of Parliament, to prevent that thoſe who Diſſent from 'the Church ſhould ſerve in the State.

'I hope theſe are great and critical Junctures, where-'in this Gentleman has ſhown himſelf a Patriot and 'Lover of the Church in as eminent manner as any 'other of his Fellow Subjects. *He has at all Times, 'and in all Seaſons, ſhown the ſame ſteady abhorrence 'to all Innovations.* But it is from this Behaviour, that 'he has deſerved ſo ill of the *Examiner*, as to be term-'ed a *late Convert* to thoſe whom he calls Factious, 'and introduced in his Profane Dialogue of *April* the 6th, 'with a Servant and a Madwoman. I think I have, 'according to the *Examiner*'s own Deſcription of Merit, 'ſhown how little this Nobleman deſerves ſuch Treat-'ment. I ſhall now appeal to all the World, to conſider 'whether the Outrage committed againſt the young 'Lady had not been cruel, and inſufferable, towards 'the Daughter of the higheſt Offender.

'THE utmoſt Malice and Invention could go no 'farther than to forge a Story of her having inadvertent-'ly done an indifferent Action in a Sacred Place. Of 'what Temper can this Man be made, that could have 'no Senſe of the Pangs he muſt give a young Lady to be 'barely mentioned in a Publick Paper, much more to 'be named in a Libellous manner, as having offended 'God and Man.

'BUT

'BUT the Wretch, as dull as he is wicked, felt it 'ſtrike on his Imagination, that *Knotting* and *Perplexing* 'would make a Quaint Sting at the end of his Paper, 'and had no Compunction, though he introduced his 'Witticiſm at the Expence of a young Lady's Quiet, 'and (as far as in him lies) her Honour. Does he thus 'finiſh his Diſcourſe of Religion? This is indeed *to lay 'at us, and make every Blow fell to the Ground.*

'THERE is no Party concerned in this Circum-'ſtance; but every Man that hopes for a Virtuous Wo-'man to his Wife, that would defend his Child, or 'protect his Miſtreſs, ought to receive this Inſolence as 'done to himſelf. *In the immediate Preſence of God 'and her Majeſty, that the Family might appear to be 'intirely come over*, ſays the fawning Miſcreant.—It is 'very viſible which of thoſe Powers (that he has put 'together) he is the more fearful of offending. But he 'miſtakes his way in making his Court to a pious Sove-'reign, by naming her with the Deity, in order to find 'Protection for inſulting a Virtuous Woman, who 'comes to call upon him in the Royal Chapel.

'IF Life be (as it ought to be with People of their 'Character, whom the *Examiner* attacks) leſs valuable 'and dear than Honour and Reputation, in that pro-'portion is the *Examiner* worſe than an Aſſaſſin. We 'have ſtood by and tamely heard him aggravate the 'Diſgraces of the Brave and the Unfortunate. We have 'ſeen him double the Anguiſh of the unhappy Man, we 'have ſeen him trample on the Aſhes of the Dead; but 'all this has concerned greater Life, and could touch 'only Publick Characters, they did but remotely affect 'our Private and Domeſtick Intereſts; but when due 'Regard is not had to the Honour of Women, all hu-'man Society is aſſaulted. The higheſt Perſon in the 'World is of that Sex, and has the utmoſt Senſibility 'of an Outrage committed againſt it. She who was the 'beſt Wife that ever Prince was bleſſed with, will, tho' 'ſhe ſits on a Throne, jealouſly regard the Honour 'of a young Lady who has not entered into that 'Condition.

'LADY *Char—te*'s Quality will make it impoſſible 'that this cruel Uſage can eſcape her Majeſty's Notice,

'and

‘ and 'tis the Buſineſs of every honeſt Man to trace the ‘ Offender, and expoſe him to the Indignation of his ‘ Sovereign.

N° 42 *Wedneſday, April* 29.

Non miſſura cutem, niſi plena cruoris Hirudo.
Hor. Ars Poet. v. ult.

Sticking like Leeches till they burſt with Blood.
ROSCOMMON.

TOM *Lizard* told us a Story, the other Day, of ſome Perſons which our Family know very well, with ſo much Humour and Life, that it cauſed a great deal of Mirth at the Tea-table. His Brother *Will*, the *Templar*, was highly delighted with it, and the next Day being with ſome of his Inns-of-Court Acquaintance, reſolved (whether out of the Benevolence, or the Pride of his Heart, I will not determine) to entertain them with what he called *a pleaſant Humour enough*. I was in great Pain for him when I heard him begin, and was not at all ſurpriſed to find the Company very little moved by it. *Will* bluſhed, looked round the Room, and with a forced Laugh, *Faith, Gentlemen*, ſaid he, *I do not know what makes you look ſo grave; it was an admirable Story when I heard it.*

WHEN I came home I fell into a profound Contemplation upon Story-telling, and as I have nothing ſo much at Heart as the Good of my Country, I reſolved to lay down ſome Precautions upon this Subject.

I have often thought that a Story-teller is born, as well as a Poet. It is, I think, certain, that ſome Men have ſuch a peculiar Caſt of Mind, that they ſee things in another Light, than Men of grave Diſpoſitions. Men of a lively Imagination, and a mirthful Temper, will repreſent things to their Hearers in the ſame manner as they themſelves were affected with them; and whereas ſerious Spirits might perhaps have been diſguſted at the

the Sight of ſome odd Occurrences in Life; yet the very ſame Occurrences ſhall pleaſe them in a well-told Story, where the diſagreeable Parts of the Images are concealed, and thoſe only which are pleaſing exhibited to the Fancy. Story-telling is therefore not an Art, but what we call a *Knack*; it doth not ſo much ſubſiſt upon Wit as upon Humour; and I will add, that it is not perfect without proper Geſticulations of the Body, which naturally attend ſuch merry Emotions of the Mind. I know very well, that a certain Gravity of Countenance ſets ſome Stories off to Advantage, where the Hearer is to be ſurpriſed in the End; but this is by no means a general Rule; for it is frequently convenient to aid and aſſiſt, by chearful Looks, and whimſical Agitations. I will go yet further, and affirm that the Succeſs of a Story very often depends upon the Make of the Body, and Formation of the Features, of him who relates it. I have been of this Opinion ever ſince I criticiſed upon the Chin of *Dick Dewlap*. I very often had the Weakneſs to repine at the Proſperity of his Conceits, which made him paſs for a Wit with the Widow at the Coffee-houſe, and the ordinary Mechanicks that frequent it; nor could I myſelf forbear laughing at them moſt heartily, tho' upon Examination I thought moſt of them very flat and inſipid. I found after ſome time, that the Merit of his Wit was founded upon the ſhaking of a fat Paunch, and the toſſing up of a Pair of Koſy Jowls. Poor *Dick* had a Fit of Sickneſs, which robbed him of his Fat and his Fame at once; and it was full three Months before he regained his Reputation, which roſe in Proportion to his Floridity. He is now very jolly and ingenious, and hath a good Conſtitution for Wit.

THOSE, who are thus adorned with the Gifts of Nature, are apt to ſhow their Parts with too much Oſtentation: I would therefore adviſe all the Profeſſors of this Art never to tell Stories, but as they ſeem to grow out of the Subject Matter of the Converſation, or as they ſerve to illuſtrate or enliven it. Stories, that are very common, are generally irkſom; but may be aptly introduced, provided they be only hinted at, and mentioned by way of Alluſion. Thoſe, that are altogether new, ſhould never be uſhered in, without a ſhort and

pertinent

pertinent Character of the chief Perſons concerned; becauſe, by that means, you make the Company acquainted with them; and it is a certain Rule, that ſlight and trivial Accounts of thoſe who are familiar to us adminiſter more Mirth, than the brighteſt Points of Wit in unknown Characters. A little Circumſtance, in the Complexion or Dreſs of the Man you are talking of, ſets his Image before the Hearer, if it be choſen aptly for the Story. Thus, I remember *Tom Lizard*, after having made his Siſters merry with an Account of a formal old Man's way of Complimenting, owned very frankly, that his Story would not have been worth one Farthing, if he had made the Hat of him whom he repreſented one Inch narrower. Beſides the marking diſtinct Characters, and ſelecting pertinent Circumſtances, it is likewiſe neceſſary to leave off in time, and end ſmartly. So that there is a kind of Drama in the forming of a Story, and the manner of conducting and pointing it is the ſame as in an Epigram. It is a miſerable thing, after one hath raiſed the Expectation of the Company by humorous Characters, and a pretty Conceit, to purſue the Matter too far. There is no retreating, and how poor it is for a Story-teller to end his Relation by ſaying, *That's all!*

AS the chooſing of pertinent Circumſtances is the Life of a Story, and that wherein Humour principally conſiſts; ſo the Collectors of impertinent Particulars are the very Bane and Opiates of Converſation. Old Men are great Tranſgreſſors this way. Poor *Ned Poppy* — he's gone! — was a very honeſt Man, but was ſo exceſſively tedious over his Pipe, that he was not to be endured. He knew ſo exactly what they had for Dinner; when ſuch a thing happened; in what Ditch his bay Stone-horſe had his Sprain at that time, and how his Man *John*, — no! 'twas *William*, ſtarted a Hare in the Common Field; that he never got to the End of his Tale. Then he was extremely particular in Marriages and Intermarriages, and Couſins twice or thrice removed; and whether ſuch a thing happened at the latter End of *July* or the beginning of *Auguſt*. He had a marvellous Tendency likewiſe to Digreſſions; inſomuch that if a conſiderable Perſon was mentioned in his Story, he would ſtraightway lanch out into an Epiſode of him; and again, if in that Perſon's Story he

he had occaſion to remember a third Man, he broke off, and gave us his Hiſtory, and ſo on. He always put me in mind of what Sir *William Temple* informs us of the Tale-tellers in the North of *Ireland*, who are hired to tell Stories of Giants and Inchanters to lull People aſleep. Theſe Hiſtorians are obliged, by their Bargain, to go on without ſtopping; ſo that after the Patient hath, by this Benefit, enjoy'd a long Nap, he is ſure to find the Operator proceeding in his Work. *Ned* procured the like Effect in me the laſt time I was with him. As he was in the third Hour of his Story, and very thankful that his Memory did not fail him, I fairly nodded in the Elbow-Chair. He was much affronted at this, till I told him, *Old Friend, you have your Infirmity, and I have mine.*

BUT of all Evils in Story-telling, the Humour of telling Tales one after another, in great Numbers, is the leaſt ſupportable. Sir *Harry Pandolf* and his Son give my Lady *Lizard* great Offence in this Particular. Sir *Harry* hath what they call a String of Stories, which he tells over every *Chriſtmas*. When our Family viſits there, we are conſtantly, after Supper, entertain'd with the *Glaſtenbury* Thorn. When we have wonder'd at that a little, *Ay, but Father*, ſaith the Son, *let us have the Spirit in the Wood.* After that hath been laughed at, *Ay, but Father*, cries the Booby again, *tell us how you ſerved the Robber. Alack-a-day*, ſaith Sir *Harry*, with a Smile, and rubbing his Forehead, *I have almoſt forgot that, but 'tis a pleaſant Conceit to be ſure.* Accordingly he tells that, and twenty more in the ſame independent Order; and without the leaſt Variation, at this Day, as he hath done, to my Knowledge, ever ſince the Revolution. I muſt not forget a very odd Compliment that Sir *Harry* always makes my Lady when he dines here. After Dinner he ſtrokes his Belly, and ſays with a feigned Concern in his Countenance, *Madam, I have loſt by you to-day. How ſo, Sir* Harry, replies my Lady. *Madam*, ſays he, *I have loſt an excellent Stomach.* At this, his Son and Heir laughs immoderately, and winks upon Mrs. *Annabella.* This is the thirty-third time that Sir *Harry* hath been thus arch, and I can bear it no longer.

AS the telling of Stories is a great Help and Life to Converſation, I always encourage them, if they are pertinent

pertinent and innocent; in Oppoſition to thoſe gloomy Mortals, who diſdain every thing but Matter of Fact. Thoſe grave Fellows are my Averſion, who ſift every thing with the utmoſt Nicety, and find the Malignity of a Lye in a Piece of Humour, puſhed a little beyond exact Truth. I likewiſe have a poor Opinion of thoſe, who have got a Trick of keeping a ſteady Countenance, that cock their Hats, and look glum when a Pleaſant Thing is ſaid, and aſk, *Well! and what then?* Men of Wit and Parts ſhould treat one another with Benevolence; and I will lay it down as a Maxim, that if you ſeem to have a good Opinion of another Man's Wit, he will allow you to have Judgment.

N° 43 *Thurſday, April* 30.

Effutire leves indigna tragœdia verſus,
Ut feſtis matrona moveri juſſa diebus.

Hor. Ars Poet. v. 231.

——Tragedy ſhou'd bluſh as much to ſtoop
To the low mimic Follies of a Farce,
As a grave Matron would to dance with Girls.

ROSCOMMON.

I HAD for ſome Days obſerved ſomething in Agitation, which was carried by Smiles and Whiſpers, between my Lady *Lizard* and her Daughters, with a profeſſed Declaration that Mr. *Ironſide* ſhould not be in the Secret. I would not treſpaſs upon the Integrity of the *Sparkler* ſo much as to ſolicit her to break her Word even in a Trifle; but I take it for an Inſtance of her Kindneſs to me, that as ſoon as ſhe was at Liberty, ſhe was impatient to let me know it, and this Morning ſent me the following Billet.

SIR,

'MY Brother *Tom* waited upon us all laſt Night to *Cato*; we ſat in the firſt Seats in the Box of the Eighteen-Peny Gallery. You muſt come hither

'this

'this Morning, for we ſhall be full of Debates about the 'Characters. I was for *Marcia* laſt Night, but find 'that Partiality was owing to the Awe I was under in 'her Father's Preſence; but this Morning *Lucia* is my 'Woman. You will tell me whether I am right or no 'when I ſee you; but I think it is a more difficult 'Virtue to forbear going into a Family, tho' ſhe was in 'Love with the Heir of it, for no other Reaſon but 'becauſe her Happineſs was inconſiſtent with the Tran-'quillity of the whole Houſe to which ſhe ſhould be 'ally'd. I ſay, I think it a more generous Virtue in '*Lucia* to conquer her Love from this Motive, than in '*Marcia* to ſuſpend hers in the preſent Circumſtances 'of her Father and her Country; but pray be here 'to ſettle theſe Matters.

I am,

Your moſt Obliged and
Obedient Humble Servant,
Mary Lizard.

I made all the haſte imaginable to the Family, where I found *Tom* with the Play in his Hand, and the whole Company with a ſublime Chearfulneſs in their Countenance, all ready to ſpeak to me at once; and before I could draw my Chair, my Lady herſelf repeated,

'Tis not a Set of Features or Complexion,
The Tincture of a Skin that I admire;
Beauty ſoon grows familiar to the Lover,
Fades in his Eye and palls upon the Senſe.
The virtuous Marcia *tow'rs above her Sex;*
True, ſhe is fair, (Oh, how divinely fair!)
But ſtill the lovely Maid improves her Charms
With inward Greatneſs, unaffected Wiſdom,
And Sanctity of Manners.

I was going to ſpeak, when Mrs. *Cornelia* ſtood up, and with the moſt gentle Accent and ſweeteſt Tone of Voice ſucceeded her Mother.

So the pure limpid Stream, when foul with Stains
Of ruſhing Torrents and deſcending Rains,

Works

Works itſelf clear, and as it runs refines,
Till by degrees the floating Mirror ſhines,
Reflects each Flow'r that on the Border grows,
And a new Heav'n in its fair Boſom ſhows.

I thought now they would have given me time to draw a Chair, but the *Sparkler* took hold of me, and I heard her with the utmoſt Delight purſue her Admiration of *Lucia*, in the Words of *Portius*.

——Athwart the Terrors that thy Vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'ſt more fair,
More amiable, and riſeſt in thy Charms.
Lovely'ſt of Women! Heav'n is in thy Soul,
Beauty and Virtue ſhine for ever round thee,
Bright'ning each other; thou art all Divine!

WHEN the Ladies had done ſpeaking, I took the Liberty to take my Place; while *Tom*, who, like a juſt Courtier, thinks the Intereſt of his Prince and Country the ſame, dwelt upon theſe Lines.

Remember, O my Friends, the Laws, the Rights,
The gen'rous Plan of Power deliver'd down
From Age to Age, by your renown'd Fore-fathers,
(So dearly bought, the Price of ſo much Blood.)
Oh let it never periſh in your Hands!
But piouſly tranſmit it to your Children.

THOUGH I would not take notice of it at that time, it went to my Heart that *Annabella*, for whom I have long had ſome Apprehenſions, ſaid nothing on this Occaſion, but indulged herſelf in the Sneer of a little Mind, to ſee the reſt ſo much affected. Mrs. *Betty* alſo, who knows forſooth more than us all, overlooked the whole Drama, but acknowledged the Dreſſes of *Syphax* and *Juba* were very prettily imagined. The Love of Virtue, which has been ſo warmly rouſed by this admirable Piece in all Parts of the Theatre, is an unanſwerable Inſtance of how great Force the Stage might be towards the Improvement of the World, were it regarded and encouraged as much as it ought. There is no Medium in this Caſe, for the Advantages of Action, and the Repreſentation of Vice and Virtue in an agree-

able

able or odious manner before our Eyes, are ſo irreſiſtibly prevalent, that the Theatre ought to be ſhut up, or carefully govern'd, in any Nation that values the Promotion of Virtue or Guard of Innocence among its People. Speeches or Sermons will ever ſuffer, in ſome degree, from the Characters of thoſe that make them; and Mankind are ſo unwilling to reflect on what makes for their own Mortification, that they are ever cavilling againſt the Lives of thoſe who ſpeak in the Cauſe of Goodneſs, to keep themſelves in Countenance, and continue in belov'd Infirmities. But in the caſe of the Stage, Envy and Detraction are baffled, and none are offended, but all inſenſibly won by perſonated Characters, which they neither look upon as their Rivals or Superiors; every Man that has any Degree of what is laudable in a Theatrical Character, is ſecretly pleaſed, and encouraged, in the Proſecution of that Virtue, without fancying any Man about him has more of it. To this purpoſe I fell a Talking at the Tea-table, when my Lady *Lizard*, with a Look of ſome Severity towards *Annabella* and Mrs. *Betty*, was pleaſed to ſay, that it muſt be from ſome trifling Prepoſſeſſion of Mind that any one could be unmoved with the Characters of this Tragedy; nor do I yet underſtand to what Circumſtance in the Family her Ladyſhip alluded, when ſhe made all the Company look ſerious, and rehearſed, with a Tone more exalted, thoſe Words of the Heroine,

In ſpite of all the Virtues we can boaſt,
The Woman that deliberates is loſt.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas Bat Pigeon *in the* Strand, *Hair-Cutter to the Family of the* Lizards, *has attained to great Proficience in his Art, Mr.* Ironſide *adviſes all Perſons of fine Heads, in order to have Juſtice done them, to repair to that induſtrious Mechanick.*

N. B. *Mr.* Pigeon *has Orders to talk with, and examine into the Parts and Characters of young Perſons, before he thins the Covering near the Seat of the Brain.*

Friday,

N° 44 *Friday, May* 1.

——*Hac iter Elyſium nobis.* Virg. Æn. 6. v. 542.

This Path conducts us to th' Elyſian Fields.

I HAVE frequently obſerved in the Walks belonging to all the Inns of Court, a Set of old Fellows who appear to be Humouriſts, and wrapped up in themſelves; but have long been at a loſs when I have ſeen them ſmile, and name my Name as I paſſed by, and ſay, Old *Ironſide* wears well. I am a mere Boy to ſome of them who frequent *Gray's-Inn*, but am not a little pleaſed to find they are even with the World, and return upon it its Neglect towards them, which is all the Defence we old Fellows have againſt the Petulancy of young People. I am very glad to obſerve that theſe Sages of this Peripatetick Sect ſtudy Tranquillity and Indolence of Body and Mind, in the Neighbourhood of ſo much Contention as is carried on among the Students of *Littleton*. The following Letter gives us ſome light into the Manners and Maxims of theſe Philoſophers.

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

'AS the Depredations of Time and Fortune have 'been lamented in all Ages, thoſe Perſons who 'have reſiſted and diſputed the Tyranny of either of 'theſe, have employed the ſublimeſt Speculations of 'the Writers in all Languages. As theſe deceaſed He-'roes have had their Places judiciouſly aſſigned them 'already in the Temple of Fame, I would immortalize 'ſome Perſons now alive, who to me are greater Ob-'jects of Envy, both as their Bravery is exerciſed with 'the utmoſt Tranquillity and Pleaſure to themſelves, 'and as they are ſubſtantially happy on this Side the 'Grave, in Oppoſition to all the *Greek* and *Latin* 'Scraps to the contrary.

'AS

'AS therefore I am naturally ſubject to cruel Inroads 'from the Spleen, as I affirm all Evil to come from 'the *Eaſt*, as I am the Weather-Glaſs of every 'Company I come into, I ſometimes, according to '*Shakeſpear*,

Sit like my Grandſire cut in Alabaſter,
Sleep whilſt I wake, and creep into the Jaundice
By being peeviſh ———

'I would furniſh out a Table of Merry Fame, in en- 'vious Admiration of thoſe Jovial Blades, who diſap- 'point the Strokes of Age and Fortune with the ſame 'Gaiety of Soul, as when thro' Youth or Affluence they 'were in their Prime for Fancy, Frolick, and At- 'chievement. There are, you may obſerve, in all 'Publick Walks, Perſons, who by a ſingular Shabbineſs 'of their Attire, make a very ridiculous Appearance in 'the Opinion of the Men of Dreſs. They are very 'ſullen and involved, and appear in ſuch a State of 'Diſtreſs and Tribulation as to be thought inconſolable. 'They are generally of that Complexion which was in 'Faſhion during the pleaſurable Reign of *Charles* the 'Second. Some of them, indeed, are of a lighter 'Brown, whoſe Fortunes fell with that of King *James*. 'Now theſe, who are the Jeſt of ſuch as take them- 'ſelves, and the World uſually takes, to be in Pro- 'ſperity, are the very Perſons whoſe Happineſs, were it 'underſtood, would be looked upon with Burning En- 'vy. I fell into the Diſcovery of them in the following 'manner: One Day laſt Summer, being particularly un- 'der the Dominion of the Spleen, I reſolved to ſooth my 'Melancholy in the Company of ſuch, whoſe Appear- 'ance promiſed a full Return of any Complaints I could 'poſſibly utter. Living near *Gray*'s-*Inn* Walk, I went 'thither in ſearch of the Perſons above deſcribed, and 'found ſome of them ſeated upon a Bench, where, as '*Milton* ſings,

——*the unpierc'd Shade*
Imbrown'd their Noontide Bow'r.

'I ſqueezed in among them, and they did not only 'receive my Moanings with ſingular Humanity, but

'gave

'gave me all poſſible Encouragement to enlarge them. 'If the Blackneſs of my Spleen raiſed any imaginary 'Diſtemper of Body, ſome one of them immediately 'ſympathiſed with me. If I ſpoke of any Diſappoint- 'ment in my Fortune, another of them would abate my 'Sorrowing by recounting to me his own Defeat upon 'the very ſame Circumſtances. If I touched upon 'overlooked Merit, the whole Aſſembly ſeem'd to 'condole with me very feelingly upon that Particular. 'In ſhort, I could not make myſelf ſo calamitous in 'Mind, Body or Circumſtances, but ſome one of them 'was upon a Level with me. When I had wound up 'my Diſcourſe, and was ripe for their intended Ralle- 'ry, at firſt they crown'd my Narration with ſeveral 'piteous Sighs and Groans, but after a ſhort Pauſe, and 'a Signal given for the Onſet, they burſt out into a 'moſt incomprehenſible Fit of Laughter. You may be 'ſure I was notably out of Countenance, which gave 'occaſion to a ſecond Exploſion of the ſame Mirth. 'What troubled me moſt was, that their Figure, Age, 'and ſhort Swords, preſerved them from any Imputa- 'tion of Cowardiſe upon refuſal of Battle, and their 'Number from Inſult. I had now no other way to 'be upon good Terms with them, but deſiring I might 'be admitted into this Fraternity. This was at firſt 'vigorouſly oppoſed, it being objected to me, that I 'affected too much the Appearance of an happy Man, 'to be received into a Society ſo proud of appearing 'the moſt afflicted. However, as I only ſeemed to 'be what they really were, I am admitted by way of 'Triumph upon Probation for a Year: and if within 'that Time it ſhall be poſſible for them to infuſe any of 'their Gaiety into me, I can, at *Monmouth-ſtreet*, upon 'mighty eaſy Terms, purchaſe the Robes neceſſary for 'my Inſtallment into this Order; and when they have 'made me as Happy, ſhall be willing to appear as Miſer- 'able as any of this Aſſembly. I confeſs I have ever 'ſince been aſhamed, that I ſhould once take that Place 'to be ſacred to the Diſconſolate, which I now muſt 'affirm to be the only *Elyſium* on this ſide the *Styx*; 'and that ever I ſhould look upon thoſe Perſonages 'as lively Inſtances of the Outrage of Time and For-

'tune,

'tune, who diſallow their Empire with ſuch inimitable 'Bravery. Some of theſe are pretty good Claſſical 'Scholars, and they follow theſe Studies always walk-'ing, upon account of a certain Sentence in *Pliny*'s 'Epiſtles to the following Effect, *'Tis inconceivable 'how much the Underſtanding is enlivened by the Ex-'erciſe of the Body.* If therefore their Author is a little 'difficult, you will ſee 'em fleeting with a very preci-'pitate Pace, and when it has been very perplex'd and 'abſtruſe, I have ſeen a Couple of theſe Students pre-'pare their Apprehenſions by ſtill quicker Motions, 'till 'they run into Wiſdom. Theſe Courſes do not only 'make them go thro' their Studies with Pleaſure and 'Profit, but there is more Spirit and Vigour in their 'Dialogues, after the Heat and Hurry of theſe Peram-'bulations. This Place was choſen as the peculiar Re-'ſort of theſe Sages, not only upon Account of its Air 'and Situation, but in Regard to certain Edifices and 'Seats therein rais'd with great Magnificence and Con-'venience; and here after the Toils of their Walks, 'and upon any Streſs of Weather, theſe Bleſſed Inha-'bitants aſſemble themſelves. There is one Building 'particularly, in which, if the Day permit, they have 'the moſt frequent Conferences, not ſo much becauſe of 'the Lovelineſs of its Eminence, as a Sentence of Lite-'rature incircling the Extremities of it, which I think 'is as follows, *Franciſcus Bacon Eques Auratus Execu-'tor Teſtamenti Jeremiæ Bettenham Hujus Hoſpitii Viri 'Abſtemii & Contemplativi Hanc Sedem poſuit in Me-'moriam Ejuſdem.* Now this Structure being erected in 'honourable Memory of the Abſtemious the Contem-'plative Mr. *Bettenham*, they take frequent Occaſion to 'rally this Erudition, which is to continue the Remem-'brance of a Perſon, who, according to their Tranſ-'lation of the Words, being confeſs'd to have been of 'moſt ſplenetick Memory, ought rather to lie buried 'in Oblivion.

'LEST they ſhould flag in their own way of Con-'verſation, they admit a Fair One to relieve 'em with 'hers: There are two or three thin Exiſtences among 'em, which I think I may call the Ghoſts of depart-'ed Beaus, who pay their Court more particularly to

'this

'this Lady, tho' their Paſſion never riſes higher than 'a Kiſs, which is always

Yielded with coy Submiſſion, modeſt Pride,
And ſweet reluctant amorous Delay. Milton.

'AS 'tis the Character of this Fraternity to turn 'their ſeeming Misfortunes to their Advantage, they 'affirm it to be the greateſt Indulgence imaginable in 'theſe Amours, that Nature perpetuates their good 'Inclinations to the Fair, by an Inability to extinguiſh 'em.

'DURING my Year of Probation, I am to pre-'pare myſelf with ſuch Parts of Hiſtory as have en-'gaged their Application during the Leiſure of their 'ill Fortune; I am therefore to read *Ruſhworth* and '*Clarendon*, in the Peruſal of which Authors I am 'not obliged to enter into the Juſtneſs of their Reflexi-'ons and Characters, but am deſired to read, with an 'Eye particularly curious, the Battles of *Marſton-Moor* 'and *Edge-Hill*, in one of which every Man of this 'Aſſembly has loſt a Relation; and each has a Story 'which none who has not read thoſe Battles is able to 'taſte.

'I had almoſt forgot to mention a moſt unexampled 'piece of their Galantry. Some time ſince, in a prodi-'gious Foggy Morning, I went in ſearch of theſe Per-'ſons to their uſual Place of Reſort, and perhaps ſhall 'hardly be believed, when I affirm, that notwithſtand-'ing they ſucked-in ſo condenſed and poiſonous an '*Æther*, I found them enjoying themſelves with as 'much Vivacity, as if they had breathed in the Sereni-'ty of *Montpelier*.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

J. W.

N° 45 *Saturday, May 2.*

I Don't know that I have been more intimately moved with Pity in my whole Life, than when I was reading a Letter from a young Woman, not yet Nineteen, in which there are theſe lamentable Words, *Alas! whither ſhall I fly? he has deceived, ruined, and left me.* The Circumſtances of her Story are only thoſe ordinary ones, that her Lover was a Man of greater Fortune than ſhe could expect would addreſs to her upon Honourable Terms; but ſhe ſaid to herſelf, *She had Wit and Beauty, and ſuch Charms as often captivate ſo far as to make Men forget thoſe meaner Conſiderations, and innocent Freedoms were not to be denied: A Gentleman of Condition is not to be ſhunned purely for being ſuch; and they who took notice of it, did it only out of Malice, becauſe they were not uſed by him with the ſame Diſtinction.* But I would have young Women, who are Orphans, or unguarded with powerful Alliances, conſider with Horror the Inſolence of Wealth: Fortune does in a great meaſure denominate what is Vice and Virtue; or if it does not go ſo far, Innocence is helpleſs, and Oppreſſion unpuniſhed without its Aſſiſtance; for this Reaſon it is, that I would ſtrictly recommend to my young Females not to dally with Men whoſe Circumſtances can ſupport them againſt their Falſhood, and have the Faſhion of a baſe ſelf-intereſted World on their Side, which inſtead of avenging the Cauſe of an abuſed Woman will proclaim her Diſhonour; while the Perſon injured is ſhunned like a Peſtilence, he who did the Wrong ſees no Difference in the Reception he meets with, nor is he the leſs welcome to the reſt of the Sex, who are ſtill within the Pale of Honour and Innocence.

WHAT makes this Circumſtance the more lamentable, is, that it frequently falls upon thoſe who have greateſt Merit and Underſtanding. Gentleneſs of Diſpoſition and Taſte of polite Converſation, I have often known

known Snares toward Vice in ſome, whilſt Sullenneſs and Diſreliſh of any thing that was agreeable have been the only Defences of Virtue in others. I have my unhappy Correſpondent's Letter before me; and ſhe ſays ſhe is ſure he is ſo much a Gentleman, and he has that natural Softneſs, that if he reads any thing moving on this Subject in my Paper, it will certainly make him think. Poor Girl! Cæſar *aſhamed! Has not he ſeen* Pharſalia? Does the poor Creature imagine that a Scrip of Paper, a Collection of Sentences, and an old Man's talk of Pleaſures which he is paſt, will have an Effect upon him who could go on in a Series of Falſhood; let drop ambiguous Sentences in her Abſence, to give her falſe Hope from the Repetition of them by ſome Friend that heard them; that could paſs as much Time in the Purſuit of her, as would have attained ſome uſeful Art or Science; and that only to attain a ſhort Revel of his Senſes under a Stupor of Faith, Honour and Conſcience? No; the Deſtruction of a well-educated young Woman is not accompliſhed by the Criminal, who is guilty of it, in a ſudden Start of Deſire; he is not ſurpriſed into it by Frailty; but arrives at it by Care, Skill and Meditation. It is no ſmall Aggravation of the Guilt, that it is a thouſand times conquered and reſiſted, even while it is proſecuted. He that waits for fairer Occaſions, for riper Wiſhes, for the Removal of a particular Objection, or the Conqueſt of any certain Scruple, has it in his Power to obey his Conſcience, which often calls him, during the Intrigue, a Villain and a Deſtroyer. There can be nothing ſaid for ſuch an Evil; but that the Reſtraints of Shame and Ignominy are broken down by the Prevalence of Cuſtom. I don't, indeed, expect that my Precautions will have any great weight with Men of Mode; but I know not but they may be ſome way efficacious on thoſe who have not yet taken their Party as to Vice and Virtue for Life; but I know not how it is, but our Sex has uſurped a certain Authority to exclude Chaſtity out of the Catalogue of Maſculine Virtues, by which means Females adventure all againſt thoſe who have nothing to loſe; and they have nothing but empty Sighs, Tears and Reproaches againſt thoſe who reduced them to real Sorrow and Infamy. But as I am now

talking to the World yet untainted, I will venture to recommend Chaſtity as the nobleſt Male Qualification.

IT is methinks very unreaſonable that the Difficulty of attaining all other good Habits is what makes them honourable, but in this Caſe the very Attempt is become Ridiculous. But in ſpite of all the Rallery of the World, Truth is ſtill Truth, and will have Beauties inſeparable from it. I ſhould upon this Occaſion bring Examples of Heroick Chaſtity, were I not afraid of having my Paper thrown away by the Modiſh Part of the Town, who go no farther, at beſt, than the mere Abſence of Ill, and are contented to be rather Irreproachable than Praiſe-worthy: In this particular, a Gentleman, in the Court of *Cyrus*, reported to his Majeſty the Charms and Beauty of *Panthea*, and ended his Panegyrick by telling him, that ſince he was at Leiſure he would carry him to viſit her; but that Prince, who is a very great Man to this Day, anſwered the Pimp, becauſe he was a Man of Quality, without Roughneſs, and ſaid with a Smile, *If I ſhould viſit her upon your Introduction now I have Leiſure, I don't know but I might go again upon her own Invitation, when I ought to be better employed.* But when I caſt about all the Inſtances which I have met with in all my Reading, I find not one ſo generous, ſo honeſt, and ſo noble as that of *Joſeph* in *Holy Writ*: When his Maſter had truſted him ſo unreſervedly, (to ſpeak it in the emphatical Manner of the Scripture) *He knew not ought he had ſave the Bread which he did eat*, he was ſo unhappy as to appear irreſiſtibly Beautiful to his Miſtreſs; but when this ſhameleſs Woman proceeds to ſolicit him, how galant is his Anſwer? *Behold my Maſter wotteth not what is with Me in the Houſe, and hath committed all that he hath to my Hand, there is none greater in the Houſe than I, neither hath he kept back any thing from me but thee, becauſe thou art his Wife.* The ſame Argument, which a baſe Mind would have made to its ſelf for committing the Evil, was to this brave Man the greateſt Motive for forbearing it, that he could do it with Impunity; the Malice and Falſhood of the diſappointed Woman naturally aroſe on that Occaſion, and there is but a ſhort Step from the Practice of Virtue to the Hatred of it. It would there-

fore

fore be worth ſerious Conſideration in both Sexes, and the Matter is of Importance enough to them, to aſk themſelves whether they would change lightneſs of Heart, indolence of Mind, chearful Meals, untroubled Slumbers, and gentle Diſpoſitions, for a Conſtant Pruriency which ſhuts out all Things that are Great or Indifferent, clouds the Imagination with Inſenſibility and Prejudice to all manner of Delight, but that which is common to all Creatures that extend their Species.

A Looſe Behaviour, and an Inattention to every thing that is Serious, flowing from ſome Degree of this Petulancy, is obſervable in the Generality of the Youth of both Sexes in this Age. It is the one common Face of moſt publick Meetings, and breaks in upon the Sobriety, I won't ſay Severity, that we ought to exerciſe in Churches. The pert Boys and flippant Girls are but faint Followers of thoſe in the ſame Inclinations at more advanced Years. I know not who can oblige them to mend their Manners; all that I pretend to, is to enter my Proteſt that they are neither fine Gentlemen nor fine Ladies for this Behaviour. As for the Portraitures which I would propoſe, as the Images of agreeable Men and Women, if they are not imitated or regarded, I can only anſwer, as I remember Mr. *Dryden* did on the like Occaſion, when a young Fellow, juſt come from the Play of *Cleomenes*, told him in Rallery againſt the Continency of his principal Character. If I had been alone with a Lady I ſhould not have paſſed my Time like your *Spartan*; *That may be*, anſwer'd the Bard with a very grave Face, *but give me leave to tell you, Sir, you are no Hero.*

N° 46 *Monday, May* 4.

Sola eſt cæleſti digna reperta toro.
Ovid. Ep. 1. l. 3. de Ponto, v. 118.
Alone found worthy a celeſtial Bed.

YESTERDAY, at my Lady *Lizard*'s Tea Table, the Diſcourſe happened to turn upon Women of Renown; ſuch as have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in the World by ſurpriſing Actions, or by any great and ſhining Qualities, ſo as to draw upon themſelves the Envy of their own Sex, and the Admiration of ours. My Lady has been curious in collecting the Lives of the moſt famous, of which ſhe has a conſiderable Number, both in Print and Manuſcript. This naturally led me to ſpeak of Madam *Maintenon*; and, at the Requeſt of my Lady and her Daughters, I have undertaken to put together ſuch Circumſtances of her Life, as I had formerly gathered out of Books, and picked up from Converſation in my Travels.

MADAM *Maintenon* was born a Gentlewoman, her Name is *Frances Daubigné*. Monſieur *Daubigné*, her Grandfather, was not only a Perſon of Condition, but likewiſe of great Merit. He was born in the Year 1550, and died in 1630, the 80th Year of his Age. A little before his Death he writ his own Epitaph, which is Engraven upon his Tomb-ſtone in the Cloiſter of St. *Peter's* Church at *Geneva*, and may be ſeen in *Spon*'s Hiſtory of that Republick. He was a leading Man among the Proteſtants in *France*, and much courted to come over to the oppoſite Party. When he perceived there was no Safety for him any longer in his own Country, he fled for Refuge to *Geneva*, about the Year 1619. The Magiſtrates, and the Clergy there, received him with great Marks of Honour and Diſtinction, and he paſſed the remaining part of his Life amongſt them in great Eſteem. *Mezeray* (the *French* Hiſtorian) ſays, that he was a Man of great Courage and Boldneſs, of a ready Wit, and of a fine Taſte in polite Learning, as well as of good Experience in Matters of War.

THE

THE Son of this *Daubigné* was Father to the preſent Madam *Maintenon*. This Gentleman was thrown into Priſon when he was but a Youth, for what Reaſon I cannot learn; but his Life, it ſeems, was in queſtion, if the Keeper of the Priſon's Daughter (touch'd with his Misfortunes and his Merit) had not determined with herſelf to ſet him at Liberty. Accordingly a favourable Opportunity preſenting itſelf, ſhe ſet the Priſoner at large, and accompanied him herſelf in his Flight. The Lovers finding themſelves now in no Danger of being apprehended, Monſieur *Daubigné* acquitted himſelf of the Promiſe he had given his fair Deliverer, and married her publickly. To provide againſt their immediate Want in a ſtrange Place, ſhe had taken with her what ſhe found at home moſt valuable and eaſy to be carried off. All this was converted into Money; and while their little Treaſure laſted, our new-married Couple thought themſelves the happieſt Perſons living. But their Proviſion now began to fail, and Monſieur *Daubigné*, who plainly ſaw the Straits to which they muſt be in a little time reduced, notwithſtanding all his Love and Tenderneſs, thought he ſhould ſoon be in a far worſe Condition, than that from which he had ſo lately eſcaped. But what moſt afflicted him was to ſee that his Wife, whom he loved ſo tenderly, muſt be reduced to the utmoſt Neceſſity, and that too at a time when ſhe was big with Child.

MONSIEUR *Daubigné*, preſſed with theſe Difficulties, formed to himſelf a very hazardous Reſolution; and ſince the Danger he ſaw in it was only to his Perſon, he put it in Execution, without ever conſulting his Wife. The Purpoſe he entred upon, was to venture back into *France*, and to endeavour there to get up ſome of his Effects, and in a ſhort time to have the Pleaſure of returning to his Wife with ſome little Means of Subſiſtence. He flattered himſelf, that he was now no longer thought of in his own Country, and that, by the help of a Friend, he might continue there unknown for ſome time. But upon Trial it happened quite otherwiſe, for he was betrayed by thoſe in whom he confided; ſo that he was a ſecond time caſt into Priſon. I ſhould have mentioned, that he left his Wife without ever taking leave; and that the firſt Notice ſhe had of his Deſign

was by a Letter, which he ſent her from the Place where he lay the firſt Night. Upon the reading of it, ſhe was immediately alarm'd for the Life of a Husband ſo very dear to her; but ſhe fell into the laſt Affliction when ſhe received the News of his being impriſoned again, of which ſhe had been apprehenſive from the beginning. When her Concern was a little abated, ſhe conſidered that the afflicting of herſelf could give him no Relief; and deſpairing ever to be able a ſecond time to bring about the Delivery of her Husband, and likewiſe finding it impoſſible for her to live long ſeparated from him, ſhe reſolved to ſhare in his Misfortunes, and to live and die with him in his Priſon. Therefore, without the leaſt regard to the Danger of a Woman's travelling in her Condition (for ſhe was now far gone with Child) ſhe entered upon her Journey, and having found out her Husband, voluntarily gave herſelf up to remain a Priſoner with him. And here it was that ſhe was delivered of that Daughter, who has ſince proved the Wonder of her Age.

THE Relations of Monſieur *Daubigné*, diſſatisfied with his Conduct and his Marriage, had all of them abandoned him, excepting Madam *Villete* his Siſter, who uſed to viſit him. She could not but be touched with the Condition in which ſhe found him, entirely deſtitute of all the Conveniences, and almoſt the very Neceſſaries of Life. But that which moſt moved her Compaſſion was, to ſee, in the Arms of a diſconſolate Mother, the poor helpleſs Infant expoſed amidſt her Cries, to Cold, to Nakedneſs and Hunger: In this Extremity Madam *Villete* took the Child home with her, and gave her to the Care of her Daughter's Nurſe, with whom ſhe was bred up for ſome time, as a Foſter-Siſter. Beſides this, ſhe ſent the two Priſoners ſeveral Neceſſaries. Some time after Monſieur *Daubigné* found Means, by changing his Religion, to get out of Priſon, upon Condition he would quit the Kingdom; to which he conſented.

MONSIEUR *Daubigné*, knowing he was never like to ſee *France* more, got together what little Subſtance he could, in order to make a long Voyage; and ſo with a ſmall Family, he embark'd for *America*; where he and his Wife lived in Quiet, and made it their principal Care to give their Children (a Son and a Daughter) good Education.

THESE

THESE unfortunate Parents died both in their Exile, leaving their Children very young. The Daughter, who was elder than her Brother, as ſhe grew up began to be very deſirous of ſeeing her Native Country; this, together with the Hopes ſhe had of recovering ſomething of that which once belonged to her Father, made her willing to take the firſt Opportunity of returning into *France*. Finding therefore a Ship that was ready to ſail thither, ſhe went on Board, and landed at *Rochelle*. From thence ſhe proceeded directly to *Poitou*, and there made it her Buſineſs firſt to inquire out Madam *Villete* her Aunt, who ſhe knew very well was the Perſon to whom ſhe owed her Life. Madam *Villete* received her with great Marks of Affection; and after informing her, that ſhe muſt not expect to recover any thing of what had belonged to her Father, ſince that was all irreparably loſt and diſſipated by his Baniſhment, and the Proceedings againſt him; ſhe added, that ſhe ſhould be welcome, if ſhe thought fit, to live with her; where at leaſt ſhe ſhould never be reduced to want a Subſiſtence.

MADEMOISELLE *Daubigné* accepted the Offer which her Aunt made her, and ſtudied by all means imaginable to render herſelf neceſſary and agreeable to a Perſon upon whom ſhe ſaw that ſhe muſt intirely depend for every Thing. More eſpecially ſhe made it her Buſineſs to inſinuate herſelf into the Affections of her Couſin, with whom ſhe had one common Nurſe. And to omit nothing that might pleaſe them, ſhe expreſſed a great Deſire to be inſtructed in the Religion of her Anceſtors; ſhe was impatient to have ſome Converſation with Miniſters, and to frequent their Sermons; ſo that in a ſhort time ſhe began to take a great Liking to the Proteſtant Religion. And it is not to be doubted, but that ſhe would have openly profeſſed this Way of Worſhip, if ſome of her Father's Relations that were Papiſts, and who forſook him in his Adverſity, had not, to make their own Court, been buſy in advertiſing ſome great Men of the Danger Mademoiſelle *Daubigné* was in as to her Salvation, and in demanding thereupon an Order to have her put into the Hands of Catholicks. This Piece of Zeal was acceptable to the ruling Party, and Orders were immediately given that ſhe ſhould be taken from

her Aunt *Villete*, and put into the Hands of her officious Relations. This was ſoon executed, and Mademoiſelle *Daubigné* was in a manner forced by Violence from Madam *Villete*, who was the only Relation that ever had taken any Care of her. She ſhed abundance of Tears at parting, and aſſured her Aunt, and her Couſin (who was now married to Monſieur *Saint Hermine*) that ſhe ſhould always preſerve, with the Remembrance of their Kindneſs, the good Impreſſions ſhe had received of their Religion, and never fail to acknowledge both the one and the other, when ſhe found a Time and Occaſion proper for it.

N° 47 *Tueſday, May* 5.

MADEMOISELLE *Daubigné* was conducted from Madam *Villete*'s to a Relation, who had a Law-ſuit then depending at *Paris*; and being for that Reaſon obliged to go thither, ſhe carried Mademoiſelle *Daubigné* with her. This Lady hired Apartments in the ſame Houſe where the famous *Scaron* was lodged: She made an Acquaintance with him; and one Day, being obliged to go abroad alone upon a Viſit, ſhe deſired he would give her Couſin leave, in the mean time, to come and ſit with him; knowing very well that a young Lady was in no Danger from ſuch a Perſon, and that perhaps it might turn to her Advantage. Monſieur *Scaron* was, of all Men living, the moſt unhappy in an untoward Frame of Body, being not only Deformed, but likewiſe very Infirm: In Conſideration of his Wit and Parts, he had a Yearly Penſion from the Court of five hundred Crowns. *Scaron* was charmed with the Converſation of Mademoiſelle *Daubigné*; and her Kinſwoman took frequent Opportunities of leaving her with him. This gave *Scaron* Occaſion to diſcover ſtill new Beauties in her from time to time. She would ſometimes entertain him with the Story of her Adventures and her Misfortunes, beginning even with what ſhe ſuffered before ſhe was born;

born; All which ſhe knew how to deſcribe in ſo expreſſive and moving a Manner, that he found himſelf touched with a ſtrong Compaſſion towards her; and reſolved with himſelf, if not to make her happy, at leaſt to ſet her at Eaſe, by placing her in a Nunnery at his own Expence. But upon farther Deliberation, he found himſelf very much inclined to lay before her an Alternative, which, in all likelihood, ſhe never expected. One Day therefore, when ſhe was left alone with him, as uſual, he opened his Intentions to her (as it is ſaid) much after the following Manner. I am, Mademoiſelle (ſays he) not a little moved with your Misfortunes, and the great Sufferings you have undergone: I am likewiſe very ſenſible of the uneaſy Circumſtances under which you labour at preſent; and I have now for ſome Days been contriving with myſelf how to extricate you out of all your Difficulties: At laſt I have fallen upon two Ways of doing what I ſo much deſire; I leave you to determine according to your Inclinations, in the Choice of the one or the other; or, if neither of them pleaſe you, to refuſe them both. My Fortunes are too narrow to enable me to make yours anſwerable to your Merit; all that I am capable of doing is, either to make you a joint Partaker with myſelf of the little I have, or to place you, at my own Expence, in any Convent you ſhall chooſe. I wiſh it were in my Power to do more for you. Conſult your own Inclinations, and do what you think will be moſt agreeable to yourſelf. As for my Perſon, I do not pretend to recommend it to you; I know I make but an ungainly Figure; but I am not able to new-mold it; I offer myſelf to you ſuch as I am; and yet, ſuch as you ſee me, I do aſſure you that I would not beſtow myſelf upon another; and that I muſt have a very great Eſteem for you, ever to propoſe a Marriage, which, of all things in the World, I have had the leaſt in my Thoughts hitherto. Conſider therefore, and take your final Reſolutions, either to turn Nun, or to marry me, or to continue in your preſent Condition without repining, ſince theſe do all of them depend upon your own Choice.

MADEMOISELLE *Daubigné* returned Monſieur *Scaron* the Thanks he ſo well deſerved. She was

too

too ſenſible of the Diſagreeableneſs of a dependent State, not to be glad to accept of a Settlement that would place her at leaſt above Want: Finding therefore in herſelf no Call towards a Nunnery, ſhe anſwered Monſieur *Scaron* without Heſitation, that ſhe had too great a Senſe of her Obligations to him not be deſirous of that way of Life, that would give her the moſt frequent Occaſions of ſhewing her Gratitude to him. *Scaron*, who was prepoſſeſſed with the flattering Hopes of paſſing his Life with a Perſon he liked ſo well, was charmed with her Anſwer. They both came to a Reſolution, that he ſhould aſk her Relation's Conſent that very Evening: She gave it very frankly; and this Marriage, ſo ſoon concluded, was, as it were, the Inlet to all the future Fortunes of Madam *Maintenon*. She made a good Wife to *Scaron*, living happily with him, and wanted no Conveniencies during his Life; but loſing him, ſhe loſt all; his Penſion ceaſed upon his Death, and ſhe found herſelf again reduced to the ſame indigent Condition in which ſhe had been before her Marriage.

UPON this ſhe retired into the Convent in the *Place Royale*, founded for the Relief of neceſſitous Perſons; where the Friends of her deceaſed Huſband took care of her. It was here the Friendſhip between her and Madam *Saint Baſile* (a Nun) had its Beginning, which has continued ever ſince, for ſhe ſtill goes to viſit her frequently in the Convent *de la Raquette*, where ſhe now lives. And to the Honour of Madam *Maintenon*, it muſt be allowed, that ſhe has always been of a grateful Temper, and mindful, in her high Fortunes, of her old Friends, to whom ſhe had formerly been obliged.

HER Huſband's Friends did all they could to prevail upon the Court to continue to her the Penſion which Monſieur *Scaron* had enjoyed: In order to this, Petitions were frequently given in, which began always with, *The Widow* Scaron *moſt humbly prays your Majeſty*, &c. But all theſe Petitions ſignified nothing; and the King was ſo weary of them that he has been heard to ſay, *Muſt I always be peſtered with the Widow* Scaron? notwithſtanding which, her Friends were reſolved not to be diſcouraged in their Endeavours to ſerve her.

AFTER

AFTER this, ſhe quitted the Convent, and went to live in the *Hôtel d'Albert*, where her Huſband had always been very much eſteemed. Here (it is ſaid) ſomething very remarkable happened to her, which I ſhall relate, becauſe I find it ſo confidently affirmed upon the Knowledge of a certain Author. There were Maſons at work in the *Hôtel d'Albert*, not far from the Apartment of Madam *Scaron:* One of them came into her Chamber, and finding two or three Viſitants of her own Sex, deſired he might ſpeak with her in private; ſhe carried him into her Cloſet, where he took upon him to tell her all the future Events of her Life. But whence he drew this Knowledge (continues my Author) which Time has ſo wonderfully verified, is a Myſtery ſtill to me. As to Madam *Scaron*, ſhe ſaw then ſo little Appearance of Probability in his Predictions, that ſhe hardly gave the leaſt heed to them. Nevertheleſs the Company, upon her return, remark'd ſome Alteration in her Countenance; and one of the Ladies ſaid, Surely this Man has brought you ſome very pleaſing News, for you look with a more chearful Air than you did before he came in. There would be ſufficient Reaſon for my doing ſo, reply'd ſhe, if I could give any Credit to what this Fellow has promiſed me. And I can tell you (ſays ſhe, ſmiling) that if there ſhould be any thing in it, you will do well to begin to make your Court to me beforehand. Theſe Ladies could not prevail upon her to ſatisfy their Curioſity any farther; but ſhe communicated the whole Secret to a Boſom Friend after they were gone; and it is from that Lady it came to be known, when the Events foretold were come to paſs, and ſo ſcrupulous a Secrecy in that Point did no longer ſeem neceſſary.

SOME time after this, ſhe was adviſed to ſeek all Occaſions of inſinuating herſelf into the Favour of Madam *Mounteſpan*, who was the King's Miſtreſs, and had an abſolute Influence over him. Madam *Scaron* therefore found the Means of being preſented to Madam *Mounteſpan*, and at that time ſpoke to her with ſo good a Grace, that Madam *Mounteſpan*, pitying her Circumſtances, and reſolving to make them more eaſy, took upon her to carry a Petition from her to the King, and

to

to deliver it with her own Hands. The King, upon her preſenting it to him, ſaid, *What, the Widow* Scaron *again? Shall I never ſee any thing elſe?* Indeed, Sir, ſays Madam *Mounteſpan*, it is now a long time ſince you ought not to have had her Name mention'd to you any more, and it is ſomething extraordinary that your Majeſty has done nothing all this while for a poor Woman, who, without Exceptions, deſerves a much better Condition, as well upon the Account of her own Merit, as of the Reputation of her late Huſband. The King, who was always glad of an Opportunity to pleaſe Madam *Mounteſpan*, granted the Petitioner all that was deſired. Madam *Scaron* came to thank her Patroneſs; and Madam *Mounteſpan* took ſuch a liking to her, that ſhe would by all means preſent her to the King, and after that propoſed to him, that ſhe might be made Governante to their Children. His Majeſty conſented to it; and Madam *Scaron*, by her Addreſs and good Conduct, won ſo much upon the Affections and Eſteem of Madam *Mounteſpan*, that in a little time ſhe became her Favourite and *Confidante*.

IT happened one Night that Madam *Mounteſpan* ſent for her, to tell her, that ſhe was in great Perplexity. She had juſt then, it ſeems, received a Billet from the King, which required an immediate Anſwer; and though ſhe did by no means want Wit, yet in that Inſtant ſhe found herſelf incapable of writing any thing with Spirit. In the mean time the Meſſenger waited for an Anſwer, while ſhe racked her Invention to no purpoſe. Had there been nothing more requiſite, but to ſay a few tender Things, ſhe needed only to have copied the Dictates of her Heart; but ſhe had over and above the Reputation of her Stile and Manner of Writing to maintain, and her Invention played her falſe in ſo critical a Juncture. This reduced her to the Neceſſity of deſiring Madam *Scaron* to help her out, and giving her the King's Billet, ſhe bid her make an Anſwer to it immediately. Madam *Scaron* would, out of Modeſty, have excuſed herſelf; but Madam *Mounteſpan* laid her abſolute Commands upon her: So that ſhe obeyed, and writ a moſt agreeable Billet, full of Wit and Tenderneſs. Madam *Mounteſpan* was very much pleaſed with it, ſhe copied

copied it, and ſent it. The King was infinitely delighted with it. He thought Madam *Mounteſpan* had ſurpaſſed herſelf; and he attributed her more than ordinary Wit upon this occaſion to an Increaſe of Tenderneſs. The principal Part of his Amuſement that Night, was to read over and over again this Letter, in which he diſcovered new Beauties upon every reading. He thought himſelf the happieſt and the moſt extraordinary Man living, to be able to inſpire his Miſtreſs with ſuch ſurpriſing Sentiments and Turns of Wit.

NEXT Morning, as ſoon as he was dreſt, he went directly to make a Viſit to Madam *Mounteſpan*. What happy *Genius*, Madam, ſays he, upon his firſt coming into her Chamber, influenced your Thoughts laſt Night? Never certainly was there any thing ſo charming, and ſo finely writ, as the Billet you ſent me! and if you truly feel the Tenderneſs you have ſo well deſcribed, my Happineſs is complete. Madam *Mounteſpan* was in Confuſion with theſe Praiſes, which properly belonged to another, and ſhe could not help betraying ſomething of it by her Bluſhes. The King perceived the Diſorder ſhe was in, and was earneſt to know the Cauſe of it. She would fain have put it off; but the King's Curioſity ſtill increaſing, in proportion to the Excuſes ſhe made, ſhe was forced to tell him all that had paſſed, leſt he ſhould of himſelf imagine ſomething worſe. The King was extremely ſurpriſed, though in Civility he diſſembled his Thoughts at that time, nevertheleſs he could not help deſiring to ſee the Author of the Letter that had pleaſed him ſo much; to ſatisfy himſelf whether her Wit in Converſation was equal to what it appeared in Writing. Madam *Scaron* now began to call to mind the Predictions of the Maſon; and from the Deſire the King had to ſee her, conceived no ſmall Hopes: Notwithſtanding ſhe now had paſſed the Flower of her Age, yet ſhe flattered herſelf, that her Deſtiny had reſerved this one Conqueſt in ſtore for her, and this mighty Monarch to be her Captive. She was exactly ſhaped, had a noble Air, fine Eyes, and a delicate Mouth, with freſh ruddy Lips. She has beſides the Art of expreſſing every thing with her Eyes, and of adjuſting her Looks to her Thoughts in ſuch a Manner, that all ſhe ſays goes

goes directly to the Heart. The King was already prepoſſeſt in her Favour; and, after three or four times converſing with her, began viſibly to cool in his Affections towards Madam *Mounteſpan*.

THE King in a little time purchaſed for Madam *Scaron* thoſe Lands which carry the Name of *Maintenon*, a Title which ſhe from that time has taken. Never was there an Inſtance of any Favourite having ſo great a Power over a Prince, as what ſhe has hitherto maintained. None can obtain the leaſt Favour, but by immediate Application to her. Some are of Opinion, that ſhe has been the Occaſion of all the ill Treatment which the Proteſtants have met with, and conſequently of the Damage the whole Kingdom has received from thoſe Proceedings. But it is more reaſonable to think, that whole Revolution was brought about by the Contrivances of the *Jeſuits*; and ſhe has always been known to be too little a Favourer of that Order of Men to promote their Intrigues. Beſides, it is not natural to think that ſhe who formerly had a good Opinion of the Reformed Religion, and was pretty well inſtructed in the Proteſtant Faith and way of Worſhip, ſhould ever be the Author of a Perſecution againſt thoſe innocent People, who never had in any thing offended her.

Nº 48 *Wedneſday, May 6.*

IT is the general Opinion, that Madam *Maintenon* has of late Years influenced all the Meaſures of the Court of *France*. The King, when he has taken the Air after Dinner, never fails of going to ſit with her till about Ten o'Clock; at which time he leaves her to go to his Supper. The Comptroller-General of the Finances likewiſe comes to her Apartments to meet the King: While they are in Diſcourſe Madam *Maintenon* ſits at her Wheel towards the other end of the Room, not ſeeming to give the leaſt Attention to what is ſaid. Nevertheleſs, the Miniſter never makes a Propoſition to the King, but his Majeſty turns towards her, and ſays,

What

What think you, Madam, of this? She expreſſes her Opinion after a modeſt Manner; and whatſoever ſhe ſays is done. Madam *Maintenon* never appears in Publick, except when ſhe goes with the King to take the Air; and then ſhe ſits on the ſame Seat with the King, with her Spectacles on, working a Piece of Embroidery, and does not ſeem to be ſo much as ſenſible of the great Fortunes and Honours to which ſhe has raiſed herſelf. She is always very modeſtly dreſt, and never appears with any Train of Servants. Every Morning ſhe goes to St. *Cyr*, to give her Orders there, it being a kind of a Nurſery founded by herſelf for the Education of young Ladies of good Families, but no Fortune. She returns from thence about the time the King riſes, who never fails to pay her a Morning Viſit. She goes to Maſs always by break of Day, to avoid the Concourſe of People. She is rarely ſeen by any, and almoſt inacceſſible to every body, excepting three or four particular Acquaintance of her own Sex. Whether it be, that ſhe would by this Conduct avoid Envy, as ſome think; or, as others would have it, that ſhe is afraid the Rank which ſhe thinks due to her, ſhould be diſputed in all Viſits and publick Places, is doubtful. It is certain, that upon all Occaſions ſhe declines the taking of any Rank; and the Title of *Marquiſſe* (which belongs to the Lands the King purchaſed for her) is ſuppreſſed before her Name; neither will ſhe accept of the Title of a Dutcheſs, aſpiring in all probability at ſomething ſtill higher, as will appear by what follows.

FROM ſeveral Particulars in the Conduct of the *French* King, as well as in that of Madam *Maintenon*, it has for ſome Years been the prevailing Opinion of the Court that they are married. And it is ſaid, that her Ambition of being declared Queen broke out at laſt; and that ſhe was reſolved to give the King no Quiet till it was done. He for ſome time reſiſted all her Solicitations upon that Head, but at length, in a Fit of Tenderneſs and Good-nature, he promiſed her, that he would conſult his Confeſſor upon that Point. Madam *Maintenon* was pleaſed with this, not doubting but that Father *la Chaiſe* would be glad of this Occaſion of making his Court to her; but he was too ſubtle a Courtier not to perceive

perceive the Danger of engaging in ſo nice an Affair; and for that Reaſon evaded it, by telling the King, that he did not think himſelf a Caſuiſt able enough to decide a Queſtion of ſo great Importance, and for that Reaſon deſired he might conſult with ſome Man of Skill and Learning, for whoſe Secrecy he would be reſponſible. The King was apprehenſive leſt this might make the Matter too publick; but as ſoon as Father *la Chaiſe* named Monſieur *Fenelon*, the Archbiſhop of *Cambray*, his Fears were over; and he bid him go and find him out. As ſoon as the Confeſſor had communicated the Buſineſs he came upon to the Biſhop, he ſaid, *What have I done, Father, that you ſhould ruin me! But 'tis no matter; let us go to the King.* His Majeſty was in his Cloſet, expecting them. The Biſhop was no ſooner enter'd, but he threw himſelf at the King's Feet, and begged of him not to ſacrifice him: The King promiſed him that he would not; and then propoſed the Caſe to him. The Biſhop, with his uſual Sincerity, repreſented to him the great Prejudice he would do himſelf by declaring his Marriage, together with the ill Conſequences that might attend ſuch a Proceeding. The King very much approved his Reaſons, and reſolved to go no farther in this Affair. Madam *Maintenon* ſtill preſſed him to comply with her; but it was now all to no Purpoſe; and he told her it was not a thing to be done. She aſked him, if it was Father *la Chaiſe* who diſſuaded him from it. He for ſome time refuſed to give her any Anſwer; but at laſt, overcome by her Importunities, he told her every thing as it had paſſed. She upon this diſſembled her Reſentment, that ſhe might be the more able to make it prove effectual. She did by no means think the Jeſuit was to be forgiven; but the firſt Marks of her Vengeance fell upon the Archbiſhop of *Cambray*. He and all his Relations were, in a little time, put out of all their Employments at Court; upon which he retired to live quietly upon his Biſhoprick; and there have no Endeavours been ſpared to deprive him even of that. As a farther Inſtance of the incontrolable Power of this great Favourite, and of her reſenting even the moſt trivial Matters that ſhe thinks might tend to her Prejudice, or the Diminution of her Honour,

it

it is remarkable, that the *Italian* Comedians were driven out of *Paris*, for playing a Comedy called *la Fauſſe Prude*, which was ſuppoſed to reflect upon Madam *Maintenon* in particular.

IT is ſomething very extraordinary, that ſhe has been able to keep entire the Affections of the King ſo many Years, after her Youth and Beauty were gone, and never fall into the leaſt Diſgrace; notwithſtanding the Number of Enemies ſhe has had, and the Intrigues that have been formed againſt her from time to time. This brings into my Memory a Saying of King *William*'s, that I have heard on this Occaſion: *That the King of* France *was, in his Conduct, quite oppoſite to other Princes; ſince he made choice of young Miniſters, and an old Miſtreſs.* But this Lady's Charms, have not lain ſo much in her Perſon, as in her Wit and good Senſe. She has always had the Addreſs to flatter the Vanity of the King, and to mix always ſomething ſolid and uſeful with the more agreeable Parts of her Converſation. She has known how to introduce the moſt ſerious Affairs of State into their Hours of Pleaſure; by telling his Majeſty, that a Monarch ſhould not love, nor do any thing, like other Men; and that he, of all Men living, knew beſt how to be always a King, and always like himſelf, even in the midſt of his Diverſions. The King now converſes with her as a Friend, and adviſes with her upon his moſt ſecret Affairs. He has a true Love and Eſteem for her; and has taken care, in caſe he ſhould die before her, that ſhe may paſs the Remainder of her Life with Honour, in the Abbey of St. *Cyr*: There are Apartments ready fitted up for her in this Place; ſhe and all her Domeſticks are to be maintained out of the Rents of the *Houſe*, and ſhe is to receive all the Honours due to a Foundreſs. This Abbey ſtands in the Park of *Verſailles*; it is a fine Piece of Building, and the King has endowed it with large Revenues. The Deſign of it (as I have mentioned before) is to maintain and educate young Ladies, whoſe Fortunes do not anſwer to their Birth. None are accounted duly qualified for this Place, but ſuch as can give ſufficient Proofs of the Nobility of their Family on the Father's Side for an hundred and forty Years, beſides which, they muſt have a Certificate of

their

their Poverty, under the Hand of their Biſhop. The Age at which Perſons are capable of being admitted here is from ſeven Years old till twelve. Laſtly, it is required, that they ſhould have no Defect or Blemiſh of Body or Mind; and for this Reaſon there are Perſons appointed to viſit and examine them before they are received into the College. When theſe young Ladies are once admitted, their Parents and Relations have no need to put themſelves to any farther Expence or Trouble about them. They are provided with all Neceſſaries for Maintenance and Education: They ſtile themſelves of the Order of St. *Lewis*. When they arrive to an Age to be able to chooſe a State of Life for themſelves, they may either be placed as Nuns in ſome Convent at the King's Expence, or be married to ſome Gentleman, whom Madam *Maintenon* takes care, upon that condition, to provide for, either in the Army or in the Finances; and the Lady receives, beſides, a Portion of four hundred Piſtoles. Moſt of theſe Marriages have proved very ſucceſsful, and ſeveral Gentlemen have by them made great Fortunes, and been advanced to very conſiderable Employments.

I muſt conclude this ſhort Account of Madam *Maintenon* with adverti ſing my Readers, that I do not pretend to vouch for the ſeveral Particulars that I have related. All I can ſay is, that a great many of them are atteſted by ſeveral Writers; and that I thought this Sketch of a Woman ſo remarkable all over *Europe* would be no ill Entertainment to the Curious, till ſuch a time as ſome Pen, more fully inſtructed in her whole Life and Character, ſhall undertake to give it to the Publick.

Thurſday,

N° 49 *Thurſday, May* 7.

——*quæ poſſit facere & ſervare beatum.*
Hor. Ep. 6. l. 1. v. 2.

To make Men happy, and to keep them ſo. CREECH.

IT is of great Uſe to conſider the Pleaſures which conſtitute Human Happineſs, as they are diſtinguiſhed into Natural and Fantaſtical. *Natural Pleaſures* I call thoſe, which not depending on the Faſhion and Caprice of any particular Age or Nation, are ſuited to Human Nature in general, and were intended by Providence as Rewards for the uſing our Faculties agreeably to the Ends for which they were given us. *Fantaſtical Pleaſures* are thoſe which having no natural Fitneſs to delight our Minds, preſuppoſe ſome particular Whim or Taſte accidentally prevailing in a Set of People, to which it is owing that they pleaſe.

NOW I take it, that the Tranquillity and Chearfulneſs with which I have paſſed my Life, are the Effect of having, ever ſince I came to Years of Diſcretion, continued my Inclinations to the former ſort of Pleaſures. But, as my Experience can be a Rule only to my own Actions, it may probably be a ſtronger Motive to induce others to the ſame Scheme of Life, if they would conſider that we are prompted to Natural Pleaſures by an Inſtinct impreſſed on our Minds by the Author of our Nature, who beſt underſtands our Frames, and conſequently beſt knows what thoſe Pleaſures are which will give us the leaſt Uneaſineſs in the Purſuit, and the greateſt Satisfaction in the Enjoyment of them. Hence it follows, that the Objects of our Natural Deſires are cheap or eaſy to be obtained, it being a Maxim that holds throughout the whole Syſtem of created Beings, that, *Nothing is made in vain*, much leſs the Inſtincts and Appetites of Animals, which the Benevolence, as well as Wiſdom of the Deity, is concerned to provide for. Nor is the

Fruition

Fruition of thoſe Objects leſs pleaſing than the Acquiſition is eaſy; and the Pleaſure is heightened by the Senſe of having anſwered ſome Natural End, and the Conſciouſneſs of acting in concert with the Supreme Governor of the Univerſe.

UNDER Natural Pleaſures I comprehend thoſe which are univerſally ſuited, as well to the Rational as the Senſual Part of our Nature. And of the Pleaſures which affect our Senſes, thoſe only are to be eſteemed Natural that are contained within the Rules of Reaſon, which is allowed to be as neceſſary an Ingredient of Human Nature as Senſe. And, indeed, Exceſſes of any kind are hardly to be eſteemed Pleaſures, much leſs *Natural Pleaſures.*

IT is evident, that a Deſire terminated in Money is fantaſtical; ſo is the Deſire of outward Diſtinctions, which bring no Delight of Senſe, nor recommend us as uſeful to Mankind; and the Deſire of things merely becauſe they are New or Foreign. Men, who are indiſpoſed to a due Exertion of their higher Parts, are driven to ſuch Purſuits as theſe from the Reſtleſſneſs of the Mind, and the ſenſitive Appetites being eaſily ſatisfied. It is, in ſome ſort, owing to the Bounty of Providence, that diſdaining a cheap and vulgar Happineſs, they frame to themſelves imaginary Goods, in which there is nothing can raiſe Deſire, but the Difficulty of obtaining them. Thus Men become the Contrivers of their own Miſery, as a Puniſhment on themſelves for departing from the Meaſures of Nature. Having by an habitual Reflexion on theſe Truths made them Familiar, the Effect is, that I, among a number of Perſons who have debauched their Natural Taſte, ſee things in a peculiar Light, which I have arrived at, not by any uncommon force of Genius or acquired Knowledge, but only by unlearning the falſe Notions inſtilled by Cuſtom and Education.

THE various Objects that compoſe the World were by Nature formed to delight our Senſes; and as it is this alone that makes them deſirable to an uncorrupted Taſte, a Man may be ſaid naturally to poſſeſs them, when he poſſeſſeth thoſe Enjoyments which they are fitted by Nature to yield. Hence it is uſual with me to conſider myſelf, as having a natural Property in every Object that

that adminiſters Pleaſure to me. When I am in the Country, all the fine Seats near the Place of my Reſidence, and to which I have acceſs, I regard as *mine*. The ſame I think of the Groves and Fields where I walk, and muſe on the Folly of the *civil* Landlord in *London*, who has the fantaſtical Pleaſure of draining dry Rent into his Coffers, but is a Stranger to freſh Air and Rural Enjoyments. By theſe Principles I am poſſeſſed of half a dozen of the fineſt Seats in *England*, which in the Eye of the Law belong to certain of my Acquaintance, who being Men of Buſineſs chooſe to live near the Court.

IN ſome great Families, where I chooſe to paſs my time, a Stranger would be apt to rank me with the other Domeſticks; but in my own Thoughts, and Natural Judgment, I am Maſter of the Houſe, and he who goes by that Name is my Steward, who eaſes me of the Care of providing for myſelf the Conveniences and Pleaſures of Life.

WHEN I walk the Streets, I uſe the foregoing natural Maxim, (*viz.* That he is the true Poſſeſſor of a thing who enjoys it, and not he that owns it without the Enjoyment of it,) to convince myſelf that I have a Property in the gay Part of all the gilt Chariots that I meet, which I regard as Amuſements deſigned to delight my Eyes, and the Imagination of thoſe kind People who ſit in them gaily attired only to pleaſe me. I have a real, and they only an imaginary Pleaſure from their exterior Embelliſhments. Upon the ſame Principle, I have diſcovered that I am the *natural* Proprietor of all the Diamond Necklaces, the Croſſes, Stars, Brocades, and embroidered Clothes, which I ſee at a Play or Birth-Night, as giving more natural Delight to the Spectator than to thoſe that wear them. And I look on the Beaus and Ladies as ſo many Paraquets in an Aviary, or Tulips in a Garden, deſigned purely for my Diverſion. A Gallery of Pictures, a Cabinet or Library that I have free Acceſs to, I think my own. In a word, all that I deſire is the Uſe of things, let who will have the keeping of them. By which Maxim I am grown one of the richeſt Men in *Great Britain*; with this difference, that I am not a Prey to my own Cares, or the Envy of others.

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THE ſame Principles I find of great uſe in my private Oeconomy. As I cannot go to the Price of Hiſtory-painting, I have purchaſed at eaſy Rates ſeveral beautifully deſigned Pieces of Landſkip and Perſpective, which are much more pleaſing to a natural Taſte than unknown Faces or *Dutch* Gambols, tho' done by the beſt Maſters: My Couches, Beds, and Window-Curtains are of *Iriſh* Stuff, which thoſe of that Nation work very fine, and with a delightful mixture of Colours. There is not a Piece of China in my Houſe; but I have Glaſſes of all ſorts, and ſome tinged with the fineſt Colours, which are not the leſs pleaſing, becauſe they are Domeſtick, and cheaper than foreign Toys. Every thing is neat, entire, and clean, and fitted to the Taſte of one who had rather be *happy* than *be thought rich*.

EVERY Day, numberleſs innocent and natural Gratifications occur to me, while I behold my Fellow-Creatures labouring in a toilſom and abſurd Purſuit of Trifles; one, that he may be called by a particular Appellation; another, that he may wear a particular Ornament, which I regard as a bit of Ribband that has an agreeable Effect on my Sight, but is ſo far from ſupplying the Place of Merit where it is not, that it ſerves only to make the Want of it more conſpicuous. Fair Weather is the Joy of my Soul; about Noon I behold a blue Sky with Rapture, and receive great Conſolation from the roſy daſhes of Light which adorns the Clouds of the Morning and Evening. When I am loſt among green Trees, I do not envy a great Man with a great Croud at his Levée. And I often lay aſide Thoughts of going to an Opera, that I may enjoy the ſilent Pleaſure of walking by Moon-light, or viewing the Stars ſparkle in their azure Ground; which I look upon as part of my Poſſeſſions, not without a ſecret Indignation at the Taſteleſſneſs of mortal Men, who, in their Race thro' Life, overlook the real Enjoyments of it.

BUT the Pleaſure which naturally affects a Human Mind with the moſt lively and tranſporting Touches, I take to be the Senſe that we act in the Eye of infinite Wiſdom, Power and Goodneſs, that will crown our Virtuous Endeavours here, with a Happineſs hereafter, large as our Deſires, and laſting as our immortal Souls. This

is

is a perpetual Spring of Gladneſs in the Mind. This leſſens our Calamities, and doubles our Joys. Without this the higheſt State of Life is inſipid, and with it the loweſt is a Paradiſe. What unnatural Wretches then are thoſe who can be ſo ſtupid as to imagine a Merit, in endeavouring to rob Virtue of her Support, and a Man of his preſent as well as future Bliſs? But as I have frequently taken Occaſion to animadvert on that Species of Mortals, ſo I propoſe to repeat my Animadverſions on them, 'till I ſee ſome Symptoms of Amendment.

N° 50 *Friday, May* 8.

O Rus, quando ego te aſpiciam? ——

Hor. Sat. 6. l. 2. v. 60.

Oh! when ſhall I enjoy my Country Seat? CREECH.

THE Perplexities and Diverſions, recounted in the following Letter, are repreſented with ſome Pleaſantry; I ſhall therefore make this Epiſtle the Entertainment of the Day.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Eſq;*

SIR,

'THE time of going into the Country drawing near, 'I am extremely enliven'd with the agreeable Me'morial of every Thing that contributed to my Happi'neſs when I was laſt there. In the recounting of which, 'I ſhall not dwell ſo much upon the Verdure of the 'Fields, the Shade of Woods, the Trilling of Rivulets, 'or Melody of Birds, as upon ſome particular Satisfac'tions, which, tho' not merely rural, muſt naturally 'create a Deſire of ſeeing that Place, where only I have 'met with them. As to my Paſſage I ſhall make no 'other mention, than of the Pompous Pleaſure of being 'whirled along with ſix Horſes, the eaſy Grandeur of 'Lolling in an handſom Chariot, the Reciprocal Satis'faction the Inhabitants of all Towns and Villages

'received from, and returned to, Paſſengers of ſuch 'Diſtinction. The Gentleman's Seat (with whom, 'among others, I had the Honour to go down) is the 'Remains of an ancient Caſtle which has ſuffered very 'much for the Loyalty of its Inhabitants. The Ruins 'of the ſeveral Turrets and Strong-holds, gave my Ima-'gination more pleaſant Exerciſe than the moſt magni-'ficent Structure could, as I look upon the honourable 'Wounds of a defaced Soldier with more Veneration 'than the moſt exact Proportion of a beautiful Woman. 'As this Deſolation renewed in me a general Remem-'brance of the Calamities of the late Civil Wars, I be-'gan to grow deſirous to know the Hiſtory of the 'particular Scene of Action in this Place of my Abode. 'I here muſt beſeech you not to think me tedious in 'mentioning a certain Barber, who for his general 'Knowledge of Things and Perſons, may be had in equal 'Eſtimation with any of that Order among the *Romans*. 'This Perſon was allowed to be the beſt Hiſtorian upon 'the Spot; and the Sequel of my Tale will diſcover, 'that I did not chooſe him ſo much for the ſoft Touch 'of his Hand, as his Abilities to entertain me with an 'Account of the Leaguer Time, as he calls it, the moſt 'Authentick Relations of which, thro' all parts of the 'Town, are derived from this Perſon. I found him, 'indeed, extremely Loquacious, but withal a Man of 'as much Veracity as an Impetuous Speaker could be. 'The firſt Time he came to ſhave me, before he applied 'his Weapon to my Chin, he gave a flouriſh with it, 'very like the Salutation the Prize-fighters give the 'Company with theirs, which made me apprehend In-'ciſion would as certainly enſue. The Dexterity of 'this Overture conſiſts in playing the Razor, with a 'nimble Wriſt, mighty near the Noſe without touch-'ing it: convincing him therefore of the dangerous 'Conſequence of ſuch an unneceſſary Agility, with 'much Perſuaſion I ſuppreſſed it. During the Peruſal 'of my Face he gives me ſuch Accounts of the Fa-'milies in the Neigbourhood, as Tradition and his 'own Obſervation have furniſh'd him with. Whenever 'the Precipitation of his Account makes him blunder, 'his cruel Right-Hand correſponds, and the Razor diſ-

'covers

'covers on my Face, at what part of it he was in the 'peaceable, and at what part in the bloody Incidents of 'his Narrative. But I had long before learned to ex-'poſe my Perſon to any Difficulties that might tend to 'the Improvement of my Mind. His Breath, I found, 'was very Peſtilential, and being obliged to utter a 'great deal of it, for the carrying on his Narrations, I 'beſeeched him, before he came into my Room, to go 'into the Kitchen and mollify it with a Breakfaſt. 'When he had taken off my Beard, with part of my 'Face, and dreſſed my Wounds in the Capacity of a 'Barber-Surgeon, we traverſed the Out-works about 'the Caſtle, where I received particular Information 'in what Places any of Note among the Beſiegers, or 'the Beſieged, received any Wound, and I was carried 'always to the very Spot where the Fact was done, 'howſoever dangerous (ſcaling part of the Walls, or 'ſtumbling over looſe Stones) my Approach to ſuch a 'Place might be; it being conceived impoſſible to arrive 'at a true Knowledge of thoſe Matters without this 'hazardous Explanation upon them; inſomuch that I 'received more Contuſions from theſe Speculations, than 'I probably could have done, had I been the moſt bold 'Adventurer at the Demolition of this Caſtle. This, 'as all other his Informations, the Barber ſo lengthened 'and huſbanded with Digreſſions, that he had always 'ſomething new to offer, wiſely concluding that when 'he had finiſhed the Part of an Hiſtorian, I ſhould have 'no Occaſion for him as a Barber.

'WHENEVER I look'd at this ancient Pile of 'Building, I thought it perfectly reſembled any of thoſe 'Caſtles, which in my Infancy I had met with in Ro-'mances, where ſeveral unfortunate Knights and La-'dies were, by certain Giants, made Priſoners irreco-'verably, 'till *the Knight of the burning Peſtle*, or any 'other of equal Hardineſs, ſhould deliver 'em from a 'long Captivity. There is a Park adjoining, pleaſant 'beyond the moſt Poetical Deſcription, one Part of 'which is particularly private by being inacceſſible to 'thoſe that have not great Reſolution. This I have 'made Sacred to Love and Poetry, and after having 'regularly invoked the Goddeſs I adore, I here com-

'poſe a tender Couplet or two, which, when I come 'home, I venture to ſhew my particular Friends, who 'love me ſo well as to conceal my Follies. After my 'Poetry ſinks upon me, I relieve the Labour of my 'Brain by a little Manuſcript with my Penknife; while, 'with *Rocheſter*,

Here on a Beech, like amorous Sot,
I ſometime carve a True-Love's Knot;
There a tall Oak her Name does bear,
In a large ſpreading Character.

'I confeſs once whilſt I was engraving one of my 'moſt curious Conceits upon a delicate ſmooth Bark, 'my Feet, in the Tree which I had gained with much 'Skill, deſerted me; and the Lover, with much Amaze-'ment, came plump into the River: I did not recover 'the true Spirit of Amour under a Week, and not with-'out applying myſelf to ſome of the ſofteſt Paſſages in '*Caſſandra* and *Cleopatra*.

'THESE are the Pleaſures I meet without Doors; 'thoſe within were as follow. I had the Happineſs to 'lie in a Room that had a large Hole opening from it, 'which, by unqueſtionable Tradition, had been for-'merly continued to an Abbey two Miles from the Caſ-'tle, for a Communication betwixt the auſtere Creatures 'of that Place, with others not altogether ſo contem-'plative. And the Keeper's Brother aſſures me, that 'when he formerly lay in this Room, he had ſeen ſome 'of the Spirits of this departed Brotherhood, enter 'from the Hole into this Chamber, where they conti-'nued with the utmoſt Civility to Fleſh and Blood, 'till 'they were oppreſſed by the Morning Air: And if I 'don't receive his Account with a very ſerious and be-'lieving Countenance, he ventures to laugh at me as a 'moſt ridiculous Infidel. The moſt unaccountable Plea-'ſure I take is with a fine white young Owl, which 'ſtrayed one Night in at my Window, and which I 'was reſolved to make a Priſoner, but withal to give 'all the Indulgence that its Confinement could poſſibly 'admit of. I ſo far inſinuated myſelf into his Favour, 'by Preſents of freſh Proviſions, that we could be very 'good Company together. There is ſomething in the

'Eye

'Eye of that Creature, of ſuch merry Luſtre, ſomething 'of ſuch Human Cunning in the turn of his Viſage, 'that I found vaſt Delight in the ſurvey of it. One 'Objection indeed I at firſt ſaw, that this Bird being 'the Bird of *Pallas*, the Choice of this Favourite might 'afford curious Matter of Rallery to the Ingenious, 'eſpecially when it ſhall be known, that I am as much 'delighted with a Cat as ever *Montaigne* was. But 'notwithſtanding this, I'm ſo far from being aſhamed 'of this particular Humour, that I eſteem myſelf very 'happy in having my odd Taſte of Pleaſure pro-'vided for upon ſuch reaſonable Terms. What 'heighten'd all the Pleaſures I have ſpoke of, was the 'agreeable Freedom with which the Gentleman of the 'Houſe entertained us; and every one of us came into, 'or left the Company, as he thought fit; dined in his 'Chamber or the Parlour, as a Fit of Spleen or Study 'directed him; nay, ſometimes every Man rode or 'walked a different way, ſo that we never were to-'gether, but when we were perfectly pleaſed with our-'ſelves and each other.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt Obedient

Humble Servant,

R. B.

P. S. I had juſt given my Orders for the Preſs, when my Friend Mrs. *Bicknell* made me a Viſit. She came to deſire I would ſhew her the Wardrobe of the *Lizards*, (where the various Habits of the Anceſtors of that illuſtrious Family are preſerved) in order to furniſh her with a proper Dreſs for the *Wife of Bath*. Upon ſight of the little Ruffs, ſhe ſnatched one of them from the Pin, clapt it round her Neck, and turning briſkly towards me, repeated a Speech out of her Part in the Comedy of that Name. If the reſt of the Actors enter into their ſeveral Parts with the ſame Spirit, the humorous Characters of this Play cannot but appear excellent on the Theatre: For very good Judges have in-

formed me, that the Author has drawn them with great Propriety, and an exact Obſervation of the Manners.

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

N° 51 *Saturday, May* 9.

—— Res antiquæ Laudis & Artis
Ingredior, Sanctos *auſus recludere Fontes.*
Virg. Georg. 2. v. 174.

Of Arts, diſcloſed in ancient Days, I ſing,
And venture to unlock the Sacred Spring.

'TIS probable the firſt Poets were found at the Altar, that they employed their Talents in adorning and animating the Worſhip of their Gods; the Spirit of Poetry and Religion reciprocally warm'd each other, Devotion inſpired Poetry, and Poetry exalted Devotion; the moſt ſublime Capacities were put to the moſt noble Uſe; Purity of Will, and Fineneſs of Underſtanding, were not ſuch Strangers as they have been in latter Ages, but were moſt frequently lodged in the ſame Breaſt, and went, as it were, Hand in Hand to the Glory of the World's great Ruler, and the Benefit of Mankind. To reclaim our Modern Poetry, and turn it into its due and primitive Channel, is an Endeavour altogether worthy a far greater Character than the Guardian of a private Family. Kingdoms might be the better for the Converſion of the Muſes from Senſuality to natural Religion, and Princes on their Thrones might be obliged and protected by its Power.

WERE it modeſt, I ſhould profeſs myſelf a great Admirer of Poeſy, but that Profeſſion is in Effect telling the World that I have a Heart tender and generous, a Heart that can ſwell with the Joys, or be depreſſed with the Misfortunes of others, nay more, even of imaginary Perſons; a Heart large enough to receive the greateſt Ideas Nature can ſuggeſt, and delicate enough to reliſh the

the moſt beautiful; it is deſiring Mankind to believe that I am capable of entering into all thoſe ſubtle Graces, and all that divine Elegance, the Enjoyment of which is to be felt only, and not expreſs'd.

ALL kinds of Poeſy are amiable, but ſacred Poeſy ſhould be our moſt eſpecial Delight: Other Poetry leads us thro' flow'ry Meadows or beautiful Gardens, refreſhes us with cooling Breezes or delicious Fruits, ſooths us with the Murmur of Waters or the Melody of Birds, or elſe conveys us to the Court or Camp, dazzles our Imagination with Crowns and Scepters, embattled Hoſts, or Heroes ſhining in burniſhed Steel; but ſacred Numbers ſeem to admit us into a ſolemn and magnificent Temple, they encircle us with every thing that is Holy and Divine, they ſuperadd an agreeable Awe and Reverence to all thoſe pleaſing Emotions we feel from other Lays; an Awe and Reverence that exalts, while it chaſtiſes: Its ſweet Authority reſtrains each undue Liberty of Thought, Word and Action; it makes us think better and more nobly of ourſelves, from a Conſciouſneſs of the great Preſence we are in, where Saints ſurround us, and Angels are our Fellow-Worſhippers.

O let me glory, glory in my Choice!
Whom ſhould I ſing, but him who gave me Voice?
This Theme ſhall laſt, when Homer's *ſhall decay,*
When Arts, Arms, Kings and Kingdoms melt away.
And can it, Pow'rs immortal, can it be,
That this high Province was reſerv'd for me?
Whate'er the new, the raſh Adventure coſt,
In wide Eternity I dare be loſt.
I dare lanch out, and ſhew the Muſes more,
Then e'er the Learned Siſters ſaw before.
In narrow Limits they were wont to ſing,
To teach the Swain, or celebrate the King:
I graſp the whole, no more to Parts confin'd,
I lift my Voice, and ſing to Human-kind:
I ſing to Men and Angels; Angels join
(While ſuch the Theme) their ſacred Hymns with mine.

BUT beſide the greater Pleaſure which we receive from Sacred Poeſy, it has another vaſt Advantage above

all other; when it has placed us in that imaginary Temple (of which I juſt now ſpoke) methinks the mighty Genius of the Place covers us with an inviſible Hand, ſecures us in the Enjoyments we poſſeſs. We find a kind of Refuge in our Pleaſure, and our Diverſion becomes our Safety. Why then ſhould not every Heart that is addicted to the Muſes, cry out in the holy Warmth of the beſt Poet that ever lived, *I will magnify thee, O Lord, my King, and I will praiſe thy Name for ever and ever.*

THAT greater Benefit may be reaped from Sacred Poeſy than from any other, is indiſputable; but is it capable of yielding ſuch exquiſite Delight? Has it a Title only to the Regard of the Serious and the Aged? Is it only to be read on *Sundays*, and to be bound in Black? Or does it put in for the good Eſteem of the Gay, the Fortunate, the Young? Can it rival a Ball or a Theatre, or give Pleaſure to thoſe who are converſant with Beauty, and have their Palates ſet high with all the Delicacies and Poignancy of Human Wit?

THAT Poetry gives us the greateſt Pleaſure which affects us moſt, and *that* affects us moſt, which is on a Subject in which we have the deepeſt Concern; for this Reaſon it is a Rule in Epick Poetry, that the Tale ſhould be taken from the Hiſtory of that Country to which it is written, or at fartheſt from their diſtant Anceſtors. Thus *Homer* ſung *Achilles* to the Deſcendents of *Achilles*; and *Virgil* to *Auguſtus*, that Hero's Voyage,

——— *Genus unde Latinum*
Albanique Patres, atque altæ Mœnia Romæ.

Æn. 1. v. 6.

From whence the Race of Alban Fathers come,
And the long Glories of majeſtick Rome.

DRYDEN.

Had they changed Subjects, they had certainly been worſe Poets at *Greece* and *Rome*, whatever they had been eſteemed by the reſt of Mankind; and in what Subjects have we the greateſt Concern, but in thoſe at the very Thought of which *This World grows leſs and leſs, and all its Glories fade away?*

ALL

ALL other Poeſy muſt be dropt at the Gate of Death, this alone can enter with us into Immortality; it will admit of an *Improvement* only, not (ſtrictly ſpeaking) an entire *Alteration* from the Converſe of Cherubim and Seraphim: It ſhall not be forgotten, when the Sun and Moon are remembred no more; it ſhall never die, but (if I may ſo expreſs myſelf) be the Meaſure of Eternity, and the laudable Ambition of Heaven.

HOW then can any other Poeſy come in competition with it?

Whatever Great or Dreadful has been done,
Within the View of Conſcious Stars or Sun,
Is far beneath my Daring! I look down
On all the Splendors of the Britiſh *Crown;*
This Globe is for my Verſe a narrow Bound:
Attend me, all ye Glorious Worlds around:
Oh all ye Spirits, howſoe'er diſjoin'd,
Of every various Order, Place and Kind,
Hear and aſſiſt a feeble Mortal's Lays:
'Tis your Eternal King I ſtrive to Praiſe.

THESE Verſes, and thoſe quoted above, are taken out of a Manuſcript Poem on the Laſt Day, which will ſhortly appear in Publick.

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

'WHEN you ſpeak of the Good which would 'ariſe from the Labours of ingenious Men, if they 'could be prevailed upon to turn their Thoughts upon 'the Sublime Subjects of Religion, it ſhould, methinks, 'be an Attractive to them, if you would pleaſe to lay 'before them, that noble Ideas aggrandiſe the Soul of 'him who writes with a true Taſte of Virtue. I was 'juſt now reading *David*'s Lamentation over *Saul* and '*Jonathan*, and that Divine Piece was peculiarly pleaſ-'ing to me, in that there was ſuch an exquiſite Sorrow 'expreſſed in it without the leaſt Alluſion to the Diffi-'culties from whence *David* was extricated by the Fall 'of thoſe great Men in his way to Empire. When he 'receives the Tidings of *Saul*'s Death, his generous

'Mind has in it no Reflexion upon the Merit of the 'unhappy Man who was taken out of his way, but 'what raiſes his Sorrow, inſtead of giving him Conſo-'lation.

THE beauty of Iſrael is ſlain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen!

TELL it not in Gath, publiſh it not in the ſtreets of Aſkelon: leſt the daughters of the Philiſtines rejoice, leſt the daughters of the uncircumciſed triumph.

YE mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings: for there the ſhield of the mighty is vilely caſt away, the ſhield of Saul as though he had not been anointed with oil.

SAUL and Jonathan were lovely and pleaſant in their Lives, and in their death they were not divided: they were ſwifter than eagles, they were ſtronger than lions.

YE Daughters of Iſrael, weep over Saul, who clothed you in ſcarlet, with other delights, who put on Ornaments of Gold upon your apparel.

'HOW beautiful is the more amiable and noble 'Parts of *Saul*'s Character, repreſented by a Man whom 'that very *Saul* purſued to Death! But when he comes 'to mention *Jonathan*, the Sublimity ceaſes, and not 'able to mention his generous Friendſhip, and the moſt 'noble Inſtances ever given by Man, he ſinks into a 'Fondneſs that will not admit of high Language or 'Alluſions to the greater Circumſtances of their Life, 'and turns only upon their familiar Converſe.

I am diſtreſſed for thee, my Brother Jonathan: very pleaſant haſt thou been unto me: thy Love to me was wonderful, paſſing the Love of Women.

'IN the Mind of this admirable Man, Grandeur, 'Majeſty and Worldly Power were deſpicable Conſi-'derations, when he caſt his Eye upon the Merit of 'him who was ſo ſuddenly ſnatched from them: and 'when he began to think of the great Friendſhip of '*Jonathan*, his Panegyrick is uttered only in broken 'Exclamations, and tender Expreſſions of how much 'they both loved, not how much *Jonathan* de-'ſerved.

'PRAY

'PRAY pardon this, which was to hint only that 'the Virtue, not the Elegance, of fine Writing, is the 'thing principally to be conſidered by a *Guardian*.

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant,

C. F.

N° 52 *Monday, May* 11.

———*toto ſolus in orbe*
Cæſar *liber erit*——— Lucan.

Cæſar *alone, of all Mankind, is free.*

I Shall not aſſume to myſelf the Merit of every thing in theſe Papers. Whereſoever, in Reading or Converſation, I obſerve any thing that is curious and uncommon, uſeful or entertaining, I reſolve to give it to the Publick. The greateſt Part of this very Paper is an Extract from a *French* Manuſcript, which was lent me by my good Friend Mr. *Charwell*; he tells me he has had it about theſe twenty Years in his Poſſeſſion; and he ſeems to me to have taken from it very many of the Maxims he has purſued in the new Settlement, I have heretofore ſpoken of, upon his Lands. He has given me full Liberty to make what Uſe of it I ſhall think fit; either to publiſh it intire, or to retale it out by Pennyworths. I have determined to retale it, and for that End I have tranſlated divers Paſſages rendring the Words *Livre*, *Sous*, and many others of known Signification in *France*, into their Equivalent Senſe, that I may the better be underſtood by my *Engliſh* Readers. The Book contains ſeveral Memoirs concerning Monſieur *Colbert*, who had the Honour to be Secretary of State to his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty, and Superintendent or Chief Director of the Arts and Manufactures of his Kingdom. The Paſſage for To-day is as follows.

'IT

'IT happened that the King was one Day expreſſing 'his Wonder to this Miniſter, that the United Provinces ſhould give him ſo much Trouble, that ſo great a 'Monarch as he was ſhould not be able to reduce ſo 'ſmall a State with half the Power of his whole Dominions. To which Monſieur *Colbert* is ſaid to have 'made the following Anſwer.

'SIR, I preſume upon your Indulgence to ſpeak 'what I have thought upon this Subject with that Freedom which becomes a faithful Servant, and one who 'has nothing more at Heart than your Majeſty's Glory 'and the Proſperity of your whole People. Your Territories are vaſtly greater than the United *Netherlands*; 'but, Sir, it is not Land that fights againſt Land, but the 'Strength and Riches of one Nation againſt the Strength 'and Riches of another. I ſhould have ſaid only Riches, 'ſince 'tis Money that feeds and clothes the Soldier, 'furniſhes the Magazine, provides the Train of Artillery, and anſwers the Charge of all other Military 'Preparations. Now the Riches of a Prince or State, 'are juſt ſo much as they can levy upon their Subjects, 'ſtill leaving them ſufficient for their Subſiſtence. If 'this ſhall not be left, they will deſert to other Countries 'for better Uſage; and I am ſorry to ſay it, that too 'many of your Majeſty's Subjects are already among 'your Neighbours in the Condition of Footmen and Valets for their daily Bread; many of your Artiſans too 'are fled from the Severity of your Collectors, they are 'at this time improving the Manufactures of your Enemies. *France* has loſt the Benefit of their Hands for 'ever, and your Majeſty all Hopes of any future Exciſes by their Conſumption. For the extraordinary Sums 'of one Year, you have parted with an Inheritance. I 'am never able, without the utmoſt Indignation, to 'think of that Miniſter, who had the Confidence to tell 'your Father, His Subjects were but too happy, that 'they were not yet reduced to eat Graſs; as if ſtarving 'his People were the only way to free himſelf from their 'Seditions. But People will not ſtarve in *France*, as 'long as Bread is to be had in any other Country. How 'much more worthy of a Prince was that Saying of 'your Grandfather of Glorious Memory, that he hoped

'to

'to ſee that Day, when every Houſe-keeper in his 'Dominions ſhould be able to allow his Family a Capon 'for their *Sunday*'s Supper? I lay down this therefore 'as my firſt Principle, that your Taxes upon your Sub-'jects muſt ſtill leave them ſufficient for their Subſiſtence, 'at leaſt as comfortable a Subſiſtence as they will find 'among your Neighbours.

'UPON this Principle I ſhall be able to make ſome 'Compariſon between the Revenues of your Majeſty and 'thoſe of the States-General. Your Territories are near 'thirty Times as great, your People more than four 'Times as many, yet your Revenues are not thirty, no 'nor four Times as great, nor indeed as great again as 'thoſe of the United *Netherlands*.

'IN what one Article are you able to raiſe twice as 'much from your Subjects as the States can do from 'theirs? Can you take twice as much from the Rents of 'the Lands and Houſes? what are the Yearly Rents of 'your whole Kingdom? and how much of theſe will 'your Majeſty be able to take without ruining the landed 'Intereſt? You have, Sir, above a hundred Millions of 'Acres, and not above thirteen Millions of Subjects, 'eight Acres to every Subject; how inconſiderable muſt 'be the Value of Land, where ſo many Acres are to pro-'vide for a ſingle Perſon? where a ſingle Perſon is the 'whole Market for the Product of ſo much Land? And 'what ſort of Cuſtomers are your Subjects to theſe Lands? 'What Clothes is it that they wear? What Proviſions 'do they conſume? Black Bread, Onions, and other 'Roots, are the uſual Diet of the Generality of your 'People; their common Drink the pure Element; they 'are dreſſed in Canvas and Wooden Shoes, I mean ſuch 'of them as are not bare-foot and half-naked. How 'very mean muſt be the eight Acres which will afford 'no better Subſiſtence to a ſingle Perſon? Yet ſo many 'of your People live in this deſpicable manner, that four 'Pounds will be eaſily believed to exceed the Annual 'Expences of every one of them at a Medium. And 'how little of this Expence will be coming to the Land-'Owner for his Rent? or, which is the ſame thing, for 'the mere Product of his Land? Of every thing that is 'conſumed, the greateſt part of the Value is the Price

'of

'of Labour that is beſtowed upon it; and 'tis not a very 'ſmall Part of their Price that is paid to your Majeſty 'in your Exciſes. Of the four Pounds Expence of every 'Subject, it can hardly be thought that more than four 'and twenty Shillings are paid for the mere Product of 'the Land. Then if there are eight Acres to every 'Subject, and every Subject for his Conſumption pays 'no more than four and twenty Shillings to the Land, 'three Shillings at a Medium muſt be the full yearly 'Value of every Acre in your Kingdom. Your Lands 'ſeparated from the Buildings cannot be valued higher.

'AND what then ſhall be thought the yearly Value 'of the Houſes, or, which is the ſame thing, of the 'Lodgings of your thirteen Millions of Subjects? What 'Numbers of theſe are begging their Bread throughout 'your Kingdom? If your Majeſty were to walk *incognitò* 'through the very Streets of your Capital, and would 'give a Farthing to every Beggar that asks you Alms, 'in a Walk of one Hour you would have nothing left of 'a Piſtole. How miſerable muſt be the Lodgings of theſe 'Wretches? Even thoſe that will not ask your Charity, 'are huddled together four or five Families in a Houſe. 'Such is the Lodging in your Capital. That of your 'other Towns is yet of leſs Value; but nothing can be 'more ruinous than the Cottages in the Villages. Six 'Shillings for the Lodging of every one of your thirteen 'Millions of Subjects at a Medium, muſt needs be the 'full yearly Value of all the Houſes. So that at four 'Shillings for every Acre, and ſix Shillings for the Lodg-'ing of every Subject, the Rents of your whole King-'dom will be leſs than twenty Millions, and yet a great 'deal more than they were ever yet found to be by the 'moſt exact Survey that has been taken.

'THE next Queſtion then is, how much of theſe 'Rents your Majeſty will think fit to take to your own 'Uſe. Six of the twenty Millions are in the Hands of 'the Clergy; And little enough for the ſupport of three 'hundred thouſand Eccleſiaſticks, with all their ne-'ceſſary Attendants; 'tis no more than twenty Pounds a 'Year for every one of the Maſters. Theſe, Sir, are 'your beſt Guards, they keep your Subjects loyal in the 'midſt of all their Miſery. Your Majeſty will not think

'it

'it your Intereſt to take any thing from the Church. 'From that which remains in the Hands of your Lay-'Subjects, will you be able to take more than five 'Millions to your own Uſe? This is more than ſeven 'Shillings in the Pound; and then, after neceſſary Re-'parations, together with Loſſes by the failing of Tenants, 'how very little will be left to the Owners? Theſe are 'Gentlemen, who have never been bred either to Trade 'or Manufactures, they have no other way of living 'than by their Rents, and when theſe ſhall be taken 'from them, they muſt fly to your Armies, as to an 'Hoſpital, for their daily Bread.

'NOW, Sir, your Majeſty will give me leave to 'examine what are the Rents of the United *Netherlands*, 'and how great a part of theſe their Governors may 'take to themſelves without Oppreſſion of the Owners. 'There are in thoſe Provinces three Millions of Acres, 'and as many Millions of Subjects, a Subject for every 'Acre. Why ſhould not then the ſingle Acre there be 'as valuable as the eight Acres in *France*, ſince 'tis to 'provide for as many Mouths? Or if great part of the 'Proviſions of the People are fetch'd in by their Trade 'from the Sea or foreign Countries, they will end at 'laſt in the Improvement of their Lands. I have often 'heard, and am ready to believe, that thirty Shillings, 'one with another, is leſs than the yearly Value of every 'Acre in thoſe Provinces.

'AND how much leſs than this will be the yearly 'Value of Lodging, for every one of their Subjects? 'There are no Beggars in their Streets, ſcarce a ſingle 'one in a whole Province. Their Families in great 'Towns are lodged in Palaces, in compariſon with thoſe 'of *Paris*: Even the Houſes in their Villages are more 'coſtly than in many of your Cities. If ſuch is the 'Value of their three Millions of Acres, and of Lodging 'for as many Millions of Subjects, the yearly Rents of 'Lands and Houſes are nine Millions in thoſe Provinces.

'THEN how much of this may the States take with-'out ruining the Land-Owners, for the Defence of their 'People? Their Lands, there by the Cuſtom of deſcend-'ing in equal Shares to all the Children, are diſtributed 'into ſo many Hands, that few or no Perſons are ſub-

'ſiſted

'ſiſted by their Rents; Land-Owners, as well as others, 'are chiefly ſubſiſted by Trade and Manufactures; and 'they can therefore with as much Eaſe part with half 'of their whole Rents, as your Majeſty's Subjects can a 'quarter. The States-General may as well take four 'Millions and a half from their Rents, as your Majeſty 'can five from thoſe of your Subjects.

'IT remains now only to compare the Exciſes of 'both Countries. And what Exciſes can your Majeſty 'hope to receive by the Conſumption of the half-ſtarved 'and half-naked Beggars in your Streets? How great a 'Part of the Price of all that is eat or drunk or conſum-'ed by thoſe wretched Creatures? How great a Part 'of the Price of Canvas Cloth, and Wooden Shoes, that 'are every where worn throughout the Country? How 'great a Part of the Price of their Water, or their black 'Bread and Onions, the general Diet of your People? 'If your Majeſty were to receive the whole Price of thoſe 'things, your Exchequer would hardly run over. Yet 'ſo much the greateſt Part of your Subjects live in this 'deſpicable manner, that the Annual Expence of every 'one, at a Medium, can be no more than I have men-'tioned. One would almoſt think they ſtarve themſelves 'to defraud your Majeſty of your Revenues. 'Tis im-'poſſible to conceive that more than an eighth Part can 'be exciſed from the Expences of your Subjects who 'live ſo very poorly, and then for thirteen Millions of 'People, your whole Revenue by Exciſes will amount 'to no more than ſix Millions and a half.

'AND how much leſs than this Sum will the States 'be able to levy by the ſame Tax upon their Subjects? 'There are no Beggars in that Country. The People 'of their great Towns live at a vaſtly greater Charge 'than yours. And even thoſe in their Villages are 'better fed and clothed than the People of your Towns. 'At a Medium, every one of their Subjects live at 'twice the Coſt of thoſe of *France*. Trade and Manu-'factures are the things that furniſh them with Money 'for this Expence. Therefore if thrice as much ſhall 'be exciſed from the Expence of the *Hollanders*, yet 'ſtill they will have more left than the Subjects of your 'Majeſty, tho' you ſhould take nothing at all from 'them.

'them. I muſt believe therefore that 'twill be as eaſy 'to levy thrice as much by Exciſes upon the *Dutch* 'Subject as the *French*, thirty Shillings upon the former, 'as eaſily as ten upon the latter, and conſequently four 'Millions and a half of Pounds upon their three Millions 'of Subjects; ſo that in the whole, by Rents and Ex-'ciſes, they will be able to raiſe nine Millions within 'the Year. If of this Sum, for the Maintenance of 'their Clergy, which are not ſo numerous as in *France*, 'the Charge of their Civil Liſt, and the Preſervation of 'their Dikes, one Million is to be deducted; yet ſtill 'they will have eight for their Defence, a Revenue 'equal to two thirds of your Majeſty's.

'YOUR Majeſty will now no longer wonder that 'you have not been able to reduce theſe Provinces with 'half the Power of your whole Dominions, yet half is as 'much as you will be ever able to employ againſt them. '*Spain* and *Germany* will be always ready to eſpouſe 'their Quarrel, their Forces will be ſufficient to cut out 'Work for the other half; and I wiſh too you could be 'quiet on the ſide of *Italy* and *England*.

'WHAT then is the Advice I would preſume to 'give your Majeſty? To diſband the greateſt part of 'your Forces, and ſave ſo many Taxes to your People. 'Your very Dominions make you too powerful to fear 'any Inſult from your Neighbours. To turn your 'Thoughts from War, and cultivate the Arts of Peace, 'the Trade and Manufactures of your People; this ſhall 'make you the moſt powerful Prince, and at the ſame 'time your Subjects the richeſt of all other Subjects. 'In the Space of twenty Years they will be able to give 'your Majeſty greater Sums with Eaſe, than you can 'now draw from them with the greateſt Difficulty. You 'have abundant Materials in your Kingdom to employ 'your People, and they do not want Capacity to be 'employed. Peace and Trade ſhall carry out their 'Labour to all the Parts of *Europe*, and bring back 'yearly Treaſures to your Subjects. There will be 'always Fools enough to purchaſe the Manufactures of '*France*, tho' *France* ſhould be prohibited to purchaſe 'thoſe of other Countries. In the mean time your Ma-'jeſty ſhall never want ſufficient Sums to buy now and

'then

'then an important Fortreſs, from one or other of your 'indigent Neighbours. But above all, Peace ſhall in- 'gratiate your Majeſty with the *Spaniſh* Nation, during 'the Life of their crazy King, and after his Death a 'few ſeaſonable Preſents among his Courtiers ſhall 'purchaſe the Reverſion of his Crowns, with all the 'Treaſures of the *Indies*, and then the World muſt be 'your own.

'THIS was the Subſtance of what was then ſaid by 'Monſieur *Colbert*. The King was not at all offended 'with this Liberty of his Miniſter. He knew the Value 'of the Man, and ſoon after made him the chief Director 'of the Trade and Manufactures of his People.

N° 53 *Tueſday, May* 12.

——*Deſinant*
Maledicere, malefacta ne noſcant ſua.
Ter. Prol. ad. Andr.

Let them ceaſe to ſpeak ill of others, leſt they hear of their own Miſdeeds.

IT happens that the Letter, which was in one of my Papers concerning a Lady ill-treated by the *Examiner*, and to which he replies by taxing the *Tatler* with the like Practice, was written by one *Steele*, who put his Name to the Collection of Papers called *Lucubrations*. It was a wrong thing in the *Examiner* to go any farther than the *Guardian* for what is ſaid in the *Guardian:* But ſince *Steele* owns the Letter, it is the ſame thing, I apprehend, by reading the *Examiner* over a ſecond time, that he inſinuates, by the Words cloſe to the *Royal Stamp*, he would have the Man turned out of his Office. Conſidering he is ſo malicious, I cannot but think *Steele* has treated him very mercifully in his Anſwer, which follows. This *Steele* is certainly a very good ſort of a Man, and, 'tis a thouſand Pities he does not underſtand Politicks; but if he is turned out, my Lady *Lizard* will invite

invite him down to our Country Houſe. I ſhall be very glad of his Company, and I'll certainly leave ſomething to one of his Children.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Eſq;*

SIR,

'I AM obliged to fly to you for Refuge from ſevere Uſage, which a very great Author, the *Examiner*, has been pleaſed to give me for what you have lately publiſh'd in Defence of a young Lady. He does not put his Name to his Writings, and therefore he ought not to reflect upon the Characters of thoſe who publickly anſwer for what they have produced. The *Examiner* and the *Guardian* might have diſputed upon any Particular they had thought fit, without having introduced any third Perſon, or making any Alluſions to Matters foreign to the Subject before them. But ſince he has thought fit, in his Paper of *May* the 8th, to defend himſelf by my Example, I ſhall beg leave to ſay to the Town, (by your Favour to me, Mr. *Ironſide*) that our Conduct would ſtill be very widely different, though I ſhould allow that there were particular Perſons pointed at in the Places which he mentions in the *Tatlers*. When a Satiriſt feigns a Name, it muſt be the Guilt of the Perſon attacked, or his being notoriouſly underſtood Guilty before the Satire was written, that can make him liable to come under the fictitious Appellation. But when the Licenſe of Printing Letters of Peoples real Names is uſed, things may be affixed to Mens Characters which are in the utmoſt degree remote from them. Thus it happens in the Caſe of the Earl of *Nottingham*, whom that Gentleman aſſerts to have left the Church; tho' nothing is more evident than that he deſerves better of all Men in holy Orders, or thoſe who have any Reſpect for them, or Religion itſelf, than any Man in *England* can pretend to. But as to the Inſtances he gives againſt me. Old *Downes* is a fine piece of Rallery, of which I wiſh I had been Author. All I had to do in it, was to ſtrike out what related to a Gentlewoman about the Queen, whom I thought a Woman free from

'Ambition,

'Ambition, and I did it out of regard to Innocence. 'Powel of the *Bath* is reconciled to me, and has made 'me free of his Show. *Tun*, *Gun*, and *Piſtol* from 'Wapping laughed at the Repreſentation which was made 'of them, and were obſerved to be more regular in their 'Conduct afterwards. The Character of Lord *Timon* is 'no odious one, and to tell you the Truth, Mr. *Ironſide*, 'when I writ it, I thought it more like me myſelf than 'any other Man; and if I had in my Eye any illuſtrious 'Perſon who had the ſame Faults with myſelf, it is no 'new, nor very criminal Self-love to flatter ourſelves, 'that what Weakneſſes we have, we have in common 'with Great Men. For the Exaltation of Stile, and em-'belliſhing the Character, I made *Timon* a Lord, and he 'may be a very worthy one for all that I have ſaid of 'him. I do not remember the mention of *Don Diego*, 'nor do I remember that ever I thought of Lord *N—m*, 'in any Character drawn in any one Paper of *Bickerſtaff*. 'Now as to *Polypragmon*, I drew it as the moſt odious 'Image I could paint of Ambition, and *Polypragmon* is 'to Men of Buſineſs what Sir *Fopling Flutter* is to Men 'of Faſhion, *He's Knight of the Shire, and repreſents 'you all.* Whoſoever ſeeks Employment for his own 'private Intereſt, Vanity or Pride, and not for the 'Good of his Prince and Country, has his Share in the 'Picture of *Polypragmon*; and let this be the Rule in 'examining that Deſcription, and I believe the *Exa-'miner* will find others to whom he would rather give 'a part of it, than to the Perſon on whom I believe he 'beſtows it, becauſe he thinks he is the moſt capable of 'having his Vengeance on me. But I ſay not this from 'Terrors of what any Man living can do to me, I ſpeak 'it only to ſhow, that I have not, like him, fixed odious 'Images on Perſons, but on Vices. Alas, what Occa-'ſion have I to draw People, whom I think ill of, un-'der feigned Names? I have wanted and abounded, 'and I neither fear Poverty, nor deſire Riches; if that 'be true, why ſhould I be afraid, whenever I ſee oc-'caſion to examine the Conduct of any of my Fellow-'Subjects? I ſhould ſcorn to do it but from plain Facts, 'and at my own Peril, and from Inſtances as clear as 'the Day. Thus would I, and I will (whenever I

'think

'think it my Duty) inquire into the Behaviour of any 'Man in *England*, if he is ſo poſted, as that his Errors 'may hurt my Country. This kind of Zeal will expoſe 'him who is prompted by it to a great deal of Ill-will, 'and I could carry any Points I aim at for the Im-'provement of my own little Affairs, without making 'myſelf obnoxious to the Reſentment of any Perſon or 'Party; but alas, what is there in all the Gratifications 'of Senſe, the Accommodations of Vanity, or any thing 'that Fortune can give to pleaſe a human Soul, when 'they are put in Competition with the Intereſts of 'Truth and Liberty? Mr. *Ironſide*, I confeſs I writ to 'you that Letter concerning the young Lady of Quality, 'and am glad that my aukward Apology (as the *Exami-'ner* calls it) has produced in him ſo much Remorſe as to 'make *any Reparation to offended Beauty*. Tho', by 'the way, the Phraſe of offended Beauty is Romantick, 'and has little of the Compunction which ſhould riſe 'in a Man that is begging Pardon of a Woman, for 'ſaying of her unjuſtly, that ſhe had affronted *her God* 'and *her Sovereign*. However, I will not bear hard 'upon his Contrition; but am now heartily ſorry I cal-'led him a Miſcreant, that Word I think ſignifies an 'Unbeliever. *Meſcroyant*, I take it, is the old *French* 'Word. I will give myſelf no manner of Liberty to 'make Gueſſes at him, if I may ſay him; for tho' 'ſometimes I have been told, by familiar Friends, that 'they ſaw me ſuch a time talking to the *Examiner*; 'others, who have rally'd me upon the Sins of my 'Youth, tell me it is credibly reported that I have for-'merly lain with the *Examiner*. I have carried my 'Point, and reſcued Innocence from Calumny; and it 'is nothing to me, whether the *Examiner* writes againſt 'me in the Character of an eſtranged Friend, or *an ex-'aſperated Miſtreſs*.

'HE is welcome from henceforward to treat me as 'he pleaſes; but as you have begun to oppoſe him, ne-'ver let Innocence or Merit be traduced by him. In 'particular, I beg of you, never let the Glory of our 'Nation, who made *France* tremble, and yet has that 'Gentleneſs to be unable to bear Oppoſition from the 'meaneſt of his own Countrymen, be calumniated in

'ſo

'ſo impudent a manner, as in the Inſinuation that he 'affected a perpetual Dictatorſhip. Let not a Set of 'Brave, Wiſe and Honeſt Men, who did all that has 'been done to place their Queen in ſo great a Figure, 'as to ſhow Mercy to the higheſt Potentate in *Europe*, 'be treated by ungenerous Men as Traitors and Betray-'ers. To prevent ſuch Evils is a Care worthy a Guar-'dian. Theſe are Exerciſes worthy the Spirit of a 'Man, and you ought to contemn all the Wit in the 'World againſt you, when you have the Conſolation 'that you act upon theſe honeſt Motives. If you ever 'ſhrink from them, get *Bat Pidgeon* to comb your 'Noddle, and write Sonnets on the Smiles of the *Spark-'ler*, but never call yourſelf *Guardian* more in a Na-'tion full of the Sentiments of Honour and Liberty.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

Richard Steele.

P. S. 'I know nothing of the Letter at *Morphew*'s.

N° 54 *Wedneſday, May* 13.

Neque ita porrò aut adulatus aut admiratus ſum Fortunam alterius, ut me meæ pœniteret. Tull.

I never flatter'd, or admired, another Man's Fortune, ſo as to be diſſatisfied with my own.

IT has been obſerved very often, in Authors Divine and Prophane, that we are all equal after Death, and this by way of Conſolation, for that deplorable Superiority which ſome among us ſeem to have over others; but it would be a Doctrine of much more comfortable Import, to eſtabliſh an Equality among the Living; for the Propagation of which Paradox I ſhall hazard the following Conceits.

I muſt

I muſt here lay it down, that I don't pretend to ſatisfy every barren Reader, that all Perſons that have hitherto apprehended themſelves extremely miſerable ſhall have immediate Succour from the Publication of this Paper; but ſhall endeavour to ſhew, that the Diſcerning ſhall be fully convinced of the Truth of this Aſſertion, and thereby obviate all the impertinent Accuſations of Providence for the Unequal Diſtribution of Good and Evil.

IF all Men had Reflexion enough to be ſenſible of this Equality of Happineſs; if they were not made uneaſy by Appearances of Superiority, there would be none of that Subordination and Subjection, of Thoſe that think themſelves leſs happy, to Thoſe they think more ſo, which is ſo very neceſſary for the Support of Buſineſs and Pleaſure.

THE common Turn of human Application may be divided into Love, Ambition and Avarice, and whatever Victories we gain in theſe our particular Purſuits, there will always be ſome one or other in the Paths we tread, whoſe ſuperior Happineſs will create new Uneaſineſs, and employ us in new Contrivances; and ſo thro' all Degrees there will ſtill remain the Inſatiable Deſire of ſome ſeeming unacquired Good, to imbitter the Poſſeſſion of whatever others we are accommodated with: And if we ſuppoſe a Man perfectly accommodated, and trace him through all the Gradations betwixt Neceſſity and Superfluity, we ſhall find that the Slavery which occaſioned his firſt Activity, is not Abated but only Diverſified.

THOSE, that are diſtreſſed upon ſuch Cauſes, as the World allows to warrant the keeneſt Affliction, are too apt, in the Compariſon of themſelves with others, to conclude that where there is not a Similitude of Cauſes, there cannot be of Affliction, and forget to relieve themſelves with this Conſideration, That the little Diſappointments in a Life of Pleaſure, are as terrible as thoſe in a Life of Buſineſs; and if the End of one Man is to ſpend his Time and Money as agreeably as he can, that of the other to ſave both, an Interruption in either of theſe Purſuits is of equal Conſequence to the Purſuers. Beſides, as every Trifle raiſeth the Mirth and Gaiety of the Men

Men of good Circumſtances, ſo do others as inconſiderable expoſe them to Spleen and Paſſion, and as *Solomon* ſays, *According to their Riches their Anger riſeth.*

ONE of the moſt bitter Circumſtances of Poverty has been obſerved to be, that it makes Men appear Ridiculous; but I believe this Affirmation may with more Juſtice be appropriated to Riches, ſince more Qualifications are required to become a great Fortune, than even to make one; and there are ſeveral pretty Perſons about Town, ten times more Ridiculous upon the very account of a good Eſtate, than they poſſibly could have been with the want of it.

I confeſs, having a mind to pay my Court to Fortune, I became an Adventurer in one of the late Lotteries; in which, though I got none of the great Prizes, I found no Occaſion to envy ſome of thoſe that did; comforting myſelf with this Contemplation, That Nature and Education having diſappointed all the Favours Fortune could beſtow upon them, they had gained no Superiority by an unenvied Affluence.

'TIS pleaſant to conſider, that whilſt we are lamenting our particular Afflictions to each other, and repining at the Inequality of Condition, were it poſſible to throw off our preſent miſerable State, we can't name the Perſon whoſe Condition in every Particular we would embrace and prefer; and an impartial Inquiry into the Pride, ill Nature, ill Health, Guilt, Spleen, or Particularity of Behaviour of others, generally ends in a Reconciliation to our dear ſelves.

THIS my way of Thinking is warranted by *Shakeſpear* in a very extraordinary Manner, where he makes *Richard* the Second, when depos'd and impriſon'd, debating a Matter, which would ſoon have been diſcuſs'd by a common Capacity, whether his Priſon or Palace was moſt eligible, and with very Philoſophical Heſitation leaving the Preference undetermined, in the following Lines.

——— *Sometimes am I a King,*
Then Treaſon makes me wiſh myſelf a Beggar,
And ſo indeed I am. Then cruſhing Penury
Perſuades me I was better when a King,
Then am I King'd again———

Prior

Prior ſays very prettily,

Againſt our Peace we arm our Will;
Amidſt our Plenty ſomething *ſtill*
For Horſes, Houſes, Pictures, Planting,
To thee, to me, to him is wanting.
That cruel ſomething *unpoſſeſt,*
Corrodes and leavens all the reſt.
That ſomething, *if we could obtain,*
Would ſoon create a future Pain.

GIVE me leave to fortify my unlearned Reader with another Bit of Wiſdom from *Juvenal* by *Dryden*.

Look round the habitable World, how few
Know their own Good, or knowing it, purſue?
How void of Reaſon are our Hopes and Fears!
What in the Conduct of our Life appears
So well deſign'd, ſo luckily begun,
But, when we have our Wiſh, we wiſh undone?

EVEN the Men that are diſtinguiſh'd by, and envied for, their ſuperior Good Senſe and Delicacy of Taſte, are ſubject to ſeveral Uneaſineſſes upon this Account, that the Men of leſs Penetration are utter Strangers to; and every little Abſurdity ruffles theſe fine Judgments, which would never diſturb the peaceful State of the leſs Diſcerning.

I ſhall end this Eſſay with the following Story. There is a Gentleman of my Acquaintance, of a Fortune, which may not only be called eaſy but ſuperfluous; yet this Perſon has, by a great deal of Reflexion, found out a Method to be as uneaſy as the worſt Circumſtances could have made him. By a free Life he had ſwelled himſelf above his natural Proportion, and by a reſtrained Life had ſhrunk below it, and being by Nature Splenetick, and by Leiſure more ſo, he began to bewail this his Loſs of Fleſh (tho' otherwiſe in perfect Health) as a very melancholy Diminution. He became therefore the Reverſe of *Cæſar*, and as a lean hungry-look'd Raſcal was the Delight of his Eyes, a flat ſleek-headed Fellow was his Abomination. To ſupport himſelf as well as he could, he took a Servant, for the very Reaſon every

one elſe would have refuſed him, for being in a deep Conſumption; and whilſt he has compared himſelf to this Creature, and with a Face of infinite Humour contemplated the Decay of his Body, I have ſeen the Maſter's Features proportionably riſe into a Boldneſs, as thoſe of his Slave ſunk and grew languid. It was his Intereſt therefore not to ſuffer the too haſty Diſſolution of a Being, upon which his own, in ſome Meaſure, depended. In ſhort the Fellow, by a little too much Indulgence, began to look gay and plump upon his Maſter, who, according to *Horace*,

Invidus alterius macreſcit rebus opimis;
Ep. 2. l. 1. v. 57.

Sickneſs, thro' Envy, at another's Good:

and as he took him only for being in a Conſumption, by the ſame way of thinking, he found it abſolutely neceſſary to diſmiſs him for not being in one; and has told me ſince, that he looks upon it as a very difficult Matter to furniſh himſelf with a Footman that is not altogether as happy as himſelf.

N° 55 *Thurſday, May* 14.

—— *quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipſam,*
Præmia ſi tollas? —— Juv. Sat. 10. v. 141.

For who wou'd Virtue for herſelf regard,
Or wed, without the Portion of Reward?

DRYDEN.

IT is uſual with Polemical Writers to object ill Deſigns to their Adverſaries. This turns their Argument into Satire, which inſtead of ſhewing an Error in the Underſtanding, tends only to expoſe the Morals of thoſe they write againſt. I ſhall not act after this manner with reſpect to the *Free-thinkers*. Virtue, and the Happineſs of Society, are the great Ends which all Men ought to promote, and ſome of that Sect would be thought

to

to have at Heart above the reſt of Mankind. But ſuppoſing thoſe who make that Profeſſion to carry on a good Deſign in the Simplicity of their Hearts, and according to their beſt Knowledge, yet it is much to be feared, thoſe well-meaning Souls, while they endeavoured to recommend Virtue, have in reality been advancing the Intereſts of Vice, which as I take to proceed from their Ignorance of Human Nature, we may hope, when they become ſenſible of their Miſtake, they will, in conſequence of that beneficent Principle they pretend to act upon, reform their Practice for the future.

THE Sages whom I have in my Eye ſpeak of Virtue as the moſt amiable thing in the World; but at the ſame time that they extol her Beauty, they take care to leſſen her Portion. Such innocent Creatures are they, and ſo great Strangers to the World, that they think this a likely Method to increaſe the Number of her Admirers.

VIRTUE has in herſelf the moſt engaging Charms; and Chriſtianity, as it places her in the ſtrongeſt Light, and adorned with all her native Attractions, ſo it kindles a new Fire in the Soul, by adding to them the unutterable Rewards which attend her Votaries in an Eternal State. Or if there are Men of a Saturnine and heavy Complexion, who are not eaſily lifted up by Hope, there is the Proſpect of everlaſting Puniſhments to agitate their Souls, and frighten them into the Practice of Virtue and an Averſion from Vice.

WHEREAS your ſober *Free-thinkers* tell you, that Virtue indeed is beautiful, and Vice deformed; the former deſerves your Love, and the latter your Abhorrence; but then, it is for their own Sake, or on Account of the Good and Evil which immediately attend them, and are inſeparable from their reſpective Natures. As for the Immortality of the Soul, or Eternal Puniſhments and Rewards, thoſe are openly ridiculed, or rendered ſuſpicious by the moſt ſly and laboured Artifice.

I will not ſay, theſe Men act treacherouſly in the Cauſe of Virtue; but, will any one deny, that they act fooliſhly, who pretend to advance the Intereſt of it by deſtroying or weakening the ſtrongeſt Motives to it, which are accommodated to all Capacities, and fitted to work

on all Diſpoſitions, and enforcing thoſe alone which can affect only a generous and exalted Mind?

SURELY *they* muſt be deſtitute of Paſſion themſelves, and unacquainted with the Force it hath on the Minds of others, who can imagine that the mere Beauty of Fortitude, Temperance and Juſtice, is ſufficient to ſuſtain the Mind of Man in a ſevere Courſe of Self-denial againſt all the Temptations of preſent Profit and Senſuality.

IT is my Opinion the *Free-thinkers* ſhould be treated as a Set of poor ignorant Creatures, that have not Senſe to diſcover the Excellency of Religion; it being evident thoſe Men are no Witches, nor likely to be guilty of any deep Deſign, who proclaim aloud to the World, that they have leſs Motives to Honeſty than the reſt of their Fellow-Subjects; who have all the Inducements to the Exerciſe of any Virtue which a *Free-thinker* can poſſibly have, and beſides the Expectation of never-ending Happineſs or Miſery as the Conſequence of their Choice.

ARE not Men actuated by their Paſſions, and are not Hope and Fear the moſt powerful of our Paſſions? and are there any Objects which can rouſe and awaken our Hopes and Fears, like thoſe Proſpects that warm and penetrate the Heart of a Chriſtian, but are not regarded by a *Free-thinker?*

IT is not only a clear Point, that a Chriſtian breaks through ſtronger Engagements whenever he ſurrenders himſelf to commit a criminal Action, and is ſtung with a ſharper Remorſe after it, than a *Free-thinker*; but it ſhould even ſeem that a Man who believes no future State, would act a fooliſh Part in being thoroughly honeſt. For what Reaſon is there why ſuch a one ſhould poſtpone his own private Intereſt or Pleaſure to the doing his Duty? If a Chriſtian foregoes ſome preſent Advantage for the ſake of his Conſcience, he acts accountably, becauſe it is with the View of gaining ſome greater future Good. But he that, having no ſuch View, ſhould yet conſcientiouſly deny himſelf a preſent Good in any Incident where he may ſave Appearances, is altogether as ſtupid as he that would truſt him at ſuch a Juncture.

IT will, perhaps, be ſaid, that Virtue is her own Reward, that a natural Gratification attends good Actions, which

which is alone ſufficient to excite Men to the Performance of them. But although there is nothing more lovely than Virtue, and the Practice of it is the ſureſt Way to ſolid, natural Happineſs, even in this Life; yet Titles, Eſtates, and fantaſtical Pleaſures, are more ardently ſought after by moſt Men, than the natural Gratifications of a reaſonable Mind; and it cannot be denied, that Virtue and Innocence are not always the readieſt Methods to attain that ſort of Happineſs. Beſides, the Fumes of Paſſion muſt be allayed, and Reaſon muſt burn brighter than ordinary, to enable Men to ſee and reliſh all the native Beauties and Delights of a virtuous Life. And tho' we ſhould grant our *Free-thinkers* to be a Set of refined Spirits, capable only of being enamoured of Virtue, yet what would become of the Bulk of Mankind who have groſs Underſtandings, but lively Senſes and ſtrong Paſſions? What a Deluge of Luſt, and Fraud, and Violence would in a little time overflow the whole Nation, if theſe wiſe Advocates for Morality were univerſally hearkened to? Laſtly, Opportunities do ſometimes offer in which a Man may wickedly make his Fortune, or indulge a Pleaſure, without fear of Temporal Damage, either in Reputation, Health or Fortune. In ſuch Caſes what Reſtraint do they lie under who have no Regards beyond the Grave? the inward Compunctions of a wicked, as well as the Joys of an upright Mind, being grafted on the Senſe of another State.

THE Thought, *that our Exiſtence terminates with this Life*, doth naturally check the Soul in any generous Purſuit, contract her Views, and fix them on temporary and ſelfiſh Ends. It dethrones the Reaſon, extinguiſhes all Noble and Heroick Sentiments, and ſubjects the Mind to the Slavery of every preſent Paſſion. The wiſe Heathens of Antiquity were not ignorant of this; hence they endeavoured by Fables and Conjectures, and the Glimmerings of Nature, to poſſeſs the Minds of Men with the Belief of a future State, which has been ſince brought to Light by the Goſpel, and is now moſt inconſiſtently decry'd by a few weak Men, who would have us believe that they promote Virtue by turning Religion into Ridicule.

N° 56 *Friday, May* 15.

Quid mentem traxiſſe polo, quid profuit altum
Erexiſſe caput? pecudum ſi more pererrant. Claud.

What profits us, that we from Heav'n derive
A Soul immortal, and with Looks erect
Survey the Stars, if, like the brutal Kind,
We follow where our Paſſions lead the Way?

I Was conſidering laſt Night, when I could not ſleep, how noble a Part of the Creation Man was deſigned to be, and how diſtinguiſhed in all his Actions above other Earthly Creatures. From whence I fell to take a View of the Change and Corruption which he has introduced into his own Condition, the groveling Appetites, the mean Characters of Senſe, and wild Courſes of Paſſions, that caſt him from the Degree in which Providence had placed him, the debaſing himſelf with Qualifications not his own, and his degenerating into a lower Sphere of Action. This inſpired me with a Mixture of Contempt and Anger; which, however, was not ſo violent as to hinder the Return of Sleep, but grew confuſed as that came upon me, and made me end my Reflexions with giving Mankind the opprobrious Names of Inconſiderate, Mad and Fooliſh.

HERE methought, where my waking Reaſon left the Subject, my Fancy purſued it in a Dream; and I imagined myſelf in a loud Soliloquy of Paſſion, railing at my Species, and walking hard to get rid of the Company I deſpiſed; when two Men, who had over-heard me made up on either hand. Theſe I obſerved had many Features in common, which might occaſion the Miſtake of one for the other in thoſe to whom they appear ſingle; but I, who ſaw them together, could eaſily perceive, that though there was an Air of Severity in each, it was tempered with a natural Sweetneſs in the one, and by turns conſtrained or ruffled by the Deſigns of Malice in the other.

I was

I was at a loſs to know the Reaſon of their joining me ſo briſkly, when he whoſe Appearance diſpleaſed me moſt, thus addreſſed his Companion, Pray Brother let him alone, and we ſhall immediately ſee him transformed into a Tiger. This ſtruck me with Horror, which the other perceived, and pitying my Diſorder, bid me be of good Courage, for though I had been Savage in my Treatment of Mankind, (whom I ſhould rather reform than rail againſt) he would, however, endeavour to reſcue me from my Danger. At this I looked a little more chearful, and while I teſtified my Reſignation to him, we ſaw the angry Brother fling away from us in a Paſſion for his Diſappointment. Being now left to my Friend, I went back with him at his Deſire, that I might know the Meaning of thoſe Words which had ſo affrighted me.

AS we went along, to inform you, ſays he, with whom you have this Adventure, my Name is *Reproof*, and his *Reproach*, both born of the ſame Mother, but of different Fathers. *Truth* is our common Parent. *Friendſhip*, who ſaw her, fell in Love with her, and ſhe being pleaſed with him, he begat me upon her, but a while after *Enmity* lying in Ambuſh for her, became the Father of him whom you ſaw along with me. The Temper of our Mother inclines us to the ſame ſort of Buſineſs, the informing Mankind of their Faults; but the different Complexions of our Fathers make us differ in our Deſigns and Company. I have a natural Benevolence in my Mind which engages me with Friends, and he a natural Impetuoſity in his, which caſts him among Enemies.

AS he thus diſcourſed we came to a Place where there were three Entrances into as many ſeveral Walks, which lay aſide of one another. We paſſed into the middlemoſt, a plain ſtraight regular Walk, ſet with Trees, which added to the Beauty of the Place, but did not ſo cloſe their Boughs over head as to exclude the Light from it. Here as we walked I was made to obſerve, how the Road on one hand was full of Rocks and Precipices, over which *Reproach* (who had already gotten thither) was furiouſly driving unhappy Wretches; the other Side was all laid out in Gardens of gaudy

Tulips, amongſt whoſe Leaves the Serpent wreath'd, and at the End of every graſſy Walk the Inchantreſs *Flattery* was weaving Bowers to lull Souls aſleep in. We continued ſtill walking on the middle Way, 'till we arrived at a Building in which it terminated. This was formerly erected by *Truth* for a Watch-Tower, from whence ſhe took a View of the Earth, and, as ſhe ſaw occaſion, ſent out *Reproof*, or even *Reproach*, for our Reformation. Over the Door I took notice that a Face was carved with a Heart upon the Lips of it, and preſently called to mind that this was the Ancients Emblem of *Sincerity*. In the Entrance I met with *Freedom of Speech* and *Complaiſance*, who had for a long time looked upon one another as Enemies; but *Reproof* has ſo happily brought them together, that they now act as Friends and Fellow-Agents in the ſame Family. Before I aſcended the Stairs, I had my Eyes purified by a Water which made me ſee extremely clear, and I think they ſaid it ſprung in a Pit, from whence (as *Democritus* had reported) they formerly brought up *Truth*, who had hid herſelf in it. I was then admitted to the upper Chamber of Proſpect, which was called *the Knowledge of Mankind*; here the Window was no ſooner opened but I perceived the Clouds to roll off and part before me, and a Scene of all the Variety of the World preſented itſelf.

BUT how different was Mankind in this View, from what it uſed to appear! Methought the very Shape of moſt of them was loſt; ſome had the Heads of Dogs, others of Apes or Parrots, and in ſhort, wherever any one took upon him the inferior and unworthy Qualities of other Creatures, the Change of his Soul became viſible in his Countenance. The ſtrutting Pride of him who is endued with Brutality inſtead of Courage made his Face ſhoot out into the Form of a *Horſe*'s; his Eyes became prominent, his Noſtrils widened, and his Wig untying flowed down on one Side of his Neck in a waving Mane. The Talkativeneſs of thoſe who love the Ill-nature of Converſation made them turn into *Aſſemblies* of *Geeſe*, their Lips hardened to Bills by eternal uſing, they gabbled for Diverſion, they hiſſed in Scandal, and their Ruffles falling back on their Arms, a Succeſſion of little Feathers appeared, which

which formed Wings for them to flutter with from one Viſit to another. The Envious and Malicious lay on the Ground with the Heads of different ſorts of Serpents, and not endeavouring to erect themſelves, but meditating Miſchief to others, they ſuck'd the Poiſon of the Earth, ſharpened their Tongues to Stings upon the Stones, and rolled their Trains unperceivably beneath their Habits. The Hypocritical Oppreſſors wore the Face of Crocodiles, their Mouths were Inſtruments of Cruelty, their Eyes of Deceit; they committed Wickedneſs, and bemoaned that there ſhould be ſo much of it in the World; they devoured the Unwary, and wept over the Remains of them. The Covetous had ſo hooked and worn their Fingers by counting Intereſt upon Intereſt, that they were converted to the Claws of Harpies, and theſe they ſtill were ſtretching out for more, yet ſtill ſeem'd unſatisfy'd with their Acquiſitions. The Sharpers had the Looks of Camelions; they every Minute changed their Appearance, and fed on Swarms of Flies which fell as ſo many Cullies amongſt them. The Bully ſeem'd a Dunghil Cock, he creſted well, and bore his Comb aloft; he was beaten by almoſt every one, yet ſtill ſung for Triumph; and only the mean Coward prick'd up the Ears of a Hare to fly before him. Criticks were turn'd into Cats, whoſe Pleaſure and Grumbling go together. Fops were Apes in embroidered Jackets. Flatterers were curl'd Spaniels, fawning and crouching. The Crafty had the Face of a Fox, the Slothful of an Aſs, the Cruel of a Wolf, the Ill-bred of a Bear, the Leachers were Goats, and the Gluttons Swine. Drunkenneſs was the only Vice that did not change the Face of its Profeſſors into that of another Creature; but this I took to be far from a Privilege, for theſe two Reaſons; becauſe it ſufficiently deforms them of itſelf, and becauſe none of the lower Rank of Beings is guilty of ſo fooliſh an Intemperance.

AS I was taking a View of theſe Repreſentations of Things, without any more Order than is uſual in a Dream, or in the Confuſion of the World itſelf, I perceived a Concern within me for what I ſaw; my Eyes began to moiſten, as if the Virtue of that Water with which they were purified was loſt for a time, by

their being touched with that which aroſe from a Paſſion, the Clouds immediately began to gather again, and cloſe from either hand upon the Proſpect. I then turned towards my Guide, who addreſſed himſelf to me after this manner. You have ſeen the Condition of Mankind when it deſcends from its Dignity; now therefore guard yourſelf from that Degeneracy by a modeſt Greatneſs of Spirit on one ſide, and a conſcious Shame on the other. Endeavour alſo with a Generoſity of Goodneſs to make your Friends aware of it; let them know what Defects you perceive are growing upon them; handle the Matter as you ſee Reaſon, either with the Airs of ſevere or humourous Affection; ſometimes plainly deſcribing the Degeneracy in its full proper Colours, or at other times letting them know that if they proceed as they have begun, you give them to ſuch a Day, or ſo many Months, to turn Bears, Wolves or Foxes, *&c.* Neither neglect your more remote Acquaintance, where you ſee any worthy and ſuſceptible of Admonition; expoſe the Beaſts whoſe Qualities you ſee them putting on, where you have no Mind to engage with their Perſons. The Poſſibility of their applying this is very obvious: The *Egyptians* ſaw it ſo clearly, that they made the Pictures of Animals explain their Minds to one another inſtead of Writing; and indeed it is hardly to be miſſed, ſince *Æſop* took them out of their mute Condition, and taught them to ſpeak for themſelves with relation to the Actions of Mankind.

MY Guide had thus concluded, and I was promiſing to write down what was ſhown me for the Service of the World, when I was awaken'd by a zealous old Servant of mine, who brought me the *Examiner*, and told me with Looks full of Concern, he was afraid I was in it again.

N° 57 *Saturday, May* 16.

Quàm multa injuſta ac prava fiunt moribus!
Ter. Heaut. Act. 4. Sc. 6.

How many unjuſt and wrong Things are authoriz'd by Cuſtom!

IT is of no ſmall Concern to me that the Intereſts of Virtue are ſupplanted by common Cuſtom, and Regard for indifferent things. Thus Mode and Faſhion defend the moſt abſurd and unjuſt Proceedings, and no Body is out of Countenance for doing what every Body practiſes, though at the ſame time there is no one who is not convinced in his own Judgment of the Errors in which he goes on with the Multitude. My Correſpondent, who writes me the following Letter, has put together a great many Points which would deſerve ſerious Conſideration, as much as things which at firſt Appearance bear a weightier Aſpect. He recites almoſt all the little Arts that are uſed in the way to Matrimony, by the Parents of young Women. There is nothing more common than for People, who have good and worthy Characters, to run without Reſpect to the Laws of Gratitude, into the moſt exorbitant Demands for their Children, upon no other Foundation than that which ſhould incline them to the quite contrary, the unreſerved Affection of the Lover. I ſhall at this time, by inſerting my Correſpondent's Letter, lay ſuch Offences before all Parents and Daughters reſpectively, and reſerve the particular Inſtances to be conſidered in future Precautions.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Eſq;*

SIR,

'I Have for ſome time retired myſelf from the Town and Buſineſs to a little Seat, where a pleaſant Champian Country, good Roads and healthful Air tempt me often Abroad, and being a ſingle Man have contracted

'more

'more acquaintance than is ſuitable to my Years, or 'agreeable to the Intentions of Retirement I brought 'down with me hither. Among others, I have a young 'Neighbour, who, yeſterday, imparted to me the Hiſto-'ry of an honourable Amour, which has been carried on 'a conſiderable time with a great deal of Love on his ſide, 'and (as he ſays he has been made to believe) with ſome-'thing very unlike Averſion on the young Lady's. But 'ſo Matters have been contrived, that he could never get 'to know her Mind throughly: When he was firſt ac-'quainted with her, he might be as intimate with her as 'other People; but ſince he firſt declared his Paſſion, he 'has never been admitted to wait upon her, or to ſee her, 'other than in Publick. If he went to her Father's Houſe, 'and deſired to viſit her, ſhe was either to be Sick, or 'out of the way, and no body would come near him in 'two Hours, and then he ſhould be received as if he 'had committed ſome ſtrange Offence. If he aſked her 'Father's leave to viſit her, the old Gentleman was mute. 'If he put it Negatively, and asked if he refuſed it, the 'Father would anſwer with a Smile, *No, I don't ſay ſo 'neither*. If they talked of the Fortune, he had conſi-'dered his Circumſtances, and it every day diminiſhed. 'If the Settlements came into Debate, he had conſidered 'the young Gentleman's Eſtate, and daily increaſed his 'Expectations. If the Mother was conſulted, ſhe was 'mightily for the Match, but affected ſtrangely the ſhew-'ing her Cunning in perplexing Matters. It went off 'ſeemingly ſeveral times, but my young Neighbour's 'Paſſion was ſuch that it eaſily revived upon the leaſt 'Encouragement given him; but tired out with Writing '(the only Liberty allowed him) and receiving Anſwers 'at Croſs Purpoſes, deſtitute of all Hopes, he at length 'wrote a formal Adieu; but it was very unfortunately 'timed, for ſoon after he had the long wiſh'd-for Oppor-'tunity of finding her at a diſtance from her Parents. 'Struck with the joyful News, in heat of Paſſion, re-'ſolute to do any thing rather than leave her, down he 'comes Poſt, directly to the Houſe where ſhe was, with-'out any preparatory Interceſſion after the Provocation 'of an Adieu. She, in a premeditated Anger to ſhew 'her Reſentment, refuſed to ſee him. He in a kind of

'fond

'fond Phrenzy, abſent from himſelf, and exaſperated into Rage, curſed her heartily; but returning to himſelf, was all Confuſion, Repentance and Submiſſion, but in vain; the Lady continued inexorable, and ſo the Affair ended in a manner that renders them very unlikely ever to meet again. Through the Purſuit of the whole Story (whereof I give but a ſhort Abſtract) my young Neighbour appeared ſo touched, and diſcover'd ſuch certain Marks of unfeigned Love, that I can't but be heartily ſorry for them both. When he was gone, I ſat down immediately to my Scrutoir, to give you the Account, whoſe Buſineſs, as a *Guardian*, it is to tell your Wards what is to be avoided, as well as what is fit to be done. And I humbly purpoſe that you will upon this Occaſion extend your Inſtructions to all ſorts of People, concerned in Treaties of this Nature, (which, of all others, do moſt nearly concern Human Life) ſuch as Parents, Daughters, Lovers, and Confidents of both Sexes. I deſire leave to obſerve, that the Miſtakes in this Courtſhip (which might otherwiſe probably have ſucceeded happily) ſeem chiefly theſe four, *viz.*

'1. THE Father's cloſe equivocal Management, ſo as always to keep a Reſervation to uſe upon Occaſion, when he found himſelf preſt.

'2. THE Mother's affecting to appear extremely Artful.

'3. A Notion, in the Daughter, (who is a Lady of ſingular Good Senſe and Virtue) that no Man can love her as he ought, who can deny any thing her Parents demand.

'4. CARRYING on the Affair by Letters and Confidents, without ſufficient Interviews.

'I think you cannot fail obliging many in the World, beſides my young Neighbour and me, if you pleaſe to give your Thoughts upon Treaties of this Nature, wherein all the Nobility and Gentry of this Nation (in the unfortunate Methods Marriages are at preſent in) come at one time or other unavoidably to be engaged; eſpecially it's my humble Requeſt you will be particular in ſpeaking to the following Points, to wit,

'1. WHE-

'1. WHETHER Honourable Love ought to be 'mentioned firſt to the young Lady or her Parents.

'2. IF to the young Lady firſt, whether a Man is 'obliged to comply with all the Parents demand after-'wards, under Pain of breaking off diſhonourably.

'3. IF to the Parents firſt, whether the Lover may 'inſiſt upon what the Father pretends to give, and re-'fuſe to make ſuch Settlement as muſt incapacitate him 'for any thing afterwards, without juſt Imputation of 'being Mercenary, or putting a Slight upon the Lady, 'by entertaining Views upon the Contingency of her 'Death.

'4. WHAT Inſtructions a Mother ought to give her 'Daughter upon ſuch Occaſions, and what the old La-'dy's Part properly is in ſuch Treaties, her Husband 'being alive.

'5. HOW far a young Lady is in Duty obliged to 'obſerve her Mother's Directions, and not to receive 'any Letters or Meſſages without her Knowledge.

'6. HOW far a Daughter is obliged to exert the 'Power ſhe has over her Lover, for the Eaſe and Ad-'vantage of her Father and his Family; and how far 'ſhe may conſult and endeavour the Intereſt of the Fa-'mily ſhe is to marry into.

'7. HOW far Letters and Confidents of both Sexes 'may regularly be employed, and wherein they are im-'proper.

'8. WHEN a young Lady's Pen is employed about 'Settlements, Fortunes, or the like, whether it be an 'Affront to give the ſame Anſwers as if it had been in 'the Hand Writing of thoſe that inſtructed her.

'LASTLY; be pleaſed at your Leiſure to correct 'that too common way among Fathers, of publiſhing 'in the World, that they will give their Daughters 'twice the Fortune they really intend, and thereby 'draw young Gentlemen, whoſe Eſtates are often in 'Debt, into a Dilemma, either of croſſing a fixed In-'clination, contracted by a long Habit of thinking up-'on the ſame Perſon, and ſo being miſerable that way, 'or elſe beginning the World under a Burden they can 'never get quit of.

'THUS,

'THUS, ſage Sir, have I laid before you all that 'does at preſent occur to me on the important Subject 'of Marriage; but before I ſeal up my Epiſtle, I muſt 'deſire you farther to conſider how far Treaties of this 'Sort come under the Head of Bargain and Sale. Whe-'ther you cannot find out Meaſures to have the whole 'tranſacted in fairer and more open Market than at pre-'ſent. How would it become you to put the Laws in 'Execution againſt Foreſtallers, who take up the young 'Things of each Sex before they are expoſed to an ho-'neſt Sale, or the Worth or Imperfection of the Pur-'chaſe is thoroughly conſider'd?

'WE mightily want a Demand for Women in theſe 'Parts.

I am, Sagacious Sir,
Your moſt Obedient and
moſt humble Servant,
T. L.

N° 58 *Monday, May* 18.

Nec ſibi ſed toti genitum ſe credere Mundo. Lucan.
Not for himſelf, but for the World, he lives.

A Publick Spirit is ſo great and amiable a Character, that moſt People pretend to it, and perhaps think they have it in the moſt ordinary Occurrences of Life. Mrs. *Cornelia Lizard* buys abundance of Romances for the Encouragement of Learning; and Mrs. *Annabella* ſquanders away her Money in buying fine Clothes, becauſe it ſets a great many poor People at Work. I know a Gentleman, who drinks vaſt quantities of Ale and *October*, to encourage our own Manufactures; and another who takes his three Bottles of *French* Claret every Night, becauſe it brings a great Cuſtom to the Crown.

I have been led into this Chat, by reading ſome Letters upon my Paper of *Thurſday* was ſennight. Having there

there acquainted the World, that I have, by long Contemplation and Philoſophy, attained to ſo great a Strength of Fancy, as to believe every thing to be my own, which other People poſſeſs only for Oſtentation; it ſeems that ſome Perſons have taken it in their Heads, that they are publick Benefactors to the World, while they are only indulging their own Ambition or Infirmities. My firſt Letter is from an ingenious Author, who is a great Friend to his Country, becauſe he can get neither Victuals nor Clothes any other way.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Eſq*;

SIR,

'OF all the Precautions with which you have inſtructed the World, I like that beſt, which is upon *Natural* and *Fantaſtical* Pleaſure, becauſe it falls in very much with my own way of Thinking. As you receive real Delight from what creates only imaginary Satisfactions in others; ſo do I raiſe to myſelf all the Conveniencies of Life by amuſing the Fancy of the World. I am, in a word, a Member of that numerous Tribe, who write for their Daily Bread. I flouriſh in a Dearth of Foreign News; and tho' I do not pretend to the Spleen I am never ſo well as in the time of a Weſterly Wind. When it blows from that auſpicious Point, I raiſe to myſelf Contributions from the *Britiſh* Iſle, by affrighting my Superſtitious Countrymen with Printed Relations of Murders, Spirits, Prodigies or Monſters. According as my Neceſſities ſuggeſt to me, I hereby provide for my Being. The laſt Summer I paid a large Debt for Brandy and Tobacco, by a wonderful Deſcription of a fiery Dragon, and lived for ten Days together upon a Whale and a Mermaid. When Winter draws near, I generally conjure up my Spirits, and have my Apparitions ready againſt long dark Evenings. From *November* laſt to *January* I lived ſolely upon Murders; and have, ſince that time, had a comfortable Subſiſtence from a Plague and a Famine. I made the Pope pay for my Beef and Mutton laſt *Lent*, out of pure Spite to the *Romiſh* Religion; and at preſent my good Friend the King of *Sweden* finds me in clean Linen, and the *Mufti* gets me Credit at the Tavern.

'THE

'THE aſtoniſhing Accounts that I record, I uſually 'enliven with Wooden Cuts, and the like paltry Em-'belliſhments. They adminiſter to the Curioſity of my 'Fellow-Subjects, and not only advance Religion and 'Virtue, but take reſtleſs Spirits off from meddling 'with the Publick Affairs. I therefore cannot think 'myſelf an uſeleſs Burden upon Earth; and that I 'may ſtill do the more Good in my Generation, I 'ſhall give the World, in a ſhort time, an Hiſtory of 'my Life, Studies, Maxims and Atchievements, pro-'vided my Bookſeller advances a round Sum for my 'Copy.

I am, SIR, Yours.

THE ſecond is from an old Friend of mine in the Country, who fancies that he is perpetually doing Good, becauſe he cannot live without Drinking.

Old IRON,

'WE take thy Papers in at the Bowling-Green, 'where the Country Gentlemen meet every '*Tueſday*, and we look upon thee as a comical Dog. Sir '*Harry* was hugely pleaſed at thy Fancy of growing 'rich at other Folks Coſt; and for my own part I like 'my own way of Life the better ſince I find I do my 'Neighbours as much Good as myſelf. I now ſmoke 'my Pipe with the greater Pleaſure, becauſe my Wife 'ſays, ſhe likes it well enough at ſecond Hand; and 'drink ſtale Beer the more hardly, becauſe, unleſs I will, 'no Body elſe does. I deſign to ſtand for our Borough 'the next Election, on purpoſe to make the Squire on 't'other ſide Tap luſtily for the Good of our Town; 'and have ſome thoughts of trying to get Knighted, 'becauſe our Neighbours take a Pride in ſaying, they 'have been with Sir ſuch a one.

'I have a Pack of pure ſlow Hounds againſt thou 'com'ſt into the Country, and *Nanny* my fat Doe ſhall 'bleed when we have thee at *Hawthorn-Hall*. Pr'ythee 'do not keep ſtaring at Gilt Coaches, and ſtealing 'Necklaces and Trinkets from People with thy Looks. 'Take my Word for't a Gallon of my *October* will do

'thee

'thee more Good than all thou canſt get by fine Sights 'at *London*, which I'll engage thou may'ſt put in the 'Shine of thine Eye.

I am, Old IRON,

Thine to Command,

Nic. Hawthorn.

THE third is from a Lady who is going to ruin her Family by Coaches and Liveries, purely out of Compaſſion to us poor People that cannot go to the Price of them.

SIR,

'I AM a Lady of Birth and Fortune, but never knew, 'till laſt *Thurſday*, that the Splendor of my Equipage 'was ſo beneficial to my Country. I will not de- 'ny that I have dreſt for ſome Years out of the Pride of 'my Heart; but am very glad that you have ſo far 'ſettled my Conſcience in that particular, that I can now 'look upon my Vanities as ſo many Virtues. Since I 'am ſatisfied that my Perſon and Garb give Pleaſure to 'my Fellow-Creatures, I ſhall not think the three 'Hours Buſineſs, I uſually attend at my Toilette, be- 'low the Dignity of a Rational Soul. I am content 'to ſuffer great Torment from my Stays, that my Shape 'may appear graceful to the Eyes of others; and often 'mortify myſelf with Faſting, rather than my Fatneſs 'ſhould give Diſtaſte to any Man in *England*.

'I am making up a rich Brocade for the Benefit of 'Mankind, and deſign, in a little time, to treat the 'Town with a thouſand Pounds worth of Jewels. I 'have ordered my Chariot to be new painted for your 'Uſe and the World's; and have prevailed upon my 'Huſband to preſent you with a Pair of fine *Flanders* 'Mares, by driving them every Evening round the 'Ring. Gay Pendants for my Ears, a coſtly Croſs for 'my Neck, a Diamond of the beſt Water for my Fin- 'ger, ſhall be purchaſed at any rate to enrich you; 'and I am reſolved to be a Patriot in every Limb. My 'Huſband will not ſcruple to oblige me in theſe Trifles,

'ſince

'ſince I have perſuaded him from your Scheme, that '*Pin Money* is only ſo much ſet apart for charitable Uſes. 'You ſee, Sir, how expenſive you are to me, and I 'hope you will eſteem me accordingly; eſpecially when 'I aſſure you that I am, as far as you can ſee me,

Intirely Yours,

CLEORA.

N° 59 *Tueſday, May* 19.

Sic Honor & nomen Divinis Vatibus atque
Carminibus venit ——— Hor. Ars Poet. v. 400.

So ancient is the Pedigree of Verſe,
And ſo divine a Poet's Function. ROSCOMMON.

THE Tragedy of *Cato* has increaſed the Number of my Correſpondents, but none of them can take it ill that I give the Preference to the Letters which come from a Learned Body, and which on this Occaſion may not improperly be termed the *Plauſus Academici*. The firſt is from my Lady *Lizard*'s youngeſt Son, who, (as I mentioned in a former *Precaution*) is Fellow of *All-Souls*, and applies himſelf to the Study of *Divinity*.

SIR,

'I Return you Thanks for your Preſent of *Cato*: I 'have read it over ſeveral times with the greateſt 'Attention and Pleaſure imaginable: You deſire to 'know my Thoughts of it, and at the ſame time com-'pliment me upon my Knowledge of the Ancient 'Poets; perhaps you may not allow me to be a good 'Judge of them, when I tell you, that the Tragedy 'of *Cato* exceeds, in my Opinion, any of the Drama-'tick Pieces of the Ancients. But thoſe are Books I 'have ſome time ſince laid by, being as you know en-'gaged in the Reading of Divinity, and converſant 'chiefly in the Poetry of *the truly inſpired Writers*. I

'ſcarce

'ſcarce thought any Modern Tragedy could have mixed 'ſuitably with ſuch ſerious Studies, and little imagined 'to have found ſuch exquiſite Poetry, much leſs ſuch 'exalted Sentiments of Virtue, in the Dramatick Per-'formance of a Cotemporary.

'HOW elegant, juſt and virtuous is that Reflexion 'of *Portius?*

The Ways of Heav'n are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in Mazes and perplex'd with Errors;
Our Underſtanding traces 'em in vain,
Loſt and bewildered in the fruitleſs Search;
Nor ſees with how much art the Windings run,
Nor where the Regular Confuſion ends.

'*CATO*'s Soliloquy at the beginning of the fifth 'Act is inimitable, as indeed is almoſt every thing in 'the whole Play; but what I would obſerve, by par-'ticularly pointing at theſe Places is, that ſuch virtuous 'and moral Sentiments were never before put into the 'Mouth of a *Britiſh* Actor; and I congratulate my 'Countrymen on the Virtue they have ſhown in giving 'them (as you tell me) ſuch loud and repeated Applauſes. 'They have now cleared themſelves of the Imputation 'which a late Writer had thrown upon them in his 'ſozd *Speculation.* Give me leave to tranſcribe his 'Words.

"IN the firſt Scene of *Terence*'s Play, the *Self-Tor-*"*mentor*, when one of the old Men accuſes the other "of Impertinence for interpoſing in his Affairs, he "anſwers, *I am a Man, and cannot help feeling any* "*Sorrow that can arrive at Man.* It is ſaid this Sen-"tence was received with Univerſal Applauſe. There "cannot be a greater Argument of the general good "Underſtanding of a People, than a ſudden Conſent "to give their Approbation of a Sentiment which has "no Emotion in it.

"IF it were ſpoken with never ſo great Skill in the "Actor, the manner of uttering that Sentence could "have nothing in it which could ſtrike any but People "of the greateſt Humanity, nay People elegant and "ſkilful in Obſervations upon it. It is poſſible he

"might

" might have laid his Hand on his Breaſt, and with a " winning Inſinuation in his Countenance, expreſſed to " his Neighbour, that he was a Man who made his " Caſe his own; yet I'll engage a Player in *Covent-* " *Garden* might hit ſuch on Attitude a thouſand times " before he would have been regarded." 'Theſe Ob- 'ſervations in favour of the *Roman* People, may now 'be very juſtly applied to our own Nation.

Here will I hold. If there's a Pow'r above us,
(And that there is all Nature cries aloud
Through all her Works) He muſt delight in Virtue;
And that which he delights in muſt be happy.

'THIS will be allow'd, I hope, to be as virtuous 'a Sentiment as that which he quotes out of *Terence*; 'and the general Applauſe with which (you ſay) it 'was received, muſt certainly make this Writer (not- 'withſtanding his great Aſſurance in pronouncing upon 'our ill Taſte) alter his Opinion of his Countrymen.

'OUR Poetry, I believe, and not our Morals, has 'been generally worſe than that of the *Romans*; for 'tis 'plain, when we can equal the beſt Dramatick Perfor- 'mance of that polite Age, a *Britiſh* Audience may vie 'with the *Roman* Theatre in the Virtue of their Ap- 'plauſes.

'HOWEVER different in other Things our Opi- 'nions may be, all Parties agree in doing Honour to 'a Man who is an Honour to our Country: How are 'our Hearts warmed by this excellent Tragedy with the 'Love of Liberty and our Conſtitution? How irreſiſti- 'ble is Virtue in the Character of *Cato?* Who would 'not ſay with the *Numidian* Prince to *Marcia*,

I'll gaze for ever on thy Godlike Father,
Tranſplanting, one by one, into my Life
His bright Perfections, till I ſhine like him.

'*Rome* herſelf received not ſo great Advantages from 'her Patriot, as *Britain* will from this admirable Re- 'preſentation of him: our *Britiſh Cato* improves our 'Language as well as our Morals, nor will it be in the Power,

'Power of Tyrants to rob us of him, (or, to uſe the 'laſt Line of an Epigram to the Author)

In vain your Cato *ſtabs, he cannot die.*

I am, SIR,

Oxon. All-Souls Col. *May* 6.

Your moſt Obliged, Humble Servant,
William Lizard.

Mr. IRONSIDE, *Oxon.* Chriſt-Church, *May* 7.

'YOU are, I perceive, a very wary old Fellow, 'more cautious than a late Brother-Writer of 'yours, who, at the Rehearſal of a new Play, would, 'at the hazard of his Judgment, endeavour to prepoſſeſs 'the Town in its Favour; whereas you very prudent-'ly waited till the Tragedy of *Cato* had gained an uni-'verſal and irreſiſtible Applauſe, and then with great 'Boldneſs venture to pronounce your Opinion of it to be 'the ſame with that of all Mankind. I'll leave you to 'conſider whether ſuch a Conduct becomes a *Guardian*, 'who ought to point out to us proper Entertainments, 'and inſtruct us when to beſtow our Aplpauſe. How-'ever, in ſo plain a Caſe, we did not wait for your 'Directions; and I muſt tell you, that none here were 'earlier or louder in their Praiſes of *Cato*, than we 'at *Chriſt-Church*. This may, I hope, convince you, 'that we don't deſerve the Character (which envious 'dull Fellows give us) of allowing no Body to have 'Wit or Parts but thoſe of our own Body, eſpecially 'when I let you know that we are many of us,

Your Affectionate, Humble Servants.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Eſq;*

Mr. IRONSIDE, *Oxon.* Wad. Col. *May* 7.

'WERE the *Seat of the Muſes* ſilent, while *London* 'is ſo loud in their Applauſe of *Cato*, the Univer-'ſity's Title to that Name might very well be ſuſpected;

'— in

'—in Juſtice therefore to your *Alma Mater*, let the 'World know our Opinion of that Tragedy here.

'THE Author's other Works had rais'd our Expec-'tation of it to a very great Height, yet it exceeds 'whatever we could promiſe to ourſelves from ſo great 'a Genius.

'*CÆSAR* will no longer be a Hero in our Decla-'mations: This Tragedy has at once ſtripp'd him of 'all the Flattery and falſe Colours, which Hiſtorians 'and the Claſſick Authors had thrown upon him, and 'we ſhall for the future treat him as a Murderer of the 'beſt Patriot of his Age, and a Deſtroyer of the Liber-'ties of his Country. *Cato*, as repreſented in theſe 'Scenes, will caſt a blacker Shade on the Memory of 'that Uſurper, than the Picture of him did upon his 'Triumph. Had this finiſh'd Dramatick Piece appear'd 'ſome hundred Years ago, *Cæſar* would have loſt ſo 'many Centuries of Fame, and Monarchs had diſdain'd 'to let themſelves be called by his Name. However it 'will be an Honour to the Times we live in, to have 'had ſuch a Work produced in them, and a pretty Spe-'culation for Poſterity to obſerve that the Tragedy of '*Cato* was acted with general Applauſe in 1713.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt Humble Servant, &c.

A. B.

P. S. The *French* Tranſlation of *Cato*, now in the Preſs, will, I hope, be *in Uſum Delphini*.

Wedneſday,

N° 60 *Wedneſday, May* 20.

Nihil legebat quod non excerperet. Plin. Epiſt.

He pick'd ſomething out of every thing he read.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Eſq;*

SIR,

'THERE is nothing in which Men deceive themſelves more ridiculouſly, than in the Point of Reading, and which, as it's commonly practiſed under the Notion of Improvement, has leſs Advantage. The generality of Readers who are pleaſed with wandring over a Number of Books almoſt at the ſame Inſtant, or if confined to one, who purſue the Author with much Hurry and Impatience to his laſt Page, muſt without doubt be allowed to be notable Digeſters. This unſettled way of Reading naturally ſeduces us into as undetermined a manner of Thinking, which unprofitably fatigues the Imagination, when a continued Chain of Thought would probably produce ineſtimable Concluſions. All Authors are eligible either for their Matter or Stile; if for the firſt, the Elucidation and Diſpoſition of it into proper Lights, ought to employ a judicious Reader; if for the laſt, he ought to obſerve how ſome common Words are ſtarted into a new Signification, how ſuch Epithets are beautifully reconciled to things that ſeemed incompatible, and muſt often remember the whole Structure of Period, becauſe by the leaſt Tranſpoſition, that Aſſemblage of Words which is called a Stile, becomes utterly annihilated. The ſwift Diſpatch of common Readers not only eludes their Memory, but betrays their Apprehenſion, when the Turn of Thought and Expreſſion would inſenſibly grow natural to them, would they but give themſelves time to receive the Impreſſion. Sup-

'poſe

'poſe we fix one of theſe Readers in his eaſy Chair, and 'obſerve him paſſing thro' a Book with a grave rumi-'nating Face, how ridiculouſly muſt he look, if we 'deſire him to give an Account of an Author he has 'juſt read over, and how unheeded muſt the general 'Character of it be, when given by one of theſe Serene 'Unobſervers? The common Defence of theſe People is, 'that they have no Deſign in Reading but for Pleaſure, 'which I think ſhould rather ariſe from the Reflexion 'and Remembrance of what one has read, than from the 'tranſient Satisfaction of what one does, and we ſhould 'be pleaſed proportionably as we are profited. 'Tis 'prodigious Arrogance in any one to imagine, that by 'one haſty courſe thro' a Book he can fully enter into 'the Soul and Secrets of a Writer, whoſe Life perhaps 'has been buſied in the Birth of ſuch Production. Books 'that don't immediately concern ſome Profeſſion or 'Science, are generally run over as meer empty Enter-'tainments, rather than as matter of Improvement; 'though in my Opinion, a refined Speculation upon 'Morality, or Hiſtory, requires as much Time and 'Capacity to collect and digeſt, as the moſt abſtruſe 'Treatiſe of any Profeſſion; and I think beſides, there 'can be no Book well written, but what muſt neceſſarily 'improve the Underſtanding of the Reader, even in 'the very Profeſſion to which he applies himſelf. For 'to reaſon with Strength, and expreſs himſelf with Pro-'priety, muſt equally concern the Divine, the Phyſician, 'and the Lawyer. My own courſe of looking into 'Books has occaſioned theſe Reflexions, and the fol-'lowing Account may ſuggeſt more.

'HAVING been bred up under a Relation that had 'a pretty large Study of Books, it became my Province 'once a Week to duſt them. In the performance of 'this my Duty, as I was obliged to take down every 'particular Book, I thought there was no way to de-'ceive the Toil of my Journey thro' the different Abodes 'and Habitations of theſe Authors, but by reading ſome-'thing in every one of them; and in this manner to 'make my Paſſage eaſy from the comely *Folio* in the 'upper Shelf or Region, even through the Crowd of '*Duodecimo's* in the lower. By frequent Exerciſe I be-

'came ſo great a Proficient in this tranſitory Application
'to Books, that I could hold open half a dozen ſmall
'Authors in an Hand, graſping them with as ſecure a
'Dexterity as a Drawer doth his Glaſſes, and feaſting
'my curious Eye with all of them at the ſame Inſtant.
'Through theſe Methods the natural Irreſolution of my
'Youth was much ſtrengthened, and having no Lei-
'ſure, if I had had Inclination, to make pertinent Ob-
'ſervations in Writing, I was thus confirmed a very
'early Wanderer. When I was ſent to *Oxford*, my
'chiefeſt Expence run upon Books, and my only Con-
'ſideration in ſuch Expence upon Numbers, ſo that
'you may be ſure I had what they call a choice Col-
'lection, ſometimes buying by the Pound, ſometimes
'by the Dozen, at other times by the hundred. For
'the more pleaſant Uſe of a multitude of Books, I had,
'by frequent Conferences with an ingenious Joiner,
'contrived a Machine of an orbicular Structure, that
'had its particular Receptions for a dozen Authors,
'and which with the leaſt touch of the Finger, would
'whirl round, and preſent the Reader at once with a
'delicious View of its full Furniture. Thrice a Day
'did I change, not only the Books but the Languages,
'and had uſed my Eye to ſuch a quick Succeſſion of
'Objects, that in the moſt precipitate Twirl I could
'catch a Sentence out of each Author, as it paſſed
'fleeting by me. Thus my Hours, Days and Years
'flew unprofitably away, but yet were agreeably
'lengthened by being diſtinguiſhed with this endearing
'Variety; and I can't but think myſelf very fortunate
'in my Contrivance of this Engine, with its ſeveral
'new Editions and Amendments, which have contri-
'buted ſo much to the Delight of all ſtudious Vaga-
'bonds. When I had been reſident the uſual Time at
'*Oxford* that gains one Admiſſion into the publick Li-
'brary, I was the happieſt Creature on Earth, pro-
'miſing to myſelf moſt delightful Travels thro' this
'new World of Literature. Sometimes you might ſee
'me mounted upon a Ladder, in ſearch of ſome *Ara-*
'*bian* Manuſcripts, which had ſlept in a certain Cor-
'ner undiſturbed for many Years. Once I had the Miſ-
'fortune to fall from this Eminence, and catching at

'the

'the Chains of the Books was ſeen hanging in a very 'merry Poſture, with two or three large Folio's rattling 'about my Neck, 'till the Humanity of Mr. *Crab*, the 'Librarian, diſintangled us.

'AS I always held it neceſſary to read in publick 'Places, by way of Oſtentation, but could not poſſibly 'travel with a Library in my Pockets, I took the fol-'lowing Method to gratify this Errantry of mine. I 'contrived a little Pocket-Book, each Leaf of which was 'a different Author, ſo that my wandring was indulged 'and concealed within the ſame Incloſure.

'THIS extravagant Humour, which ſhould ſeem 'to pronounce me irrecoverable, had the contrary Ef-'fect; and my Hand and Eye being thus confined to a 'ſingle Book, in a little time reconciled me to the 'Peruſal of a ſingle Author. However, I choſe ſuch a 'one as had as little Connexion as poſſible, turning to 'the *Proverbs* of *Solomon*, where the beſt Inſtructions 'are thrown together in the moſt beautiful Range ima-'ginable, and where I found all that Variety which I 'had before ſought in ſo many different Authors, and 'which was ſo neceſſary to beguile my Attention. By 'theſe proper Degrees, I have made ſo glorious a Re-'formation in my Studies, that I can keep Company 'with *Tully* in his moſt extended Periods, and work 'through the continued Narrations of the moſt prolix 'Hiſtorian. I now read nothing without making exact 'Collections, and ſhall ſhortly give the World an In-'ſtance of this in the Publication of the following 'Diſcourſes. The firſt is a learned Controverſy about 'the Exiſtence of Griffins, in which I hope to convince 'the World, that notwithſtanding ſuch a mixt Creature 'has been allowed by *Ælian*, *Solinus*, *Mela* and *Hero-'dotus*, that they have been perfectly miſtaken in that 'Matter, and ſhall ſupport myſelf by the Authority of '*Albertus*, *Pliny*, *Aldrovandus*, and *Matthias Micho-'vius*, which two laſt have clearly argued that Animal 'out of the Creation.

'THE Second is a Treatiſe of Sternutation or Sneez-'ing, with the original Cuſtom of ſaluting or bleſſing 'upon that Motion; as alſo with a Problem from *Ari-'ſtotle*, ſhewing why Sneezing from Noon to Night was

'innocent enough, from Night to Noon extremely un-
'fortunate.

'THE Third and moſt curious is my Diſcourſe up-
'on the Nature of the Lake *Aſphaltites*, or the Lake
'of *Sodom*, being a very careful Inquiry whether Brick-
'bats and Iron will ſwim in that Lake, and Feathers
'ſink, as *Pliny* and *Mandevill* have averr'd.

'THE diſcuſſing theſe Difficulties without Perplexity
'or Prejudice, the Labour in collecting and collating
'Matters of this Nature, will, I hope, in a great Mea-
'ſure atone for the idle Hours I have trifled away in
'Matters of leſs Importance.

I am, SIR,

Your Humble Servant.

N° 61 *Thurſday, May* 21.

——— *Primâque è cæde ferarum*
Incaluiſſe putem maculatum ſanguine ferrum.
Ovid. Met. l. 15. v. 106.

Th' Eſſay of bloody Feaſts on Brutes began,
And after forg'd the Sword to murder Man.
DRYDEN.

I Cannot think it extravagant to imagine, That Mankind are no leſs, in Proportion, accountable for the ill Uſe of their Dominion over Creatures of the lower Rank of Beings, than for the Exerciſe of Tyranny over their own Species. The more intirely the inferior Creation is ſubmitted to our Power, the more anſwerable we ſhould ſeem for our Miſmanagement of it; and the rather, as the very Condition of Nature renders theſe Creatures incapable of receiving any Recompence in another Life, for their ill Teatment in this.

'TIS obſervable of thoſe noxious Animals, which have Qualities moſt powerful to injure us, that they naturally

turally avoid Mankind, and never hurt us unleſs provoked, or neceſſitated by Hunger. Man, on the other hand, ſeeks out and purſues even the moſt innoffenſive Animals on purpoſe to perſecute and deſtroy them.

MONTAIGNE thinks it ſome Reflexion upon Human Nature itſelf, that few People take delight in ſeeing Beaſts careſs or play together, but almoſt every one is pleaſed to ſee them lacerate and worry one another. I am ſorry this Temper is become almoſt a diſtinguiſhing Character of our own Nation, from the Obſervation which is made by Foreigners of our beloved Paſtimes, *Bear-baiting*, *Cock-fighting*, and the like. We ſhould find it hard to vindicate the deſtroying of any thing that has Life, merely out of Wantonneſs; yet in this Principle our Children are bred up, and one of the firſt Pleaſures we allow them, is the Licence of inflicting Pain upon poor Animals: Almoſt as ſoon as we are ſenſible what Life is ourſelves, we make it our Sport to take it from other Creatures. I cannot but believe a very good Uſe might be made of the Fancy which Children have for Birds and Inſects. Mr. *Locke* takes notice of a Mother who permitted them to her Children, but rewarded or puniſhed them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily Exerciſe of Humanity, and improving their very Diverſion to a Virtue.

I fancy too, ſome Advantage might be taken of the common Notion, that 'tis ominous or unlucky to deſtroy ſome ſorts of Birds, as *Swallows* or *Martins*; this Opinion might poſſibly ariſe from the Confidence theſe Birds ſeem to put in us by building under our Roofs, ſo that it is a kind of Violation of the Laws of Hoſpitality to murder them. As for *Robin-red-breaſts* in particular, 'tis not improbable they owe their Security to the old Ballad of *the Children in the Wood*. However it be, I don't know, I ſay, why this Prejudice, well improved and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the Preſervation of many innocent Creatures, which are now expoſed to all the Wantonneſs of an ignorant Barbarity.

THERE are other Animals that have the Misfortune, for no manner of Reaſon, to be treated as com-

mon Enemies wherever found. The Conceit that a *Cat* has *Nine Lives*, has coſt at leaſt nine Lives in ten of the whole Race of them: Scarce a Boy in the Streets but has in this Point outdone *Hercules* himſelf, who was famous for killing a Monſter that had but *Three Lives*. Whether the unaccountable Animoſity againſt this uſeful Domeſtick may be any Cauſe of the general Perſecution of *Owls*, (who are a ſort of feather'd Cats) or whether it be only an unreaſonable Pique the Moderns have taken to a ſerious Countenance, I ſhall not determine. Tho' I am inclined to believe the former; ſince I obſerve the ſole Reaſon alledged for the Deſtruction of *Frogs* is becauſe they are like *Toads*. Yet amidſt all the Misfortunes of theſe unfriended Creatures, 'tis ſome Happineſs that we have not yet taken a Fancy to eat them: For ſhould our Countrymen refine upon the *French* never ſo little, 'tis not to be conceived to what unheard-of Torments *Owls*, *Cats* and *Frogs* may be yet reſerved.

WHEN we grow up to Men, we have another Succeſſion of Sanguinary Sports; in particular *Hunting*. I dare not attack a Diverſion which has ſuch Authority and Cuſtom to ſupport it, but muſt have leave to be of Opinion, that the Agitation of that Exerciſe, with the Example and Number of the Chaſers, not a little contribute to reſiſt thoſe *Checks*, which Compaſſion would naturally ſuggeſt in behalf of the Animal purſued. Nor ſhall I ſay with Monſieur *Fleury*, that this Sport is *a Remain of the* Gothick *Barbarity*; but I muſt animadvert upon a certain Cuſtom yet in uſe with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the *Goths*, or even the *Scythians*; I mean that Savage Compliment our Huntſmen paſs upon Ladies of Quality, who are preſent at the Death of a Stag, when they put the Knife in their Hands to cut the Throat of a helpleſs, trembling and weeping Creature.

——— *Queſtuque cruentus,*
Atque imploranti ſimilis.———

——— *That lies beneath the Knife,*
Looks up, and from her Butcher begs her Life.

BUT if our *Sports* are deſtructive, our *Gluttony* is more ſo, and in a more inhuman manner. *Lobſters roſted*

roſted alive, Pigs whipt to Death, Fowls ſew'd up, are Teſtimonies of our outrageous Luxury. Thoſe who (as *Seneca* expreſſes it) divide their Lives betwixt an Anxious Conſcience and a Nauſeated Stomach, have a juſt Reward of their Gluttony in the Diſeaſes it brings with it: For Human Savages, like other wild Beaſts, find Snares and Poiſon in the Proviſions of Life, and are allured by their Appetite to their Deſtruction. I know nothing more ſhocking or horrid, than the Proſpect of one of their Kitchens covered with Blood, and filled with the Cries of Creatures expiring in Tortures. It gives one an Image of a *Giant's Den* in a Romance, beſtrow'd with the ſcattered Heads and mangled Limbs of thoſe who were ſlain by his Cruelty.

THE excellent *Plutarch* (who has more Strokes of Good-nature in his Writings than I remember in any Author) cites a Saying of *Cato* to this Effect, *That 'tis no eaſy Taſk to preach to the Belly which has no Ears.* 'Yet if (ſays he) we are aſhamed to be ſo out of Fa-'ſhion as not to offend, let us at leaſt offend with ſome 'Diſcretion and Meaſure. If we kill an Animal for 'our Proviſion, let us do it with the Meltings of Com-'paſſion, and without tormenting it. Let us conſider, 'that 'tis in its own Nature Cruelty to put a living Crea-'ture to Death; we at leaſt deſtroy a Soul that has 'Senſe and Perception — In the Life of *Cato* the Cenſor, he takes occaſion from the ſevere Diſpoſition of that Man to diſcourſe in this manner. 'It ought to be 'eſteemed a Happineſs to Mankind, that our Humanity 'has a wider Sphere to exert itſelf in, than bare Juſtice. 'It is no more than the Obligation of our very Birth to 'practiſe Equity to our own Kind, but Humanity may 'be extended thro' the whole Order of Creatures, even 'to the meaneſt: Such Actions of Charity are the Over-'flowings of a mild Good-nature on all below us. It 'is certainly the part of a well-natured Man to take 'care of his Horſes and Dogs, not only in Expectation 'of their Labour while they are Foals and Whelps, 'but even when their old Age has made them incapable 'of Service.

HISTORY tells us of a wiſe and polite Nation that rejected a Perſon of the firſt Quality, who ſtood

for a Judiciary Office, only becauſe he had been obſerved in his Youth, to take Pleaſure in tearing and murdering of Birds. And of another that expelled a Man out of the Senate, for daſhing a Bird againſt the Ground which had taken ſhelter in his Boſom. Every one knows how remarkable the *Turks* are for their Humanity in this kind: I remember an *Arabian* Author, who has written a Treatiſe to ſhow, how far a Man ſuppoſed to have ſubſiſted in a Deſart Iſland, without any Inſtruction, or ſo much as the Sight of any other Man, may, by the pure Light of Nature, attain the Knowledge of Philoſophy and Virtue. One of the firſt things he makes him obſerve is, that univerſal Benevolence of Nature in the Protection and Preſervation of its Creatures. In Imitation of which the firſt Act of Virtue he thinks his ſelf-taught Philoſopher would of courſe fall into is, to relieve and aſſiſt all the Animals about him in their Wants and Diſtreſſes.

OVID has ſome very tender and pathetick Lines applicable to this Occaſion.

Quid meruiſtis, oves, placidum pecus, inque tegendos
Natum homines, pleno quæ fertis in Ubere nectar?
Mollia quæ nobis veſtras velamina lanas
Præbetis; vitâque magis quàm morte juvatis.
Quid meruere boves, animal ſine fraude doliſque,
Innocuum, ſimplex, natum tolerare labores?
Immemor eſt demum, nec frugum munere dignus,
Qui potuit, curvi dempto modo pondere aratri,
Ruricolam mactare ſuum—— Met. l. 15. v. 116.

Quàm malè conſuevit, quàm ſe parat ille cruori
Impius humano, Vituli qui guttura cultro
Rumpit, & immotas præbet mugitibus aures!
Aut qui vagitus ſimiles puerilibus hœdum
Edentem jugulare poteſt!—— Ib. v. 463.

The Sheep was ſacrificed on no Pretence,
But meek and unreſiſting Innocence.
A patient, uſeful Creature, born to bear
The warm and woolly Fleece, that cloth'd her Murderer;
And daily to give down the Milk ſhe bred,
A Tribute for the Graſs, on which ſhe fed.

Living

Living, both Food and Raiment ſhe ſupplies,
And is of leaſt Advantage, when ſhe dies.
How did the toiling Ox his Death deſerve?
A downright ſimple Drudge, and born to ſerve.
O Tyrant! with what Juſtice canſt thou hope
The Promiſe of the Year, a plenteous Crop;
When thou deſtroy'ſt thy lab'ring Steer, who till'd,
And plough'd with Pains, thy elſe ungrateful Field!
From his yet reeking Neck to draw the Yoke,
That Neck, with which the ſurly Clods he broke;
And to the Hatchet yield thy Huſbandman,
Who finiſh'd Autumn, and the Spring began?
\- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
What more Advance can Mortals make in Sin
So near Perfection, who with Blood begin?
Deaf to the Calf that lies beneath the Knife,
Looks up, and from her Butcher begs her Life:
Deaf to the harmleſs Kid, that, ere he dies,
All Methods to procure thy Mercy tries,
And imitates in vain the Children's Cries.

DRYDEN.

Perhaps that Voice or Cry ſo nearly reſembling the Human, with which Providence has endued ſo many different Animals, might purpoſely be given them to move our Pity, and prevent thoſe Cruelties we are too apt to inflict on our Fellow-Creatures.

THERE is a Paſſage in the Book of *Jonas*, when God declares his Unwillingneſs to deſtroy *Nineveh*, where methinks that Compaſſion of the Creator, which extends to the meaneſt Rank of his Creatures, is expreſſed with wonderful Tenderneſs——*Should I not ſpare Nineveh that great City, wherein are more than ſixſcore thouſand Perſons——and alſo much Cattle?* And we have in *Deuteronomy* a Precept of great Good-nature of this ſort, with a Bleſſing in Form annexed to it, in thoſe Words; *If thou ſhalt find a Bird's Neſt in the Way, thou ſhalt not take the Dam with the young: But thou ſhalt in any wiſe let the Dam go; that it may be well with thee, and that thou may'ſt prolong thy days.*

TO conclude, there is certainly a Degree of Gratitude owing to thoſe Animals that ſerve us; as for ſuch

as are Mortal or Noxious, we have a Right to deſtroy them; and for thoſe that are neither of Advantage or Prejudice to us, the common Enjoyment of Life is what I cannot think we ought to deprive them of.

THIS whole Matter, with regard to each of theſe Conſiderations, is ſet in a very agreeable Light in one of the *Perſian* Fables of *Pilpay*, with which I ſhall end this Paper.

A Traveller paſſing thro' a Thicket, and ſeeing a few Sparks of a Fire, which ſome Paſſengers had kindled as they went that way before, made up to it. On a ſudden the Sparks caught hold of a Buſh, in the midſt of which lay an Adder, and ſet it in Flames. The Adder intreated the Traveller's Aſſiſtance, who tying a Bag to the End of his Staff, reached it, and drew him out: He then bid him go where he pleaſed, but never more be hurtful to Men, ſince he owed his Life to a Man's Compaſſion. The Adder, however, prepared to ſting him, and when he expoſtulated how unjuſt it was to retaliate Good with Evil, I ſhall do no more (ſaid the Adder) than what you Men practiſe every Day, whoſe Cuſtom it is to requite Benefits with Ingratitude. If you cannot deny this Truth, let us refer it to the firſt we meet. The Man conſented, and ſeeing a Tree, put the Queſtion to it, in what Manner a good Turn was to be recompenſed? If you mean according to the Uſage of Men, (replied the Tree) by its contrary: I have been ſtanding here theſe hundred Years to protect them from the ſcorching Sun, and in requital they have cut down my Branches, and are going to ſaw my Body into Planks. Upon this the Adder inſulting the Man, he appealed to a ſecond Evidence, which was granted, and immediately they met a Cow. The ſame Demand was made, and much the ſame Anſwer given, that among Men it was certainly ſo. I know it (ſaid the Cow) by woful Experience; for I have ſerved a Man this long time with Milk, Butter and Cheeſe, and brought him beſides a Calf every Year; but now I am old, he turns me into this Paſture, with deſign to ſell me to a Butcher, who will ſhortly make an end of me. The Traveller upon this ſtood confounded, but deſired, of Courteſy, one Trial more, to be finally judged by the next Beaſt they

they ſhould meet. This happened to be the Fox, who upon hearing the Story in all its Circumſtances, could not be perſuaded it was poſſible for the Adder to enter in ſo narrow a Bag. The Adder to convince him went in again; when the Fox told the Man he had now his Enemy in his Power, and with that he faſtned the Bag, and cruſhed him to pieces.

N° 62 *Friday, May* 22.

O Fortunatos nimiùm, ſua ſi bona nórint!
Virg. Georg. 2. v. 458.
Too happy, if they knew their happy State!

UPON the late Election of *King*'s Scholars, my Curioſity drew me to *Weſtminſter*-School. The Sight of a Place where I had not been for many Years, revived in my Thoughts the tender Images of my Childhood, which by a great Length of Time had contracted a Softneſs that rendred them inexpreſſibly agreeable. As it is uſual with me to draw a ſecret unenvied Pleaſure from a thouſand Incidents overlooked by other Men, I threw myſelf into a ſhort Tranſport, forgetting my Age, and fancying myſelf a School-boy.

THIS Imagination was ſtrongly favoured by the Preſence of ſo many young Boys, in whoſe Looks were legible the ſprightly Paſſions of that Age, which raiſed in me a ſort of Sympathy. Warm Blood thrilled thro' every Vein; the faded Memory of thoſe Enjoyments that once gave me Pleaſure, put on more lively Colours, and a thouſand gay Amuſements filled my Mind.

IT was not without Regret, that I was forſaken by this waking Dream. The Cheapneſs of Puerile Delights, the guiltleſs Joy they leave upon the Mind, the blooming Hopes that lift up the Soul in the Aſcent of Life, the Pleaſure that attends the gradual Opening of the Imagination, and the Dawn of Reaſon, made me think moſt Men found that Stage the moſt agreeable Part of their Journey.

WHEN

WHEN Men come to riper Years, the innocent Diverſions which exalted the Spirits, and produced Health of Body, Indolence of Mind, and refreſhing Slumbers, are too oft exchanged for Criminal Delights, which fill the Soul with Anguiſh, and the Body with Diſeaſe. The grateful Employment of admiring and raiſing themſelves to an Imitation of the polite Stile, beautiful Images, and noble Sentiments of ancient Authors is abandoned for Law-*Latin*, the Lucubrations of our paltry News-mongers, and that Swarm of vile Pamphlets which corrupt our Taſte, and infeſt the Publick. The Ideas of Virtue, which the Characters of Heroes had imprinted on their Minds, inſenſibly wear out, and they come to be influenced by the nearer Examples of a degenerate Age.

IN the Morning of Life, when the Soul firſt makes her Entrance into the World, all things look freſh and gay; their Novelty ſurpriſes, and every little Glitter or gaudy Colour tranſports the Stranger. But by degrees the Senſe grows callous, and we loſe that exquiſite Reliſh of Trifles, by the Time our Minds ſhould be ſuppoſed ripe for Rational Entertainments. I cannot make this Reflexion without being touch'd with a Commiſeration of that Species call'd *Beaus*, the Happineſs of thoſe Men neceſſarily terminating with their Childhood; who, from a want of knowing other Purſuits, continue a Fondneſs for the Delights of that Age after the Reliſh of them is decayed.

PROVIDENCE hath with a bountiful Hand prepared Variety of Pleaſures for the various Stages of Life. It behoves us not to be wanting to ourſelves, in forwarding the Intention of Nature, by the Culture of our Minds, and a due Preparation of each Faculty for the Enjoyment of thoſe Objects it is capable of being affected with.

AS our Parts open and diſplay by gentle Degrees, we riſe from the Gratifications of Senſe, to reliſh thoſe of the Mind. In the Scale of Pleaſure the loweſt are ſenſual Delights, which are ſucceeded by the more enlarged Views and gay Portraitures of a lively Imagination; and theſe give way to the ſublimer Pleaſures of Reaſon, which diſcovers the Cauſes and Deſigns, the Frame,

Frame, Connexion and Symmetry of Things, and fills the Mind with the Contemplation of intellectual Beauty, Order and Truth.

HENCE I regard our publick Schools and Univerſities, not only as Nurſeries of Men for the Service of the Church and State, but alſo as Places deſigned to teach Mankind the moſt refined Luxury, to raiſe the Mind to its due Perfection, and give it a Taſte for thoſe Entertainments which afford the higheſt Tranſport, without the Groſſneſs or Remorſe that attend vulgar Enjoyments.

IN thoſe bleſſed Retreats Men enjoy the Sweets of Solitude, and yet converſe with the greateſt *Genii* that have appeared in every Age, wander through the delightful Mazes of every Art and Science, and as they gradually enlarge their Sphere of Knowledge, at once rejoice in their preſent Poſſeſſions, and are animated by the boundleſs Proſpect of future Diſcoveries. *There* a generous Emulation, a noble Thirſt of Fame, a Love of Truth and honourable Regards, reign in Minds as yet untainted from the World. *There* the Stock of Learning tranſmitted down from the Ancients, is preſerved, and receives a daily Increaſe; and it is *thence* propagated by Men, who having finiſhed their Studies, go into the World, and ſpread that general Knowledge and good Taſte throughout the Land, which is ſo diſtant from the Barbariſm of its ancient Inhabitants, or the fierce Genius of its Invaders. And as it is evident that our Literature is owing to the Schools and Univerſities, ſo it cannot be denied that theſe are owing to our Religion.

IT was chiefly, if not altogether, upon religious Conſiderations that Princes, as well as private Perſons, have erected Colleges and aſſigned liberal Endowments to Students and Profeſſors; upon the ſame Account they meet with Encouragement and Protection from all Chriſtian States, as being eſteemed a neceſſary Means to have the Sacred Oracles and Primitive Traditions of Chriſtianity preſerved and underſtood. And it is well known that after a long Night of Ignorance and Superſtition, the Reformation of the *Church* and that of *Learning* began together, and made proportionable Advances, the latter

havin-

having been the Effect of the former, which of Courſe engaged Men in the Study of the learned Languages and of Antiquity.

OR, if a *Free-thinker* is ignorant of theſe Facts, he may be convinced from the manifeſt Reaſon of the thing. Is it not plain that our Skill in Literature is owing to the Knowledge of *Greek* and *Latin*, which that they are ſtill preſerved among us, can be aſcribed only to a religious Regard? what elſe ſhould be the Cauſe why the Youth of *Chriſtendom*, above the reſt of Mankind, are educated in the painful Study of thoſe dead Languages, and that religious Societies ſhould peculiarly be employed in acquiring that ſort of Knowledge, and teaching it to others?

AND it is more than probable, that, in caſe our *Free-thinkers* could once atchieve their glorious Deſign of ſinking the Credit of the Chriſtian Religion, and cauſing thoſe Revenues to be withdrawn, which their wiſer Forefathers had appointed to the Support and Encouragement of its Teachers, in a little time the *Shaſter* would be as intelligible as the *Greek* Teſtament, and we, who want that Spirit and Curioſity which diſtinguiſhed the ancient *Grecians*, would by degrees relapſe into the ſame State of Barbariſm, which over-ſpread the Northern Nations before they were enlightened by Chriſtianity.

SOME, perhaps, from the ill Tendency and vile Taſte which appear in their Writings, may ſuſpect that the *Free-thinkers* are carrying on a malicious Deſign againſt the *Belles Lettres:* For my part, I rather conceive them as unthinking Wretches of ſhort Views and narrow Capacities, who are not able to penetrate into the Cauſes or Conſequences of things.

Saturday,

N° 63 *Saturday, May* 23.

Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἀλλά σὺ ῥῦσαι ὑπ' ἠέρος υἷας Ἀχαιῶν,
Ποίησον δ' αἴθρην, δὸς δ' ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἰδέσθαι,
Ἐν δὲ φάει ὄλεσσον. Hom. Il. 17. v. 645.

O King! O Father! hear my humble Pray'r:
Diſpel this Cloud, the Light of Heav'n reſtore,
Give me to ſee, and Ajax *asks no more:*
If Greece *muſt periſh, we thy Will obey,*
But let us periſh in the Face of Day! POPE.

I AM obliged, for many Reaſons, to inſert this firſt Letter, tho' it takes me out of my Way, eſpecially on a *Saturday*; but the Ribaldry of ſome Part of that will be abundantly made up by the Quotation in the ſecond.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Eſq;*

SIR, *Friday, May* 22, 1713.

'THE *Examiner* of this Day conſiſts of Reflexions 'upon the Letter I writ to you, publiſhed in yours 'of the 12th Inſtant. The Sentence upon which he 'ſpends moſt of his Invectives, is this, *I will give my-'ſelf no manner of Liberty to make Gueſſes at him, if I 'may ſay him; for tho' ſometimes I have been told by 'familiar Friends, that they ſaw me ſuch a time talking 'to the* Examiner; *others, who have rallied me upon the 'Sins of my Youth, tell me it is credibly reported that I have 'formerly lain with the* Examiner.

'NOW, Mr. IRONSIDE, *What was there in all 'this but ſaying, I cannot tell what to do in this Caſe: 'There has been named for this Paper one, for whom I 'have a Value, and another whom I cannot but neglect?* 'I have named no Man, but if there be any Gentleman, 'who wrongfully lies under the Imputation of being, or 'aſſiſting the *Examiner*, he would do well to do himſelf 'Juſtice, under his own Hand, in the Eye of the World. 'As to the exaſperated Miſtreſs, the *Examiner* demands

'in

'in her behalf, a *Reparation for offended Innocence.* 'This is pleaſant Language, when ſpoken of this Perſon; 'he wants to have me unſay what he makes me to have 'ſaid before. I declare then it was a falſe Report, 'which was ſpread concerning me and a Lady, ſome-'times reputed the Author of the *Examiner*; and I can 'now make her no Reparation, but in begging her 'Pardon, that I never lay with her.

'I ſpeak all this only in regard to the *Examiner's* 'Offended Innocence, and will make no Reply as to 'what relates merely to myſelf. *I have ſaid before, 'he is welcome from henceforward, to treat me as he 'pleaſes.* But the Bit of *Greek*, which I intreat you 'to put at the Front of To-morrow's Paper, ſpeaks all 'my Senſe on this Occaſion. It is a Speech put in the 'Mouth of *Ajax*, who is engaged in the dark: He cries 'out to *Jupiter, Give me but Day-light, let me but ſee 'my Foe, and let him deſtroy me if he can.*

'BUT when he repeats his Story of the General for 'Life, I cannot hear him with ſo much Patience; He 'may inſinuate what he pleaſes to the Miniſtry of me; 'but I am ſure I could not, if I would, by Detraction, 'do them more Injury than he does by his ill-placed, ig-'norant, nauſeous Flattery. One of them, whoſe Ta-'lent is Addreſs and Skill in the World, he calls *Cato*; 'another, whoſe Praiſe is Converſation-Wit and a Taſte 'of Pleaſures, is alſo *Cato:* Can any thing in Nature 'be more out of Character, or more expoſe thoſe whom 'he would recommend to the Rallery of his Adverſa-'ries than comparing theſe to *Cato?* but Gentlemen 'of their Eminence are to be treated with Reſpect, and 'not to ſuffer becauſe a Sycophant has applauded them 'in a wrong Place.

'AS much as he ſays I am in defiance with thoſe in 'preſent Power, I will lay before them one Point that 'would do them more Honour than any one Circum-'ſtance in their whole Adminiſtration; which is, to ſhew 'their Reſentment of the *Examiner's* nauſeous Applauſe 'of themſelves, and licentious Calumny of their Prede-'ceſſors; till they do themſelves that Juſtice Men of 'Senſe will believe they are pleaſed with the Adulation 'of a Proſtitute, who heaps upon them injudicious Ap-

'plauſes,

'plauſes, for which he makes way, by random Abuſes 'upon thoſe who are in preſent Poſſeſſion of all that is 'laudable.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

Richard Steele.

To Mr. IRONSIDE.

SIR,

'A Mind ſo well qualified as yours, muſt receive 'every Day large Improvements, when exerciſed 'upon ſuch Truths which are the Glory of our Natures; 'ſuch as thoſe which lead us to an endleſs Happineſs 'in our Life ſucceeding this. I herewith ſend you *Dr.* 'Lucas's *Practical Chriſtianity* for your ſerious Peru- 'ſal. If you have already read it, I deſire you would 'give it to one of your Friends who have not. I think 'you cannot recommend it better than in inſerting, by 'way of Specimen, theſe Paſſages which I point to you 'as follows.

'THAT I have in this State I am now in, a *Soul* as 'well as a *Body*, whoſe Intereſt concerns me, is a Truth 'my Senſe ſufficiently diſcovers; for I feel *Joys* and *Sor-* 'rows, which do not make their Abode in the Organs 'of the *Body*, but in the inmoſt Receſſes of the Mind; 'Pains and *Pleaſures* which Senſe is too groſs and hea- 'vy to partake of, as the *Peace* or *Trouble* of Conſcience 'in the Reflexion upon good or evil Actions, the *Delight* 'or *Vexation* of the Mind, in the Contemplation of, or a 'fruitleſs Inquiry after, excellent and important Truths.

'AND ſince I have ſuch a Soul capable of Happineſs 'or Miſery, it naturally follows, that it were ſottiſh and 'unreaſonable to *loſe* this Soul for the *Gain* of the 'whole World. For my Soul is *I myſelf*, and if *that* 'be miſerable *I* muſt needs be ſo. Outward Circum- 'ſtances of Fortune may give the World occaſion to *think* 'me happy, but they can never *make* me ſo. Shall I 'call myſelf happy, if Diſcontent and Sorrow eat out 'the Life and Spirit of my Soul? if Luſts and Paſſions 'riot and mutiny in my Boſom? if my Sins ſcatter an 'uneaſy Shame all o'er me, and my Guilt appales and

'frights

'frights me? What avails it me, that my Rooms are 'ſtately, my Tables full, my attendants numerous, and 'my Attire gaudy, if all this while my very *Being* pines 'and languiſhes away? *Theſe* indeed are rich and plea-'ſant things, but I nevertheleſs am a poor and miſerable 'Man: Therefore I conclude, that whatever this thing 'be I call a Soul, tho' it were a periſhing, dying thing, 'and would not out-live the Body, yet it were my Wiſ-'dom and Intereſt to prefer its Content and Satisfaction 'before all the World, unleſs I could chooſe to be *miſer-'able*, and *delight* to be *unhappy*.

'THIS very Conſideration, ſuppoſing the Uncer-'tainty of another World, would yet ſtrongly engage 'me to the Service of Religion, for all it aims at is to ba-'niſh Sin out of the World, which is the Source and 'Original of all the Troubles that diſquiet the Mind; '1. Sin, in its very Eſſence is nothing elſe but diſor-'dered, diſtempered Paſſions, Affections fooliſh and pre-'poſterous in their Choice, or wild and extravagant in 'their Proportion, which our own Experience ſufficient-'ly convinces us to be painful and uneaſy. 2. It en-'gages us in deſperate Hazards, wearies us with daily 'Toils, and often buries us in the Ruins we bring upon 'ourſelves: and *laſtly*, it fills our Hearts with Diſtruſt, 'and Fear, and Shame; for we ſhall never be able to 'perſuade ourſelves *fully*, that there is no Difference 'between Good and Evil, that there is no God, or 'none that concerns himſelf at the Actions of this Life; 'and if we cannot, we can never rid ourſelves of the 'Pangs and Stings of a troubled Conſcience, we ſhall ne-'ver be able to eſtabliſh a Peace and Calm in our Boſoms, 'and ſo enjoy our Pleaſure with a clear and uninterrupt-'ed Freedom. But if we could perſuade ourſelves in-'to the utmoſt Height of Atheiſm, yet ſtill we ſhall be 'under theſe two ſtrange Inconveniencies; 1. That a 'Life of Sin will be ſtill irregular and diſorderly, and 'therefore troubleſom; 2. That we ſhall have diſmant-'led our Souls of their greateſt Strengths, diſarm'd them 'of that Faith which only can ſupport them under the 'Afflictions of this preſent Life.

Monday,

N° 64 *Monday, May* 25.

——*Levium ſpectacula rerum.* Virg. Georg. 4. v. 3.
Trifles ſet out to Shew.

I Am told by ſeveral Perſons whom I have taken into my Ward, that it is to their great Damage I have digreſſed ſo much of late from the natural Courſe of my Precautions. They have addreſſed and petitioned me with Appellations and Titles, which admoniſh me to be that ſort of Patron which they want me to be, as follows.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Eſq*; *Patron of the Induſtrious.*

The humble Petition of John Longbottom, Charles Lilly, Bat Pidgeon, *and* J. Norwood, *Capital Artificers, moſt humbly ſheweth,*

'THAT your Petitioners behold, with great Sorrow, your Honour employing your important Moments in remedying Matters which nothing but Time can cure, and which do not ſo immediately, or at leaſt ſo profeſſedly, appertain to your office, as do the Concerns of us your Petitioners, and other Handicraft Perſons, who excel in their different and reſpective Dexterities.

'THAT as all Mechanicks are employed in accommodating the Dwellings, clothing the Perſons, or preparing the Diet of Mankind, your Petitioners ought to be placed firſt in your *Guardianſhip*, as being uſeful in a degree ſuperior to all other Workmen, and as being wholly converſant in clearing and adorning the Head of Man.

'THAT the ſaid *Longbottom*, above all the reſt of Mankind, is ſkilful in taking off that horrid Excreſence on the Chins of all Males, and caſting, by the touch of his Hand, a Chearfulneſs where that Excreſcence grew, an Art known only to this your Artificer.

'THAT

'THAT *Charles Lilly* prepares Snuff and Perfumes which refreſhes the Brain in thoſe who have too much for their Quiet, and gladdens it in thoſe who have too little to know their want of it.

'THAT *Bat Pidgeon* cuts the luxuriant Locks growing from the upper Part of the Head in ſo artful a manner, with regard to the Viſage, that he makes the Ringlets, falling by the Temples, conſpire with the Brows and Laſhes of the Eye, to heighten the Expreſſions of Modeſty and Intimations of Good-will, which are moſt infallibly communicated by Ocular Glances.

'THAT *J. Norwood* forms Periwigs with reſpect to particular Perſons and Viſages, on the ſame Plan that *Bat Pidgeon* corrects natural Hair; that he has a ſtrict Regard to the Climate under which his Cuſtomer was born, before he pretends to cover his Head; that no part of his Wig is compoſed of Hair which grew above twenty Miles from the Buyer's Place of Nativity; that the vere Neck-lock grew in the ſame Country, and all the Hair to the Face in the very Pariſh where he was born.

'THAT theſe your Cephalick Operators humbly intreat your more frequent Attention to the Mechanick Arts, and that you would place your Petitioners at the Head of the Family of the Coſmeticks, and your Petitioners ſhall ever pray, *&c.*

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Eſq*; Guardian *of good Fame.*

The Memorial of Eſau Ringwood *ſheweth,*

'THAT tho' Nymphs and Shepherds, Sonnets and Complaints, are no more to be ſeen nor heard in the Foreſts and Chaſes of *Great Britain*, yet are not the Huntſmen who now frequent the Woods ſo barbarous as repreſented in the *Guardian* of the 21ſt Inſtant; that the Knife is not preſented to the Lady of Quality by the Huntſman to cut the Throat of the Deer; but after he is killed, that Inſtrument is given her, as the Animal is now become Food, in token that all our Labour, Joy, and Exultation in the Purſuit, were excited from the ſole Hope of making the Stag

'an

'an Offering to her Table; That your Honour has de-
'tracted from the Humanity of Sportſmen in this Re-
'preſentation; That they demand you would retract
'your Error, and diſtinguiſh *Britons* from *Scythians*.

P. S. '*Repent, and eat Veniſon.*

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Eſq; Avenger of Detraction.*

The Humble Petition of Suſan How-d'ye-call *moſt humbly ſheweth,*

'THAT your Petitioner is mentioned at all Viſits,
'with an Account of Facts done by her, of Speeches
'ſhe has made, and of Journeys ſhe has taken, to all
'which Circumſtances your Petitioner is wholly a Stran-
'ger; That in every Family in *Great Britain*, Glaſſes
'and Cups are broken, and Utenſils diſplaced, and all
'theſe Faults laid upon Mrs. *How-d'ye-call*; That your
'Petitioner has apply'd to Counſel, upon theſe Grievan-
'ces; That your Petitioner is adviſed, that her Caſe
'is the ſame with that of *John-a-Styles*, and that ſhe
'is abuſed only by way of Form; your Petitioner there-
'fore moſt humbly prays, that in Behalf of herſelf,
'and all others defamed under the Term of Mr. or
'Mrs. *How-d'ye-call*, you will grant her and them the
'following Conceſſions; That no Reproach ſhall take
'place where the Perſon has not an Opportunity of
'defending himſelf; That the Phraſe of *a certain Per-
'ſon* means no certain Perſon: That the *How-d'ye-calls*,
'Some People, A certain Set of Men, There are Folks
'now-a-days, and Things are come to that paſs, are
'Words that ſhall concern no Body after the preſent
'*Monday* in *Whitſun-week*, 1713.

'THAT it is Baſeneſs to offend any Perſon, ex-
'cept the Offender expoſes himſelf to that Perſon's Exa-
'mination; That no Woman is defamed by any Man,
'without he names her Name; That exaſperated Miſ-
'treſs, Falſe Fair, and the like, ſhall from the ſaid
'*Whitſun-Monday*, ſignify no more than *Cloe*, *Corinna*,
'or Mrs. *How-d'ye-call*; That your Petitioner being an
'old Maid, may be join'd in Marriage to *John-a-Nokes*,

'or,

'or, in Caſe of his being reſolved upon Celibacy, to 'Tom Long the Carrier, and your Petitioner ſhall ever 'pray, &c.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Eſq;*

The Humble Petition of Hugh Pounce, *of* Grubſtreet, *ſheweth,*

'THAT in your firſt Paper you have touched upon 'the Affinity between all Arts which concern the 'Good of Society, and profeſſed that you ſhould pro-'mote a good Underſtanding between them.

'THAT your Petitioner is ſkilful in the Art and 'Myſtery of writing Verſes or Diſtichs.

'THAT your Petitioner does not write for Vain-'glory, but for the Uſe of Society.

'THAT, like the Art of Painting on Glaſs, the 'more durable Work of Writing upon Iron is almoſt loſt.

'THAT your Petitioner is retained as Poet to the 'Ironmongers Company.

'YOUR Petitioner therefore humbly deſires you 'would protect him in the ſole making of Poſies for 'Knives, and all manner of Learning to be wrought on 'Iron, and your Petitioner ſhall for ever pray.

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

'THO' every body has been Talking or Writing on 'the Subject of *Cato*, ever ſince the World was 'obliged with that Tragedy, there has not, methinks, 'been an Examination of it, which ſufficiently ſhows the 'Skill of the Author merely as a Poet. There are pe-'culiar Graces which ordinary Readers ought to be in-'ſtructed how to admire; among others, I am charmed 'with his artificial Expreſſions in well adapted Similes: 'There is no Part of Writing in which it is more dif-'ficult to ſucceed, for on ſublime Occaſions it requires 'at once the utmoſt Strength of the Imagination, and 'the ſevereſt Correction of the Judgment. Thus *Sy-'phax*, when he is forming to himſelf the ſudden and 'unexpected Deſtruction which is to befal the Man he

'hates,

'hates, expreſſes himſelf in an Image which none but 'a *Numidian* could have a lively Senſe of; but yet if the 'Author had ranged over all the Objects upon the Face 'of the Earth, he could not have found a Repreſenta-'tion of a Diſaſter ſo great, ſo ſudden, and ſo dread-'ful as this;

So where our wide Numidian *Waſtes extend,*
Sudden th' Impetuous Hurricanes deſcend,
Wheel thro' the Air, in circling Eddies play,
Tear up the Sands, and ſweep whole Plains away.
The helpleſs Traveller, with wild Surpriſe,
Sees the dry Deſart all around him riſe,
And ſmother'd in the duſty Whirlwind dies.

'When *Sempronius* promiſes himſelf the Poſſeſſion of '*Martia* by a Rape, he triumphs in the Proſpect, and 'exults in his Villany, by repreſenting it to himſelf in 'a manner wonderfully ſuited to the Vanity and Im-'piety of his Character.

So Pluto, *ſeiz'd of* Proſerpine, *convey'd*
To Hell's tremendous Gloom th' affrighted Maid,
There grimly ſmil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous Prize,
Nor envy'd Jove *his Sun-ſhine and his Skies.*

'Pray, old *Neſtor*, trouble thyſelf no more with the 'Squabbles of old Lovers, tell 'em from me, now they 'are paſt the Sins of the Fleſh, they are got into thoſe 'of the Spirit; Deſire hurts the Soul leſs than Malice; 'it is not now as when they were *Sappho* and *Phaon*.

I am, S I R,

Your affectionate humble Servant,

A. B.

Tueſday,

N° 65 *Tueſday, May* 26.

—— *Inter ſcabiem tantam & contagia* ——

Hor. Ep. 12. l. 1. v. 13.

Amidſt the Pois'n of ſuch infectious Times.

THERE is not any where, I believe, ſo much Talk about Religion, as among us in *England*; nor do I think it poſſible for the Wit of Man to deviſe Forms of Addreſs to the Almighty, in more ardent and forcible Terms than are every where to be found in our *Book of Common Prayer*. And yet I have heard it read with ſuch a Negligence, Affectation, and Impatience, that the Efficacy of it has been apparently loſt to all the Congregation: For my part I make no ſcruple to own it, that I go ſometimes to a particular Place in the City, far diſtant from mine own Home, to hear a Gentleman, whoſe Manner I admire, read the Liturgy. I am perſuaded Devotion is the greateſt Pleaſure of his Soul, and there is none hear him read without the utmoſt Reverence. I have ſeen the young People who have been interchanging Glances of Paſſion to each other's Perſon, check'd into an Attention to the Service at the Interruption which the Authority of his Voice has given them. But the other Morning I happened to riſe earlier than ordinary, and thought I could not paſs my Time better, than to go upon the Admonition of the Morning Bell to the Church Prayers at Six of the Clock. I was there the firſt of any in the Congregation, and had the Opportunity, however I made uſe of it, to look back on all my Life, and contemplate the Bleſſing and Advantage of ſuch ſtated early Hours for offering ourſelves to our Creator, and prepoſſeſs ourſelves with the Love of Him, and the Hopes we have from Him, againſt the Snares of Buſineſs and Pleaſure in the enſuing Day. But whether it be that People think fit to indulge their own Eaſe in ſome ſecret, pleaſing Fault, or whatever it was, there was none at the Confeſſion but a Set of poor Scrubs of

us

us, who could Sin only in our Wills, whoſe Perſons could be no Temptation to one another, and might have, without Interruption from any Body elſe, humble, lowly Hearts, in frightful Looks and dirty Dreſſes, at our Leiſure. When we poor Souls had preſented ourſelves with a Contrition ſuitable to our Worthleſneſs, ſome pretty young Ladies, in Mobbs, popped in here and there about the Church, clattering the Pew-Door after them, and ſquatting into a Whiſper behind their Fans. Among others one of Lady *Lizard*'s Daughters, and her hopeful Maid, made their Entrance; the young Lady did not omit the ardent Form behind the Fan, while the Maid immediately gaped round her to look for ſome other devout Perſon, whom I ſaw at a Diſtance very well dreſſed; his Air and Habit a little Military, but in the Pertneſs not the true Poſſeſſion of the Martial Character. This Jackanapes was fixed at the end of a Pew with the utmoſt Impudence, declaring, by a fixed Eye on that Seat, (where our Beauty was placed) the Object of his Devotion. This obſcene Sight gave me all the Indignation imaginable, and I could attend to nothing but the Reflexion that the greateſt Affronts imaginable are ſuch as no one can take notice of. Before I was out of ſuch vexatious Inadvertencies to the Buſineſs of the Place, there was a great deal of good Company now come in. There was a good number of very Janty Slatterns, who gave us to underſtand, that it is neither Dreſs nor Art to which they were beholden for the Town's Admiration. Beſides theſe, there were alſo by this time arrived two or three Sets of Whiſperers, who carry on moſt of their Calumnies by what they entertain one another with in that Place, and we were now altogether very good Company. There were indeed a few, in whoſe Looks there appeared an Heavenly Joy and Gladneſs upon the Entrance of a new Day, as if they had gone to Sleep with Expectation of it. For the Sake of theſe it is worth while that the Church keeps up ſuch early Mattins throughout the Cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*; but the Generality of thoſe who obſerve that Hour, perform it with ſo taſteleſs a Behaviour, that it appears a Task rather than a voluntary Act. But of all the World, thoſe familiar Ducks, who are, as it were, at home at the Church, and by fre-

quently meeting there, throw the time of Prayer very negligently into their Common Life, and make their coming together in that Place as ordinary as any other Action, and do not turn their Converſation upon any Improvements ſuitable to the true Deſign of that Houſe, but on Trifles below even their Worldly Concerns and Characters. Theſe are little Groups of Acquaintance diſperſed in all parts of the Town, who are, forſooth, the only People of unſpotted Characters, and throw all the Spots that ſtick on thoſe of other People. Malice is the ordinary Vice of thoſe who live in the Mode of Religion, without the Spirit of it. The pleaſurable World are hurried by their Paſſions above the Conſideration of what others think of them, into a Purſuit of irregular Enjoyments: while theſe, who forbear the Gratifications of Fleſh and Blood, without having won over the Spirit to the Intereſts of Virtue, are implacable in Defamations on the Errors of ſuch who offend without reſpect to Fame. But the Conſideration of Perſons whom one cannot but take notice of, when one ſees them in that Place, has drawn me out of my intended Talk, which was to bewail that People do not know the Pleaſure of early Hours, and of dedicating their firſt Moments of the Day, with Joy and Singleneſs of Heart to their Creator. Experience would convince us, that the earlier we left our Beds, the ſeldomer ſhould we be confined to them.

ONE great Good which would alſo accrue from this, were it become a Faſhion, would be, that 'tis poſſible our Chief Divines would condeſcend to pray themſelves, or at leaſt thoſe whom they ſubſtitute would be better ſupplied, than to be forced to appear at thoſe Oraiſons in a Garb and Attire which makes them appear mortify'd with worldly Want, and not abſtracted from the World by the Contempt of it. How is it poſſible for a Gentleman under the Income of fifty Pounds a Year, to be attentive to ſublime things? he muſt riſe and dreſs like a Labourer for a ſordid Hire, inſtead of approaching his Place of Service with the utmoſt Pleaſure and Satisfaction, that now he is going to be Mouth of a Crowd of People, who have laid aſide all the Diſtinctions of this contemptible Being, to beſeech a Protection under its manifold Pains and Diſadvantages, or a Releaſe from it,

it, by his Favour who ſent them into it. He would, with decent Superiority, look upon himſelf as Orator before the Throne of Grace, for a Crowd, who hang upon his Words, while he asks for them all that is neceſſary in a tranſitory Life, from the Aſſurance that a good Behaviour, for a few Moments in it, will purchaſe endleſs Joy and happy Immortality.

BUT who can place himſelf in this View, who, tho' nor pinched with Want, is diſtracted with Care from the Fear of it? No: A Man, in the leaſt Degree below the Spirit of a Saint or a Martyr, will loll, huddle over his Duty, look confuſed, or aſſume a Reſolution in his Behaviour which will be quite as ungraceful, except he is ſupported above the Neceſſities of Life.

Power and Commandment to his Miniſter to declare and pronounce to his People, is mentioned with a very unguarded Air, when the Speaker is known in his own private Condition to be almoſt an Object of their Pity and Charity. This laſt Circumſtance, with many others here looſely ſuggeſted, are the Occaſion that one knows not how to recommend to ſuch as have not already a fixed Senſe of Devotion, the Pleaſure of paſſing the earlieſt Hours of the Day in a publick Congregation. But were this Morning Solemnity as much in Vogue, even as it is now at more advanced Hours of the Day, it would neceſſarily have ſo good an Effect upon us, as to make us more diſengaged and chearful in Converſation, and leſs artful and inſincere in Buſineſs. The World would be quite another Place than it is now the reſt of the Day, and every Face would have an Alacrity in it, which can be borrowed from no other Reflexions, but thoſe which give us the aſſured Protection of Omnipotence.

Nº 66 *Wedneſday, May 27.*

Sæpe tribus lectis videas cœnare quaternos:
E quibus unus avet quavis aſpergere cunctos,
Præter eum qui præbet aquam: poſt, hunc quoque——
Hor. Sat. 4. l. 1. v. 86.

Set twelve at Supper, one above the reſt
Takes all the Talk, and breaks a ſcurvy Jeſt
On all, except the Maſter of the Feaſt:
At laſt on him——

THE following Letter is full of Imagination, and, in a fabulous manner, ſets forth a Connexion between Things, and an Alliance between Perſons that are very diſtant and remote to common Eyes. I think I know the Hand to be that of a very Ingenious Man, and ſhall therefore give it the Reader without farther Preface.

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

'THERE is a Set of Mankind, who are wholly employed in the Ill-natured Office of gathering up a Collection of Stories that leſſen the Reputation of others, and ſpreading them abroad with a certain Air of Satisfaction. Perhaps, indeed, an innocent unmeaning Curioſity, a Deſire of being informed concerning thoſe we live with, or a Willingneſs to profit by Reflexion upon the Actions of others, may ſometimes afford an Excuſe or ſometimes a Defence, for Inquiſitiveneſs; but certainly it is, beyond all Excuſe, a Tranſgreſſion againſt Humanity, to carry the Matter farther, to tear off the Dreſſings, as I may ſay, from the Wounds of a Friend, and expoſe them to the Air in cruel Fits of Diverſion; and yet we have ſomething more to bemoan, an Outrage of a higher Nature, which Mankind is guilty of when they are not content to ſpread the Stories of Folly, Frailty and Vice, but

'even

'even enlarge them, or invent new ones, and blacken 'Characters, that we may appear ridiculous or hateful 'to one another. From ſuch Practices as theſe it hap-'pens, that ſome feel a Sorrow, and others are agitated 'with a Spirit of Revenge, that Scandals or Lies are 'told, becauſe another has told ſuch before, that Re-'ſentments and Quarrels ariſe, and Affronts and Injuries 'are given, received and multiplied in a Scene of 'Vengeance.

'ALL this I have often obſerved with abundance of 'Concern, and having a perfect Deſire to further the 'Happineſs of Mankind, I lately ſet myſelf to conſi-'der the Cauſes from whence ſuch Evils ariſe, and the 'Remedies which may be applied. Whereupon I ſhut 'my Eyes to prevent a Diſtraction from outward Ob-'jects, and a while after ſhot away, upon an Impulſe 'of Thought, into the *World of Ideas*, where abſtracted 'Qualites became viſible in ſuch Appearances as were 'agreeable to each of their Natures.

'THAT part of the Country, where I happened to 'light, was the moſt Noiſy that I had ever known. The 'Winds whiſtled, the Leaves ruſtled, the Brooks rumbled, 'the Birds chatter'd, the Tongues of Men were heard, 'and the Echo mingled ſomething of every Sound in 'its Repetition, ſo that there was a ſtrange Confuſion and 'Uproar of Sounds about me. At length, as the Noiſe 'ſtill increaſed, I could diſcern a Man habited like a 'Herald (and as I afterwards underſtood) called *Novelty*, 'that came forward proclaiming a Solemn Day to be kept 'at the Houſe of *Common Fame*. Immediately behind him 'advanced three Nymphs, who had monſtrous Appea-'rances. The firſt of theſe was *Curioſity*, habited like a 'Virgin, and having an hundred Ears upon her Head to 'ſerve in her Inquiries. The ſecond of theſe was *Talka-'tiveneſs*, a little better grown, ſhe ſeemed to be like a 'young Wife, and had an hundred Tongues to ſpread 'her Stories. The third was *Cenſoriouſneſs*, habited 'like a Widow, and ſurrounded with an hundred Squint-'ing Eyes of a malignant Influence, which ſo oblique-'ly darted on all around; that it was impoſſible to ſay 'which of them had brought in the Information ſhe 'boaſted of. Theſe, as I was informed, had been very

inſtrumental in preſerving and rearing *Common Fame*, when upon her Birth-day ſhe was ſhuffled into a Crowd, to eſcape the Search which *Truth* might have made after her and her Parents. *Curioſity* found her there, *Talkativeneſs* convey'd her away, and *Cenſorioufneſs* ſo nurſed her up, that in a ſhort time ſhe grew to a prodigious Size, and obtained an Empire over the Univerſe; wherefore the *Power*, in Gratitude for theſe Services, has ſince advanced them to her higheſt Employments. The next who came forward in the Proceſſion was a light Damſel, called *Credulity*, who carried behind them the Lamp, the Silver Veſſel with a Spout, and other Inſtruments proper for this ſolemn Occaſion. She had formerly ſeen theſe three together, and conjecturing from the number of their Ears, Tongues and Eyes, that they might be the proper *Genii* of Attention, *Familiar Converſe*, and *Ocular Demonſtration*, ſhe from that time gave herſelf up to attend them. The laſt who followed were ſome who had cloſely muffled themſelves in upper Garments, ſo that I could not diſcern who they were; but juſt as the foremoſt of them was come up, I am glad, ſays ſhe, calling me by my Name, to meet you at this time, ſtay cloſe by me, and take a ſtrict Obſervation of all that paſſes: Her Voice was ſweet and commanding, I thought I had ſomewhere heard it; and from her, as I went along, I learned the Meaning of every thing which offered.

'WE now marched forward through the *Rookery* of *Rumours*, which flew thick and with a terrible din all around us. At length we arrived at the Houſe of *Common Fame*, where a Hecatomb of *Reputations* was that day to fall for her Pleaſure. The Houſe ſtood upon an Eminence, having a thouſand Paſſages to it, and a thouſand whiſpering Holes for the Conveyance of Sound. The Hall we entered was formed with the Art of a Muſick-Chamber for the Improvement of Noiſes. *Reſt* and *Silence* are baniſhed the Place, *Stories* of different Natures wander in light Flocks all about, ſometimes Truths and Lies, or ſometimes Lies themſelves claſhing againſt one another. In the middle ſtood a Table painted after the manner of the remoteſt *Aſiatick*

'Countries

'Countries upon which the Lamp, the Silver Veſſel, 'and Cups of a white Earth, were planted in order. 'Then dried Herbs were brought, collected for the So- 'lemnity in Moon-ſhine, and Water being put to them, 'there was a greeniſh Liquor made, to which they added 'the Flower of Milk, and an Extraction from the Canes 'of *America*, for performing a Libation to the Infernal 'Powers of Miſchief. After this, *Curioſity*, retiring to 'a withdrawing Room, brought forth the *Victims*, be- 'ing to Appearance a Set of ſmall waxen Images, 'which ſhe laid upon the Table one after another. Im- 'mediately then *Talkativeneſs* gave each of them the 'Name of ſome one, whom for that time they were to 'repreſent; and *Cenſorioufneſs* ſtuck them all about 'with black Pins, ſtill pronouncing at every one ſhe 'ſtuck, ſomething to the Prejudice of the Perſons re- 'preſented. No ſooner were theſe Rites performed, 'and Incantations uttered, but the Sound of a Speaking- 'Trumpet was heard in the Air, by which they knew 'the *Deity* of the Place was propitiated and aſſiſting. 'Upon this the Sky grew darker, a Storm aroſe, and 'Murmurs, Sighs, Groans, Cries, and the Words of 'Grief or Reſentment were heard within it. Thus the 'three *Sorcereſſes* diſcovered, that they, whoſe Names 'they had given to the Images, were already affected 'with what was done to them in Effigy. The Know- 'ledge of this was received with the loudeſt Laughter, 'and in many Congratulatory Words they applauded 'one another's Wit and Power.

'AS Matters were at this high Point of Diſorder, the 'muffled Lady, whom I attended on, being no longer 'able to endure ſuch barbarous Proceedings, threw off 'her upper Garment of *Reſerve*, and appeared to be '*Truth*. As ſoon as ſhe had confeſſed herſelf preſent, 'the Speaking-Trumpet ceas'd to ſound, the Sky cleared 'up, the Storm abated, the Noiſes which were heard 'in it ended, the Laughter of the Company was over, 'and a ſerene Light, till then unknown to the Place, 'diffuſed around it. At this the detected *Sorcereſſes* en- 'deavoured to eſcape in a Cloud which I ſaw began to 'thicken round them, but it was ſoon diſperſed, their 'Charms being controlled, and prevailed over by the

ſuperior *Divinity*. For my part I was exceedingly glad to ſee it ſo, and began to conſider what Puniſhments ſhe would inflict upon them. I fancied it would be proper to cut off *Curioſity*'s Ears, and fix them to the Eaves of the Houſes, to nail the Tongues of *Talkativeneſs* to *Indian* Tables, and to put out the Eyes of *Cenſoriouſneſs* with a Flaſh of her Light. In reſpect of *Credulity* I had indeed ſome little Pity, and had I been Judge ſhe might, perhaps, have eſcaped with a hearty Reproof.

'BUT I ſoon found that the diſcerning *Judge* had other Deſigns, ſhe knew them for ſuch as will not be deſtroyed intirely while Mankind is in being, and yet ought to have a Brand and Puniſhment affixed to them that they may be avoided. Wherefore ſhe took a Seat for Judgment, and had the *Criminals* brought forward by *Shame* ever bluſhing, and *Trouble* with a Whip of many Laſhes, two Phantoms who had dogged the *Proceſſion* in Diſguiſe, and waited till they had an Authority from *Truth* to lay Hands upon them. Immediately then ſhe ordered *Curioſity* and *Talkativeneſs* to be fetter'd together, that the one ſhould never ſuffer the other to reſt, nor the other ever let her remain undiſcovered. Light *Credulity* ſhe linkt to *Shame* at the Tormentor's own Requeſt, who was pleaſed to be thus ſecure that her Priſoner could not eſcape; and this was done partly for her Puniſhment, and partly for her Amendment. *Cenſoriouſneſs* was alſo in like manner begged by *Trouble*, and had her aſſigned for an eternal Companion. After they were thus chain'd with one another, by the Judge's Order, ſhe drove them from the Preſence to wander for ever thro' the World, with *Novelty* ſtalking before them.

'THE Cauſe being now over, ſhe retreated from ſight within the Splendor of her own Glory, which leaving the Houſe it had brightened, the Sounds that were proper to the Place began to be as loud and confuſed as when we entered, and there being no longer a clear diſtinguiſhed Appearance of any Objects repreſented to me, I returned from the Excurſion I had made in *Fancy*.

Thurſday,

Nº 67 *Thurſday, May* 28.

——————*nè fortè pudori*
Sic tibi Muſa lyræ ſolers, & cantor Apollo.
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 406.

Bluſh not to patronize the Muſe's Skill.

IT has been remarked, by curious Obſervers, that Poets are generally long-lived, and run beyond the uſual Age of Man, if not cut off by ſome Accident or Exceſs, as *Anacreon*, in the midſt of a very merry old Age, was choked with a Grape ſtone. The ſame Redundancy of Spirits, that produces the Poetical Flame, keeps up the vital Warmth, and adminiſters uncommon Fuel to Life. I queſtion not but ſeveral Inſtances will occur to my Reader's Memory, from *Homer* down to Mr. *Dryden*. I ſhall only take notice of two who have excelled in Lyricks, the one an Ancient, and the other a Modern. The firſt gain'd an immortal Reputation by celebrating ſeveral Jockeys in the *Olympick* Games, the laſt has ſignalized himſelf on the ſame Occaſion by the Ode that begins with *To Horſe, brave Boys, to* New-Market, *to Horſe*. My Reader will, by this time, know that the two Poets I have mentioned, are *Pindar* and Mr. *d'Urfey*. The former of theſe is long ſince laid in his Urn, after having, many Years together, endeared himſelf to all *Greece* by his tuneful Compoſitions. Our Countryman is ſtill living, and in a blooming old Age, that ſtill promiſes many muſical Productions; for if I am not miſtaken, our *Britiſh* Swan will ſing to the laſt. The beſt Judges who have peruſed his laſt Song on the *Moderate Man*, do not diſcover any Decay in his Parts, but think it deſerves a Place among the fineſt of thoſe Works with which he obliged the World in his more early Years.

I am led into this Subject by a Viſit which I lately received from my good old Friend and Contemporary.

As we both flouriſhed together in King *Charles* the Second's Reign, we diverted ourſelves with the Remembrance of ſeveral Particulars that paſſed in the World before the greateſt Part of my Readers were born, and could not but ſmile to think how inſenſibly we were grown into a Couple of venerable old Gentlemen. *Tom* obſerved to me, that after having written more Odes than *Horace*, and about four times as many Comedies as *Terence*, he was reduced to great Difficulties by the Importunities of a Set of Men, who, of late Years, had furniſhed him with the Accommodations of Life, and would not, as we ſay, be paid with a Song. In order to extricate my old Friend, I immediately ſent for the three Directors of the Play-houſe, and deſired them that they would in their Turn do a good Office for a Man, who, in *Shakeſpear*'s Phraſe, had often fill'd their Mouths, I mean with Pleaſantry and popular Conceits. They very generouſly liſtened to my Propoſal, and agreed to act *The Plotting Siſters*, (a very taking Play of my old Friends compoſing) on the 15th of the next Month, for the Benefit of the Author.

MY Kindneſs to the agreeable Mr. *d'Urfey* will be imperfect, if after having engaged the Players in his Favour, I do not get the Town to come into it. I muſt therefore heartily recommend to all the young Ladies, my Diſciples, the Caſe of my old Friend, who has often made their Grand-mothers merry, and whoſe Sonnets have perhaps lulled aſleep many a preſent Toaſt, when ſhe lay in her Cradle.

I have already prevailed on my Lady *Lizard* to be at the Houſe in one of the Front Boxes, and deſign, if I am in Town, to lead her in myſelf at the Head of her Daughters. The Gentleman I am ſpeaking of has laid Obligations on ſo many of his Countrymen, that I hope they will think this but a juſt Return to the good Service of a Veteran Poet.

I myſelf remember King *Charles* the Second leaning on *Tom d'Urfey*'s Shoulder more than once, and humming over a Song with him. It is certain that Monarch was not a little ſupported by *Joy to great Cæſar*, which gave the Whigs ſuch a Blow as they were not able to recover that whole Reign. My Friend afterwards attacked

tacked Popery with the ſame Succeſs, having expoſed *Bellarmine* and *Porto-Carero* more than once in ſhort ſatirical Compoſitions, which have been in every Body's Mouth. He has made uſe of *Italian* Tunes and Sonatas for promoting the Proteſtant Intereſt, and turned a conſiderable part of the Pope's Muſick againſt himſelf. In ſhort, he has obliged the Court with Political Sonnets, the Country with Dialogues and Paſtorals, the City with Deſcriptions of a Lord Mayor's Feaſt, not to mention his little Ode upon *Stool-Ball*, with many other of the like Nature.

SHOULD the very Individuals he has celebrated make their Appearance together, they would be ſufficient to fill the Play-houſe. *Pretty Peg of* Windſor, Gilian *of* Croydon, *with* Dolly *and* Molly, *and* Tommy *and* Johny, with many others to be met with in the Muſical Miſcellanies, entitled, *Pills to purge Melancholy*, would make a good Benefit Night.

AS my Friend, after the manner of the old Lyricks, accompanies his Works with his own Voice, he has been the Delight of the moſt Polite Companies and Converſations from the Beginning of King *Charles* the Second's Reign to our preſent Times. Many an honeſt Gentleman has got a Reputation in his Country, by pretending to have been in Company with *Tom d'Urfey*.

I might here mention ſeveral other Merits in my Friend; as his enriching our Language with a Multitude of Rhimes, and bringing Words together, that, without his good Offices, would never have been acquainted with one another, ſo long as it had been a Tongue. But I muſt not omit that my old Friend angles for a Trout the beſt of any Man in *England*. *May* Flies come in late this Seaſon, or I myſelf ſhould, before now, have had a Trout of his Hooking.

AFTER what I have ſaid, and much more that I might ſay, on this Subject, I queſtion not but the World will think that my old Friend ought not to paſs the Remainder of his Life in a Cage like a Singing Bird, but enjoy all that Pindarick Liberty which is ſuitable to a Man of his Genius. He has made the World merry, and I hope they will make him eaſy ſo long as he ſtays among us. This I will take upon me to ſay, they cannot do a

Kindneſs

Kindneſs to a more diverting Companion, or a more chearful, honeſt and good natured Man. ☞

N° 68 *Friday, May* 29.

Inſpicere, tanquam in ſpeculum, in vitas omnium
Jubeo, atque ex aliis ſumere exemplum ſibi.
Ter. Adelph. Act. 3. Sc. 4.

My Advice to him is, to conſult the Lives of other Men, as he wou'd a Looking-Glaſs, and from thence fetch Examples for his own Imitation.

THE Paper of to-day ſhall conſiſt of a Letter from my Friend Sir *Harry Lizard*, which, with my Anſwer, may be worth the Peruſal of young Men of Eſtates, and young Women without Fortunes. It is abſolutely neceſſary, that in our firſt vigorous Years we lay down ſome Law to ourſelves for the Conduct of future Life, which may at leaſt prevent eſſential Misfortunes. The cutting Cares which attend ſuch an Affection as that againſt which I forewarn my Friend Sir *Harry*, are very well known to all who are called the Men of Pleaſure; but when they have oppoſed their Satisfactions to their Anxieties in an impartial Examination, they will find their Life not only a Dream, but a troubled and vexatious one.

Dear Old Man,

'I believe you are very much ſurpriſed, that in the ſeveral Letters I have written to you, ſince the Receipt of that wherein you recommend a young Lady for a Wife to your humble Servant, I have not made the leaſt mention of that Matter. It happens at this time that I am not much inclin'd to marry; there are very many Matches in our Country, wherein the Parties live ſo inſipidly, or ſo vexatiouſly, that I am afraid to venture from their Example. Beſides, to tell

'you

'you the Truth, good NESTOR, I am informed 'your fine young Woman is ſoon to be diſpoſed of 'elſewhere. As to the young Ladies of my Acquain-'tance in your great Town, I do not know one whom 'I could think of as a Wife, who is not either pre-'poſſeſſed with ſome Inclination for ſome other Man, 'or affects Pleaſures and Entertainments, which ſhe pre-'fers to the Converſation of any Man living. Women 'of this kind are the moſt frequently met with of any 'ſort whatſoever, I mean they are the moſt frequent 'among People of Condition, that is to ſay, ſuch are 'eaſily to be had as would ſit at the Head of your Eſtate 'and Table, Lie in by you for the ſake of receiving 'Viſits in Pomp at the End of the Month, and enjoy 'the like Gratifications from the Support of your 'Fortune; but you yourſelf would ſignify no more to 'one of them than a Name in Truſt in a Settlement 'which conveys Land and Goods, but has no right 'for its own Uſe. A Woman of this turn can no 'more make a Wife, than an ambitious Man can be a 'Friend; they both ſacrifice all the true Taſtes of Be-'ing, and Motives of Life, for the Oſtentation, the 'Noiſe, and the Appearance of it. Their Hearts are 'turned to unnatural Objects, and as the Men of De-'ſign can carry them on with an Excluſion of their 'daily Companions, ſo Women of this kind of Gaiety 'can live at Bed and Board with a Man, without any 'Affection to his Perſon. As to any Woman that you 'examine hereafter for my ſake, if you can poſſibly 'find a Means to converſe with her at ſome Country-'Seat. If ſhe has no Reliſh for rural Views, but is 'undelighted with Streams, Fields and Groves, I deſire 'to hear no more of her, ſhe has departed from Nature, 'and is irrecoverably engaged in Vanity.

'I have ever been curious to obſerve the Arrogance of 'a Town Lady when ſhe firſt comes down to her Huſ-'band's Seat, and beholding her Country Neighbours, 'wants ſomebody to laugh with her at the frightful 'things to whom ſhe herſelf is equally ridiculous. The 'pretty pitty pat Step, the playing Head, and the fall-'back in the Curteſy, ſhe does not imagine, make her 'as unconverſable, and inacceſſible to our plain People,

'as

'as the loud Voice, and ungainly Stride, render one of 'our Huntreſſes to her. In a word, dear NESTOR, 'I beg you to ſuſpend all Inquiries towards my Matri-'mony till you hear further from,

SIR,

Your moſt obliged, and

Moſt humble Servant,

Harry Lizard.

A certain looſe Turn in this Letter, mixed indeed with ſome real Exceptions to the too frequent ſilly Choice made by Country Gentlemen, has given me no ſmall Anxiety: And I have ſent Sir *Harry* an Account of my Suſpicions as follows.

To Sir Harry Lizard.

SIR,

'YOUR Letter I have read over two or three times, 'and muſt be ſo free with you as to tell you it has 'in it ſomething which betrays you have loſt that Sim-'plicity of Heart with relation to Love, which I pro-'miſed myſelf would crown your Days with Happi-'neſs and Honour. The Alteration of your Mind to-'wards Marriage is not repreſented as flowing from Diſ-'cretion and Warineſs in the Choice, but a Diſinclina-'tion to that State in general; you ſeem ſecretly to pro-'poſe to yourſelf (for I will think no otherwiſe of a 'Man of your Age and Temper) all its Satisfactions out 'of it, and to avoid the Care and Inconveniences that 'attend thoſe who enter into it. I will not urge at this 'time the greateſt Conſideration of all, to wit, regard 'of Innocence; but having, I think, in my Eye, what 'you aim at, I muſt, as I am your Friend, acquaint you 'that you are going into a Wilderneſs of Cares and 'Diſtractions, from which you will never be able to 'extricate yourſelf, while the Compunctions of Ho-'nour and Pity are yet alive in you.

'WITHOUT naming Names, I have long ſuſpect-'ed your Deſigns upon a young Gentlewoman in your 'Neighbourhood, but give me leave to tell you with all 'the Earneſtneſs of a faithful Friend, that to enter into a

'criminal

‘ criminal Commerce with a Woman of Merit, whom
‘ you find innocent, is, of all the Follies in this Life, the
‘ moſt fruitful of Sorrow; you muſt make your Ap-
‘ proaches to her with the Benevolence and Language of
‘ a good Angel, in order to bring upon her Pollution and
‘ Shame, which is the Work of a *Demon:* The Faſhion
‘ of the World, the Warmth of Youth, and the Affluence
‘ of Fortune, may, perhaps, make you look upon
‘ me in this Talk like a poor well-meaning old Man,
‘ who is paſt thoſe Ardencies in which you at preſent
‘ triumph; but believe me, Sir, if you ſucceed in what
‘ I fear you deſign, you'll find the Sacrifice of Beauty and
‘ Innocence ſo ſtrong an Obligation upon you, that your
‘ whole Life will paſs away in the worſt Condition ima-
‘ ginable, that of Doubt and Irreſolution; you will ever
‘ be deſigning to leave her, and never do it; or elſe leave
‘ her for another, with a conſtant Longing after her.
‘ He is a very unhappy Man who does not reſerve the
‘ moſt pure and kind Affections of his Heart for his Mar-
‘ riage-Bed, he will otherwiſe be reduced to this melan-
‘ choly Circumſtance, that he gave his Miſtreſs that kind
‘ of Affection which was proper for his Wife, and has
‘ not for his Wife either that, or the uſual Inclination
‘ which Men beſtow upon their Miſtreſſes. After ſuch
‘ an Affair as this, you are a very lucky Man if you find
‘ a prudential Marriage is only inſipid, and not actually
‘ miſerable; a Woman, of as ancient a Family as your
‘ own, may come into the Houſe of the *Lizards*, mur-
‘ mur in your Bed, growl at your Table, rate your Ser-
‘ vants, and inſult yourſelf, while you bear all this with
‘ this unhappy Reflexion at the Bottom of your Heart,
‘ *This is all for the Injured* —— The Heart is ungovern-
‘ able enough, without being biaſſed by Prepoſſeſſions;
‘ how emphatically unhappy therefore is he, who, beſides
‘ the natural Vagrancy of Affection, has a Paſſion to one
‘ particular Object in which he ſees nothing but what is
‘ Lovely, except what proceeds from his own Guilt
‘ againſt it? I ſpeak to you, my dear Friend, as one who
‘ tenderly regards your Welfare, and beg of you to avoid
‘ this great Error, which has rendered ſo many agreeable
‘ Men unhappy before you. When a Man is engaged
‘ among the Diſſolute, Gay, and Artful of the Fair Sex, a

‘ Know-

'Knowledge of their Manners and Deſigns, their Fa-
'vours unendeared by Truth, their feigned Sorrows and
'groſs Flatteries, muſt in time reſcue a reaſonable Man
'from the Inchantment; but in a Caſe wherein you have
'none but yourſelf to accuſe, you'll find the beſt Part
'of a generous Mind torn away with her whenever you
'take your Leave of an injured, deſerving Woman.
'Come to Town, *fly from* Olinda, to your

Obedient humble Servant,

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

Nº 69 *Saturday, May* 30.

Jupiter eſt quodcunque vides——— Lucan.

Where-e'er you turn your Eyes, 'tis God you ſee.

I Had this Morning a very valuable and kind Preſent ſent me, of a tranſlated Work of a moſt excellent Foreign Writer, who makes a very conſiderable Figure in the Learned and Chriſtian World. It is entitled, *A Demonſtration of the Exiſtence, Widſom and Omnipotence of God*, drawn from the Knowledge of Nature, particularly of Man, and fitted to the meaneſt Capacity, by the Archbiſhop of *Cambray*, Author of *Telemachus*, and Tranſlated from the *French* by the ſame Hand that *Engliſhed* that excellent Piece. This great Author, in the Writings which he has before produced, has manifeſted an Heart full of virtuous Sentiments, great Benevolence to Mankind, as well as a ſincere and fervent Piety towards his Creator. His Talents and Parts are a very great Good to the World, and it is a pleaſing Thing to behold the polite Arts ſubſervient to Religion, and recommending it from its natural Beauty. Looking over the Letters of my Correſpondents, I find one which celebrates this Treatiſe, and recommends it to my Readers.

To

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

'I Think I have ſomewhere read, in the Writings of one whom I take to be a Friend of yours, a Saying which ſtruck me very much, and as I remember it was to this Purpoſe: *The Exiſtence of a God is ſo far from being a thing that wants to be proved, that I think it is the only thing of which we are certain.* This is a ſprightly and juſt Expreſſion; however, I dare ſay, you will not be diſpleaſed that I put you in mind of ſaying ſomething on the Demonſtration of the Biſhop of *Cambray*. A Man of his Talents views all things in a Light different from that in which ordinary Men ſee them, and the devout Diſpoſition of his Soul turns all thoſe Talents, to the Improvement of the Pleaſures of a good Life. His Stile clothes Philoſophy in a Dreſs almoſt Poetick, and his Readers enjoy in full Perfection the Advantage, while they are reading him, of being what he is. The pleaſing Repreſentation of the Animal Powers in the beginning of his Work, and his Conſideration of the Nature of Man with the Addition of Reaſon, in the ſubſequent Diſcourſe, impreſſes upon the Mind a ſtrong Satisfaction in itſelf, and Gratitude towards Him who beſtowed that Superiority over the Brute World. Theſe Thoughts had ſuch an Effect upon the Author himſelf, that he has ended his Diſcourſe with a Prayer. This Adoration has a Sublimity in it, befitting his Character, and the Emotions of his Heart flow from Wiſdom and Knowledge. I thought it would be proper for a *Saturday*'s Paper, and have tranſlated it, to make you a Preſent of it. I have not, as the Tranſlator was obliged to do, confined myſelf to an exact Verſion from the Original, but have endeavoured to expreſs the Spirit of it, by taking the liberty to render his Thoughts in ſuch a way as I ſhould have uttered them if they had been my own. It has been obſerved, that the private Letters of great Men are the beſt Pictures of their Souls, but certainly their private Devotions would be ſtill more Inſtructive, and I know not why they ſhould not be as curious and entertaining.

'IF

'IF you inſert this Prayer, I know not but I may 'ſend you, for another Occaſion, one uſed by a very 'great Wit of the laſt Age, which has Alluſions to the 'Errors of a very wild Life, and I believe you will 'think is written with an uncommon Spirit. The Per-'ſon whom I mean was an excellent Writer, and the 'Publication of this Prayer of his may be, perhaps, 'ſome kind of Antidote againſt the Infection in his other 'Writings. But this Supplication of the Biſhop has in 'it a more happy and untroubled Spirit; it is (if that 'is not ſaying ſomething too fond) the Worſhip of an 'Angel concerned for thoſe who had fallen, but himſelf 'ſtill in the State of Glory and Innocence. The Book 'ends with an Act of Devotion, to this Effect:

'O my God, if the greater Number of Mankind do 'not diſcover Thee in that glorious Show of Nature 'which thou haſt placed before our Eyes, it is not be-'cauſe Thou art far from every one of us; Thou art 'preſent to us more than any Object which we touch 'with our Hands; but our Senſes, and the Paſſions 'which they produce in us, turn our Attention from 'Thee. Thy Light ſhines in the midſt of Darkneſs, 'but the Darkneſs comprehends it not. Thou, O Lord, 'doſt every where diſplay thyſelf. Thou ſhineſt in all 'thy Works, but art not regarded by heedleſs and un-'thinking Man. The whole Creation talks aloud of 'Thee, and echos with the Repetitions of thy Holy 'Name. But ſuch is our Inſenſibility, that we are 'deaf to the great and univerſal Voice of Nature. Thou 'art every where about us, and within us; but we wander 'from ourſelves, become Strangers to our own Souls, 'and do not apprehend thy Preſence. O thou who art 'the eternal Fountain of Light and Beauty, who art 'the Ancient of Days, without Beginning and without 'End; O Thou, who art the Life of all that truly live, 'thoſe can never fail to find Thee, who ſeek for Thee 'within themſelves. But alas, the very Gifts which 'Thou beſtoweſt upon us, do ſo employ our Thoughts, 'that they hinder us from perceiving the Hand which 'conveys them to us. We live by Thee, and yet we 'live without thinking on Thee; but O Lord, what is 'Life in the Ignorance of Thee? A dead unactive Piece

'of

'of Matter, a Flower that withers, a River that glides 'away, a Palace that haſtens to its Ruin, a Picture 'made up of fading Colours, a Maſs of ſhining Ore, 'ſtrike our Imaginations, and make us ſenſible of their 'Exiſtence. We regard them as Objects capable of 'giving us Pleaſure, not conſidering that thou convey-'eſt through them all the Pleaſure which we imagine 'they give us. Such vain empty Objects that are only 'the Shadows of Being, are proportioned to our low 'and groveling Thoughts. That Beauty which Thou 'haſt poured out on thy Creation, is as a Veil which 'hides thee from our Eyes. As Thou art a Being too 'pure and exalted to paſs through our Senſes, Thou art 'not regarded by Men, who have debaſed their Nature, 'and have made themſelves like the Beaſts that periſh. 'So infatuated are they, that, notwithſtanding they 'know what is Wiſdom and Virtue, which have neither 'Sound, nor Colour, nor Smell, nor Taſte, nor Fi-'gure, nor any other ſenſible Quality, they can doubt 'of thy Exiſtence, becauſe thou art not apprehended by 'the groſſer Organs of Senſe. Wretches that we are! 'we conſider Shadows as Realities, and Truth as a 'Phantom. That which is Nothing is All to us, and 'that which is All appears to us Nothing. What do we 'ſee in all Nature but Thee, O my God! Thou, and 'only Thou, appeareſt in every thing. When I conſi-'der Thee, O Lord, I am ſwallowed up and loſt in 'Contemplation of Thee. Every thing beſides Thee, 'even my own Exiſtence, vaniſhes and diſappears in 'the Contemplation of Thee. I am loſt to myſelf, and 'fall into nothing, when I think on Thee. The Man 'who does not ſee Thee, has beheld nothing; he who 'does not taſte Thee, has a Reliſh of nothing. His Be-'ing is vain, and his Life but a Dream. Set up Thy-'ſelf, O Lord, ſet up Thyſelf that we may behold 'Thee. As Wax conſumes before the Fire, and as the 'Smoke is driven away, ſo let Thine Enemies vaniſh 'out of thy Preſence. How unhappy is that Soul who, 'without the Senſe of Thee, has no God, no Hope, no 'Comfort to ſupport him? but how happy the Man 'who ſearches, ſighs, and thirſts after Thee! But he 'only is fully happy on whom Thou lifteſt up the Light

'of

« of thy Countenance, whoſe Tears Thou haſt wiped
« away, and who enjoys in Thy Loving-kindneſs the
« Completion of all his Deſires. How long, How long,
« O Lord, ſhall I wait for that Day, when I ſhall poſ-
« ſeſs, in thy Preſence, Fulneſs of Joy and Pleaſures for
« evermore? O my God, in this pleaſing Hope, my
« Bones rejoice and cry out, Who is like unto Thee! My
« Heart melts away, and my Soul faints within me,
« when I look up to Thee who art the God of my
« Life, and my Portion to all Eternity.

Nº 70 *Monday, June* 1.

——*mentiſque capacius altæ.* Ovid. Met. l. 1. v. 76.

Of Thoughts enlarged, and more exalted Mind.

AS I was the other Day taking a ſolitary Walk in St. *Paul*'s, I indulged my Thoughts in the Purſuit of a certain Analogy between the Fabrick and the *Chriſtian Church* in the largeſt Senſe. The Divine Order and Oeconomy of the one ſeemed to be emblematically ſet forth by the juſt, plain, and majeſtick Architecture of the other. And as the one conſiſts of a great Variety of Parts united in the ſame regular Deſign, according to the trueſt Art, and moſt exact Proportion; ſo the other contains a decent Subordination of Members, various ſacred Inſtitutions, ſublime Doctrines, and ſolid Precepts of Morality digeſted into the ſame Deſign, and with an admirable Concurrence tending to one View, the Happineſs and Exaltation of Human Nature.

IN the midſt of my Contemplation, I beheld a Fly upon one of the Pillars; and it ſtraightway came into my Head, that this ſame Fly was a *Free-thinker*. For it required ſome Comprehenſion in the Eye of the Spectator, to take in at one View the various Parts of the Building, in order to obſerve their Symmetry and Deſign. But to the Fly, whoſe Proſpect was confined to a little Part of one of the Stones of a ſingle Pillar, the joint Beauty of

the

the whole, or the diſtinct Uſe of its Parts, were inconſpicuous, and nothing could appear but ſmall Inequalities in the Surface of the hewn Stone, which in the View of that Inſect ſeemed ſo many deformed Rocks and Precipices.

THE Thoughts of a *Free-thinker* are employed on certain minute Particularities of Religion, the Difficulty of a ſingle Text, or the Unaccountableneſs of ſome Step of Providence or Point of Doctrine to his narrow Faculties, without comprehending the Scope and Deſign of Chriſtianity, the Perfection to which it raiſeth human Nature, the Light it hath ſhed abroad in the World, and the cloſe Connexion it hath as well with the Good of Publick Societies, as with that of particular Perſons.

THIS raiſed in me ſome Reflexions on that Frame or Diſpoſition which is called *Largeneſs of Mind*, its Neceſſity towards forming a true Judgment of Things, and where the Soul is not incurably ſtinted by Nature, what are the likelieſt Methods to give it Enlargement.

IT is evident that Philoſophy doth open and enlarge the Mind, by the general Views to which Men are habituated in that Study, and by the Contemplation of more numerous and diſtant Objects, than fall within the Sphere of Mankind in the ordinary Purſuits of Life. Hence it comes to paſs that Philoſophers judge of moſt Things very differently from the Vulgar. Some Inſtances of this may be ſeen in the *Theætetus* of *Plato*, where *Socrates* makes the following Remarks, among others of the like Nature.

'WHEN a Philoſopher hears ten thouſand Acres mentioned as a great Eſtate, he looks upon it as an inconſiderable Spot, having been uſed to contemplate the whole Globe of Earth. Or when he beholds a Man elated with the Nobility of his Race, becauſe he can reckon a Series of ſeven rich Anceſtors, the Philoſopher thinks him a ſtupid ignorant Fellow, whoſe Mind cannot reach to a general View of Human Nature, which would ſhew him that we have all innumerable Anceſtors, among whom are Crowds of Rich and Poor, Kings and Slaves, *Greeks* and *Barbarians*.' Thus far *Socrates*, who was accounted wiſer than the reſt of the Heathens, for Notions which approach neareſt to Chriſtianity.

AS

AS all Parts and Branches of Philoſophy, or ſpeculative Knowledge, are uſeful in that reſpect, Aſtronomy is peculiarly adapted to remedy a little and narrow Spirit. In that Science there are good Reaſons aſſigned to prove the Sun an hundred thouſand times bigger than our Earth, and the Diſtance of the Stars ſo prodigious, that a Cannon-Bullet continuing in its ordinary rapid Motion, would not arrive from hence at the neareſt of them in the Space of an hundred and fifty thouſand Years. Theſe Ideas wonderfully dilate and expand the Mind. There is ſomething in the Immenſity of this Diſtance, that ſhocks and overwhelms the Imagination, it is too big for the Graſp of a human Intellect: Eſtates, Provinces, and Kingdoms vaniſh at its Preſence. It were to be wiſhed a certain Prince, who hath encouraged the Study of it in his Subjects, had been himſelf a Proficient in Aſtronomy. This might have ſhewed him how mean an Ambition that was, which terminated in a ſmall Part of what is itſelf but a Point, in reſpect to that Part of the Univerſe which lies within our View.

BUT the *Chriſtian Religion* enobleth and enlargeth the Mind beyond any other Profeſſion or Science whatſoever. Upon that Scheme, while the Earth, and the tranſient Enjoyments of this Life, ſhrink into the narroweſt Dimenſions, and are accounted as *the Duſt of a Balance, the Drop of a Bucket, yea, leſs than nothing*, the Intellectual World opens wider to our View: The Perfections of the Deity, the Nature and Excellence of Virtue, the Dignity of the human Soul, are diſplayed in the largeſt Characters. The Mind of Man ſeems to adapt itſelf to the different Nature of its Objects; it is contracted and debaſed by being converſant in little and low things, and feels a proportionable Enlargement ariſing from the Contemplation of theſe great and ſublime Ideas.

THE Greatneſs of things is comparative; and this does not only hold, in reſpect of Extenſion, but likewiſe in reſpect of Dignity, Duration, and all kinds of Perfection. Aſtronomy opens the Mind, and alters our Judgment, with regard to the Magnitude of extended Beings; but Chriſtianity produceth an univerſal Greatneſs of Soul. Philoſophy increaſeth our Views in

every

every Reſpect, but Chriſtianity extends them to a Degree beyond the Light of Nature.

HOW mean muſt the moſt exalted Potentate upon Earth appear to that Eye which takes in innumerable Orders of bleſſed Spirits, differing in Glory and Perfection? How little muſt the Amuſements of Senſe, and the ordinary Occupations of mortal Men, ſeem to one who is engaged in ſo noble a Purſuit, as the Aſſimilation of himſelf to the Deity, which is the proper Employment of every Chriſtian!

AND the Improvement which grows from habituating the Mind to the comprehenſive Views of Religion muſt not be thought wholly to regard the Underſtanding. Nothing is of greater Force to ſubdue the inordinate Motions of the Heart, and to regulate the Will. Whether a Man be actuated by his Paſſions or his Reaſon, theſe are firſt wrought upon by ſome Object, which ſtirs the Soul in Proportion to its apparent Dimenſions. Hence irreligious Men, whoſe ſhort Proſpects are filled with Earth, and Senſe, and mortal Life, are invited, by theſe mean Ideas, to actions proportionably little and low. But a Mind, whoſe Views are enlightened and extended by Religion, is animated to nobler Purſuits by more ſublime and remote Objects.

THERE is not any Inſtance of Weakneſs in the *Free-thinkers* that raiſes my Indignation more, than their tending to ridicule Chriſtians, as Men of narrow Underſtandings, and to paſs themſelves upon the World for Perſons of ſuperior Senſe, and more enlarged Views. But I leave it to any impartial Man to judge which hath the nobler Sentiments, which the greater Views; he whoſe Notions are ſtinted to a few miſerable Inlets of Senſe, or he whoſe Sentiments are raiſed above the common Taſte by the Anticipation of thoſe Delights which will ſatiate the Soul, when the whole Capacity of her Nature is branched out into new Faculties? He who looks for nothing beyond this ſhort Span of Duration, or he whoſe Aims are co-extended with the endleſs Length of Eternity? He who derives his Spirit from the Elements, or he who thinks it was inſpired by the Almighty?

Tueſday,

N° 71 *Tueſday, June* 2.

Quale portentum neque Militaris
Daunia in latis alit eſculetis;
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, Leonum
Arida Nutrix. Hor. Od. 22. l. 1. v. 13.

No Beaſt, of more portentous Size,
In the Hercinian *Foreſt lies;*
Nor fiercer, in Numidia *bred,*
With Carthage *were in Triumph led.* ROSCOMMON.

I Queſtion not but my Country Cuſtomers will be ſurpriſed to hear me complain that this Town is, of late Years, very much infeſted with Lions; and will, perhaps, look upon it as a ſtrange Piece of News when I aſſure them that there are many of theſe Beaſts of Prey who walk our Streets, in broad Day-light, beating about from Coffee-houſe to Coffee-houſe, and ſeeking whom they may devour.

TO unriddle this Paradox, I muſt acquaint my Rural Reader that we polite Men of the Town give the Name of a Lion to any one that is a great Man's Spy. And whereas I cannot diſcharge my Office of *Guardian*, without ſetting a Mark on ſuch a noxious Animal, and cautioning my Wards againſt him, I deſign this whole Paper as an Eſſay upon the Political Lion.

IT has coſt me a great deal of Time to diſcover the Reaſon of this Appellation, but after many Diſquiſitions and Conjectures on ſo obſcure a Subject, I find there are two Accounts of it more ſatisfactory than the reſt. In the Republick of *Venice*, which has been always the Mother of Politicks, there are near the *Doge*'s Palace ſeveral large Figures of Lions curiouſly wrought in Marble, with Mouths gaping in a moſt enormous Manner. Thoſe who have a mind to give the State any private Intelligence of what paſſes in the City, put their Hands into the Mouth of one of theſe Lions, and convey into it a Paper of ſuch private Informations as any way regard the

the Intereſt or Safety of the Commonwealth. By this means all the Secrets of State come out of the Lion's Mouth. The Informer is concealed, it is the Lion that tells every Thing. In ſhort, there is not a Miſmanagement in Office, or a Murmur in Converſation, which the Lion does not acquaint the Government with. For this Reaſon, ſay the Learned, a Spy is very properly diſtinguiſhed by the Name of Lion.

I muſt confeſs this Etymology is plauſible enough, and I did for ſome time acquieſce in it, till about a Year or two ago I met with a little Manuſcript which ſets this whole Matter in a clear Light. In the Reign of Queen *Eliſabeth*, ſays my Author, the renowned *Walſingham* had many Spies in his Service, from whom the Government received great Advantage. The moſt eminent among them was the Stateſman's Barber, whoſe Sirname was *Lion*. This Fellow had an admirable Knack of fiſhing out the Secrets of his Cuſtomers, as they were under his Hands. He would rub and lather a Man's Head, till he had got out every thing that was in it. He had a certain Snap in his Fingers and a Volubility in his Tongue, that would engage a Man to talk with him whether he would or no. By this means he became an inexhauſtible Fund of private Intelligence, and ſo ſignalized himſelf in the Capacity of a Spy, that from his time a Maſter-Spy goes under the Name of a Lion.

WALSINGHAM had a moſt excellent Penetration, and never attempted to turn any Man into a Lion whom he did not ſee highly qualified for it, when he was in his Human Condition. Indeed the Speculative Men of thoſe Times ſay of him, that he would now and then play them off, and expoſe them a little unmercifully; but that, in my Opinion, ſeems only good Policy, for otherwiſe they might ſet up for Men again, when they thought fit, and deſert his Service. But however, tho' in that very corrupt Age he made uſe of theſe Animals, he had a great Eſteem for true Men, and always exerted the higheſt Generoſity in offering them more, without aſking Terms of them, and doing more for them out of mere reſpect for their Talents, tho' againſt him, than they could expect from any other Miniſter whom they had ſerved never ſo conſpicuouſly. This made *Raleigh*

(who profeſt himſelf his Opponent) ſay one day to a Friend, *Pox take this* Walſingham, *he baffles every body, he won't ſo much as let a Man hate him in private.* True it is, that by the Wandrings, Roarings, and Lurkings of his Lions, he knew the way to every Man breathing, who had not a Contempt for the World itſelf: He had Lions Rampant whom he uſed for the Service of the Church, and Couchant who were to lie down for the Queen. They were ſo much at Command that the Couchant would act as the Rampant, and the Rampant as Couchant, without being the leaſt out of Countenance, and all this within four and twenty Hours. *Walſingham* had the pleaſanteſt Life in the World, for, by the Force of his Power and Intelligence, he ſaw Men as they really were, and not as the World thought of them: All this was principally brought about by feeding his Lions well, or keeping them Hungry, according to their different Conſtitutions.

HAVING given this ſhort, but neceſſary Account of this Stateſman and his Barber, who, like the Taylor in *Shakeſpear*'s *Pyramus* and *Thiſbe*, was a Man made as other Men are, notwithſtanding he was a nominal Lion, I ſhall proceed to the Deſcription of this ſtrange Species of Creatures. Ever ſince the wiſe *Walſingham* was Secretary in this Nation, our Stateſmen are ſaid to have encouraged the Breed among us, as very well knowing that a Lion in our *Britiſh* Arms is one of the Supporters of the Crown, and that it is impoſſible for a Government, in which there are ſuch Variety of Factions and Intrigues, to ſubſiſt without this neceſſary Animal.

A Lion, or Maſter-Spy, hath ſeveral Jack-Calls under him, who are his Retailers in Intelligence, and bring him in Materials for his Report; his chief Haunt is a Coffee-Houſe, and as his Voice is exceeding ſtrong, it aggravates the Sound of every thing it repeats.

AS the Lion generally thirſts after Blood and is of a fierce and cruel Nature, there are no Secrets which he hunts after with more delight, than thoſe that cut off Heads, Hang, Draw, and Quarter, or end in the Ruin of the Perſon who becomes his Prey. If he gets the Wind of any Word or Action that may do a Man good, it is not for his Purpoſe, he quits the Chace and falls into a more agreeable Scent.

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HE diſcovers a wonderful Sagacity in ſeeking after his Prey. He couches and friſks about in a thouſand ſportful Motions to draw it within his Reach, and has a particular way of imitating the Sound of the Creature whom he would enſnare; an Artifice to be met with in no Beaſt of Prey, except the *Hyæna* and the Political Lion.

YOU ſeldom ſee a Cluſter of News-mongers without a Lion in the midſt of them. He never miſſes taking his Stand within Ear-ſhot of one of thoſe little ambitious Men who ſet up for Orators in Places of Publick Reſort. If there is a whiſpering hole, or any publick-ſpirited Corner in a Coffee-houſe you never fail of ſeeing a Lion couched upon his Elbow in ſome part of the Neighbourhood.

A Lion is particularly addicted to the Peruſal of every looſe Paper that lies in his way. He appears more than ordinary attentive to what he reads while he liſtens to thoſe who are about him. He takes up the *Poſt-man*, and ſnuffs the Candle that he may hear the better by it. I have ſeen a Lion pore upon a ſingle Paragraph in an old Gazette for two Hours together, if his Neighbours have been talking all that while.

HAVING given a full Deſcription of this Monſter, for the Benefit of ſuch innocent Perſons as may fall into his Walks, I ſhall apply a Word or two to the Lion himſelf whom I would deſire to conſider that he is a Creature hated both by God and Man, and regarded with the utmoſt Contempt even by ſuch as make uſe of him. Hangmen and Executioners are neceſſary in a State, and ſo may the Animal I have been here mentioning; but how deſpicable is the Wretch that takes on him ſo vile an Employment? There is ſcarce a Being that would not ſuffer by a Compariſon with him, except that Being only who acts the ſame kind of part and is both the Tempter and Accuſer of Mankind.

N. B. *Mr.* Ironſide *has, within five Weeks laſt paſt, muzzled three Lions, gorged five and killed one. On* Monday *next the Skin of the dead one will be hung up,* in Terrorem, *at* Button's *Coffee-houſe over-againſt* Tom's *in* Covent-Garden. ☞

N° 72 *Wedneſday, June* 3.

— *In vitium Libertas excidit, & vim*
Dignam Lege regi —— Hor. Ars Poet. v. 282.

—— *Its Liberty was turned to Rage;*
Such Rage as Civil Pow'r was forc'd to tame.
CREECH.

OXFORD is a Place which I am more inquiſitive about than even that of my Nativity, and when I have an Account of any ſprightly Saying, or riſing Genius from thence it brings my own youthful Days into my Mind, and throws me forty Years back into Life. It is for this Reaſon, that I have thought myſelf a little neglected of late by *Jack Lizard*, from whom I uſed to hear at leaſt once a Week. The laſt Poſt brought me his Excuſe, which is, that he hath been wholly taken up in preparing ſome Exerciſes for the Theatre. He tells me likewiſe, that the Talk there is about a *Publick ACT*, and that the gay part of the Univerſity have great Expectation of a *Terræ-filius*, who is to laſh and ſting all the World in a ſatirical Speech. Againſt the great Licence, which hath heretofore been taken in theſe Libels, he expreſſes himſelf with ſuch Humanity, as is very unuſual in a young Perſon, and ought to be cheriſhed and admired. For my own part, I ſo far agree with him, that if the Univerſity permits a thing, which I think much better let alone; I hope thoſe, whoſe Duty it is to appoint a proper Perſon for that Office, will take care that he utter nothing unbecoming a Gentleman, a Scholar, and a Chriſtian. Moreover, I would have them conſider that their Learned Body hath already Enemies enough, who are prepared to aggravate all irreverent Inſinuations, and to interpret all oblique Indecencies, who will triumph in ſuch a Victory, and bid the Univerſity thank herſelf for the Conſequences.

IN

IN my Time I remember the *Terræ-filius* contented himſelf with being bitter upon the Pope, or chaſtiſing the *Turk*; and raiſed a ſerious and manly Mirth, and adapted to the Dignity of his Auditory, by expoſing the falſe Reaſoning of the Heretick, or ridiculing the clumſy Pretenders to Genius and Politeneſs. In the jovial Reign of King *Charles* the Second, wherein never did more Wit or more Ribaldry abound, the Faſhion of being arch upon all that was Grave, and waggiſh upon the Ladies, crept into our Seats of Learning upon theſe Occaſions. This was managed groſly and aukwardly enough, in a Place where the general Plainneſs and Simplicity of Manners could ill bear the Mention of ſuch Crimes, as in Courts and great Cities are called by the ſpecious Names of Air and Galantry. It is to me amazing, that ever any Man bred up in the Knowledge of Virtue and Humanity, ſhould ſo far caſt off all Shame and Tenderneſs, as to ſtand up in the Face of Thouſands, and utter ſuch Contumelies as I have read and heard of. Let ſuch an one know that he is making Fools merry, and wiſe Men ſick; and that in the Eye of conſidering Perſons, he hath leſs Compunction than the common Hangman, and leſs Shame than a Proſtitute.

INFAMY is ſo cutting an Evil, that moſt Perſons who have any Elevation of Soul, think it worſe than Death. Thoſe, who have it not in their Power to revenge it, often pine away in Anguiſh, and lothe their Being; and thoſe who *have*, enjoy no Reſt till they have Vengeance. I ſhall therefore make it the Buſineſs of this Paper, to ſhow how baſe and ungenerous it is to traduce the Women, and how dangerous to expoſe Men of Learning and Character, who have generally been the Subjects of theſe Invectives.

IT hath been often ſaid, that Women ſeem formed to ſoften the boiſterous Paſſions, and ſooth the Cares and Anxieties to which Men are expoſed in the many Perplexities of Life. That having weaker Bodies, and leſs Strength of Mind than Man, Nature hath poured out her Charms upon them, and given them ſuch Tenderneſs of Heart, that the moſt delicate Delight we receive from them, is in thinking them entirely ours, and under our Protection. Accordingly we find, that all Nations have

paid a decent Homage to this weaker and lovelier part of the rational Creation, in proportion to their Removal from Savageneſs and Barbariſm. Chaſtity and Truth are the only due Returns that they can make for this generous Diſpoſition in the nobler Sex. For Beauty is ſo far from ſatisfying us of itſelf, that whenever we think that it is communicated to others, we behold it with Regret and Diſdain. Whoever therefore robs a Woman of her Reputation, deſpoils a poor defenceleſs Creature of all that makes her valuable, turns her Beauty into Lothſomneſs, and leaves her friendleſs, abandoned and undone. There are many Tempers ſo ſoft, that the leaſt Calumny gives them Pains they are not able to bear. They give themſelves up to ſtrange Fears, gloomy Reflexions, and deep Melancholy. How ſavage muſt he be, who can ſacrifice the Quiet of ſuch a Mind to a tranſient Burſt of Mirth! Let him who wantonly ſports away the Peace of a poor Lady, conſider what Diſcord he ſows in Families; how often he wrings the Heart of an hoary Parent; how often he rouſes the Fury of a jealous Huſband; how he extorts from the abuſed Woman Curſes, perhaps not unheard, and poured out in the Bitterneſs of her Soul! What Weapons hath ſhe wherewith to repel ſuch an Outrage! How ſhall ſhe oppoſe her Softneſs and Imbecillity to the hardened Forehead of a Coward, who hath trampled upon Weakneſs that could not reſiſt him? to a Buffoon, who hath ſlandered Innocence to raiſe the Laughter of Fools? who hath *ſcattered Firebrands, Arrows, and Death*, and ſaid, *am I not in Sport?*

IRREVERENT Reflexions upon Men of Learning and Note, if their Character be Sacred, do great Diſſervice to Religion, and betray a vile Mind in the Author. I have therefore always thought, with Indignation, upon that *Accuſer of the Brethren*, the famous Antiquary, whoſe Employment it was, for ſeveral Years, to rake up all the ill-natured Stories that had ever been faſtened upon celebrated Men, and tranſmit them to Poſterity with cruel Induſtry, and malicious Joy. Though the good Men, ill-uſed, may out of a meek and Chriſtian Diſpoſition, ſo far ſubdue their natural Reſentment, as to neglect and forgive; yet the Inventors of ſuch Calumnies will find generous Perſons, whoſe Bravery of Mind

Mind makes them think themſelves proper Inſtruments to chaſtiſe ſuch Inſolence. And I have, in my time, more than once known the Diſcipline of the Blanket adminiſtred to the Offenders, and all their Slanders anſwered by that kind of Syllogiſm which the ancient *Romans* called the *Argumentum Bacillinum*.

I have leſs Compaſſion for Men of ſprightly Parts and Genius whoſe Characters are played upon, becauſe they have it in their Power to revenge themſelves tenfold. But I think of all the Claſſes of Mankind, they are the moſt pardonable if they pay the Slanderer in his own Coin. For their Names being already blazed abroad in the World, the leaſt Blot thrown upon them is diſplayed far and wide; and they have this ſad Privilege above the Men in Obſcurity, that the Diſhonour travels as far as their Fame. To be even therefore with their Enemy, they are but too apt to diffuſe his Infamy as far as their own Reputation; and perhaps triumph in ſecret, that they have it in their Power to make his Name the Scoff and Deriſion of After-Ages. This I ſay, they are too apt to do. For ſometimes they Reſent the expoſing of their little Affectations or Slips in Writings as much as Wounds upon their Honour. The firſt are Trifles they ſhould laugh away, but the latter deſerves their utmoſt Severity.

I muſt confeſs a Warmth againſt the Buffooneries mentioned in the Beginning of this Paper, as they have ſo many Circumſtances to aggravate their Guilt. A Licence for a Man to ſtand up in the Schools of the Prophets, in a grave decent Habit, and audaciouſly vent his Obloquies againſt the Doctors of our Church, and Directors of our young Nobility, Gentry and Clergy, in their hearing and before their Eyes; to throw Calumnies upon poor defenceleſs Women, and offend their Ears with nauſeous Ribaldry, and name their Names at length in a publick Theatre, when a Queen is upon the Throne: Such a Licence as this never yet gained ground in our Play-houſes; and I hope, will not need a Law to forbid it. Were I to adviſe in this Matter, I ſhould repreſent to the Orator how noble a Field there lay before him for Panegyrick; what a happy Opportunity he had of doing Juſtice to the great Men who once were of

that famous Body, or now ſhine forth in it; nor ſhould I neglect to inſinuate the Advantages he might propoſe by gaining their Friendſhip, whoſe Worth, by a contrary Treatment, he will be imagined either not to know, or to envy. This might reſcue the Name from Scandal, and if, as it ought, this Performance turned ſolely upon Matters of Wit and Learning, it might have the Honour of being one of the firſt Productions of the magnificent Printing-houſe, juſt erected at *Oxford*.

THIS Paper is written with a Deſign to make my Journey to *Oxford* agreeable to me, where I deſign to be at the Publick *Act*. If my Advice is neglected, I ſhall not ſcruple to inſert in the *Guardian* whatever the Men of Letters and Genius tranſmit to me, in their own Vindication; and I hereby promiſe that I myſelf will draw my Pen in Defence of all injured Women.

N° 73 *Thurſday, June* 4.

In amore hæc inſunt omnia.— Ter. Eun. Act. 1. Sc. 1.

All theſe Things are inſeparable from Love.

IT is a matter of great Concern that there come ſo many Letters to me, wherein I ſee Parents make Love for their Children, and, without any manner of Regard to the Seaſon of Life, and the reſpective Intereſts of their Progeny, judge of their future Happineſs by the Rules of ordinary Commerce. When a Man falls in Love in ſome Families, they uſe him as if his Land was mortgaged to 'em, and he cannot diſcharge himſelf, but by really making it the ſame thing in an unreaſonable Settlement, or foregoing what is dearer to him than his Eſtate itſelf. Theſe Extortioners are, of all others, the moſt cruel; and the Sharks, who prey upon the Inadvertency of young Heirs, are more pardonable than thoſe who treſpaſs upon the good Opinion of thoſe who treat with 'em upon the foot of Choice and Reſpect. The following Letters may place in the Reader's View Uneaſineſſes of

of this ſort, which may perhaps be uſeful to ſome under the Circumſtances mentioned by my Correſpondents.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Eſq;*

Venerable Sir, *From a certain Town in* Cumberland, May 21.

'IT is impoſſible to expreſs the univerſal Satisfaction 'your *Precautions* give in a Country ſo far North as 'ours; and indeed it were impertinent to expatiate in a 'Caſe that is by no means particular to ourſelves, all 'Mankind, who wiſh well to one another, being equally 'concerned in their Succeſs. However, as all Nations 'have not the Genius, and each particular Man has his 'different Views and Taſte, we Northerns cannot but 'acknowledge our Obligations, in a more eſpecial man-'ner, for your *Matrimonial Precautions*, which we 'more immediately are intereſted in. Our Climate has 'ever been recorded as friendly to the Continuation of 'our Kind; and the ancient Hiſtories are not more full 'of their *Goths* and *Vandals*, that in Swarms overſpread 'all *Europe*, than modern Story of its *Yorkſhire* Hoſtlers, 'and Attorneys, who are remarkably eminent and bene-'ficial in every Market-Town, and moſt Inns of this 'Kingdom. I ſhall not here preſume to enter, with the 'ancient Sages, into a particular Reaſoning upon the 'Caſe, as whether it proceeds from the cold Temper of 'the Air, or the particular Conſtitutions of the Perſons, 'or both; from the faſhionable Want of Artifice in the 'Women, and their entire Satisfaction in one Conqueſt 'only, or the happy Ignorance in the Men of thoſe 'Southern Vices which effeminate Mankind.

'FROM this Encomium, I do not queſtion but by 'this time you infer me happy already in the legal Poſ-'ſeſſion of ſome Fair one, or in a probable way of be-'ing ſo. But alas! neither is my Caſe, and from the 'cold Damp which this minute ſeizes upon my Heart, 'I preſage never will. What ſhall I do? To complain 'here is to talk to Winds, or Mortals as regardleſs as 'they: The Tempeſtuous Storms, in the Neighbouring 'Mountains, are not more relentleſs, or the Crags more 'deaf, than the old Gentleman is to my Sighs and Pray-

'ers. The lovely *Paſtorella* indeed hears and gently 'ſighs, but 'tis only to increaſe my Tortures; ſhe is too 'dutiful to diſobey a Father, and I neither able nor 'forward to receive her by an Act of Diſobedience.

'AS to myſelf, my Humour, till this Accident to 'ruffle it, has ever been gay and thoughtleſs, perpetual-'ly toying amongſt the Women, dancing briſkly and 'ſinging ſoftly. For I take it, more Men miſcarry 'amongſt them for having too much than too little Un-'derſtanding. *Paſtorella* ſeems willing to relieve me 'from my Frights; and by her conſtant Carriage, by ad-'mitting my Viſits at all Hours, has convinced all here-'abouts of my Happineſs with her, and occaſioned a 'total Defection amongſt her former Lovers, to my in-'finite Contentment. Ah! Mr. *Ironſide*, could you but 'ſee in a calm Evening the Profuſion of Eaſe and Ten-'derneſs betwixt us! The murmuring River that glides 'gently by, the cooing Turtles in the Neighbouring 'Groves, are harſh, compared to her more tuneful 'Voice. The happy Pair, firſt joined in *Paradiſe*, not 'more enamour'd walk'd, more ſweetly lov'd! But alas! 'what is all this! an imaginary Joy, in which we trifle 'away our precious time, without coming together for 'ever. That muſt depend upon the old Gentleman, who 'ſees I cannot live without his Daughter, and knows 'I cannot, upon his Terms, be ever happy with her. I 'beg of you to ſend for us all up to Town together, that 'we may be heard before you (for we all agree in a De-'ference to your Judgment) upon theſe Heads, Whether 'the Authority of a Father ſhould not accommodate it-'ſelf to the Liberty of a Free-born *Engliſh* Woman?

'WHETHER, if you think fit to take the old 'Gentleman into your Care, the Daughter may not 'chooſe her Lover for her Guardian?

'WHETHER all Parents are not obliged to pro-'vide for the juſt Paſſions of their Children when grown 'up, as well as Food and Raiment in their tender 'Years?

'THESE and ſuch Points being unſettled in the 'World, are Cauſe of great Diſtraction, and it would 'be worthy your great Age and Experiance to conſider 'them diſtinctly for the Benefit of Domeſtick Life. All

'which,

'which, moſt venerable *Neſtor*, is humbly ſubmitted by 'all your Northern Friends, as well as

Your moſt Obedient, and

Devoted Humble Servant,

Paſtor Fido.

Mr. IRONSIDE,

'WE who ſubſcribe this are Man and Wife, and 'have been ſo theſe fifteen Years; but you muſt 'know we have quarrelled twice a Day ever ſince we 'came together, and at the ſame time have a very ten- 'der Regard for one another. We obſerve this habitual 'Diſputation has an ill Effect upon our Children, and 'they loſe their Reſpect towards us from this Jangling 'of ours. We lately enter'd into an Agreement, that 'from that time forward, when either ſhould fall into 'Paſſion, the Party angry ſhould go into another Room, 'and write a Note to the other by one of the Children, 'and the Perſon writ to, right or wrong, beg Pardon 'becauſe the Writing to avoid Paſſion, is in itſelf an 'Act of Kindneſs. This little Method, with the Smiles 'of the Meſſengers, and other nameleſs Incidents in 'the Management of this Correſpondence with the next 'Room, has produced inexpreſſible Delight, made our 'Children and Servants chearful under our Care and 'Protection, and made us ourſelves ſenſible of a thou- 'ſand good Qualities we now ſee in each other which 'could not before ſhine out, becauſe of our mutual Im- 'patience.

Your Humble Servant,

Philip *and* Mary.

P. S. 'Since the above, my Wife is gone out of the 'Room, and writes Word by *Billy* that ſhe ſhould have, 'in the above Letter, the Words *Jangling of ours*, chan- 'ged into the Words *theſe our frequent Debates*. I 'allow of the Amendment, and deſire you would un- 'derſtand accordingly, that we never jangled, but went 'into frequent Debates, which were always held in a 'Committee of the whole Houſe.

To

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, *Eſq;*

Sagacious Sir,

'WE married Men reckon ourſelves under your Ward, as well as thoſe who live in a leſs regular Condition. You muſt know I have a Wife, who is one of thoſe good Women who are never very angry or very much pleaſed. My Dear is rather inclined to the former, and will walk about in Soliloquy, dropping Sentences to herſelf of Management, *Saying ſhe will ſay nothing, but ſhe knows when her Head is laid what*—and the reſt of that kind of half Expreſſions. I am never inquiſitive to know what is her Grievance, becauſe I know it is only Conſtitution. I call her by the kind Appellation of *My gentle Murmur*, and I am ſo uſed to hear her, that I believe I could not ſleep without it. It would not be amiſs if you communicated this to the Publick, that many who think their Wives angry may know they are only not pleaſed, and that very many come into this World, and go out of it at a very good old Age, without having ever been much tranſported with Joy or Grief in their whole Lives.

Your humble Servant,

Arthur Smooth.

Moſt Venerable NESTOR.

'I AM now three and twenty, and in the utmoſt Perplexity how to behave myſelf towards a Gentleman, whom my Father has admitted to viſit me, as a Lover. I plainly perceive my Father deſigns to take Advantage of his Paſſion towards me, and require Terms of him which will make him fly off. I have Orders to be cold to him in all my Behaviour; but if you inſert this Letter in the *Guardian*, he will know that Diſtance is conſtrained. I love him better than Life, am ſatisfied with the Offer he has made, and deſire him to ſtick to it, that he may not hereafter think he has purchaſed me too dear. My Mother knows I love him, ſo that my Father muſt comply.

Your thankful Ward.

Suſanna ———

P. S.

P. S. 'I give my Service to him, and deſire the Set-
'tlement may be ſuch as ſhows I have my Thoughts
'fixed upon my Happineſs in being his Wife, rather
'than his Widow.

N° 74 *Friday, June* 5.

Magne Parens ſanctâ quàm Majeſtate verendus! Buch.

Great Parent! how majeſtic! how adorable!

I WILL make no Apology for preferring this Letter, and the Extract following, to any thing elſe which I could poſſibly inſert.

SIR, *Cambridge, May* 31.

'YOU havtng been pleaſed to take notice of what you conceived excellent in ſome of our *Engliſh*
'Divines, I have here preſumed to ſend a Specimen,
'which, if I am not miſtaken, may, for Acuteneſs of
'Judgment, Ornament of Speech, and true Sublime,
'compare with any of the choiceſt Writings of the An-
'cient Fathers or Doctors of the Church, who lived near-
'eſt to the Apoſtles Times. The Subject is no leſs than
'that of God himſelf; and the Deſign, beſides doing
'ſome Honour to our own Nation, is to ſhew by a freſh
'Example, to what a height and ſtrength of Thought
'a Perſon, who appears not to be by Nature endued
'with the quickeſt Parts, may arrive through a ſincere
'and ſteady Practice of the Chriſtian Religion, I mean,
'as taught and adminiſtred in the Church of *England:*
'Which will, at the ſame time, prove that the Force of
'Spiritual Aſſiſtance is not at all abated by length of
'Time, or the Iniquity of Mankind; but that if Men
'were not wanting to themſelves, and (as our excel-
'lent Author ſpeaks) could but be perſuaded to con-
'form to our Church's Rules, they might ſtill live as
'the primitive Chriſtians did, and come ſhort of none
'of thoſe eminent Saints for Virtue and Holineſs. The

'Author

'Author from whom this Collection is made, is Biſhop 'Beveridge, Vol. 2. Serm. I.

Philotheus.

IN treating upon that Paſſage in the Book of *Exodus*, where *Moſes* being ordered to lead the Children of *Iſrael* out of *Egypt*, he asked God what Name he ſhould mention Him by to that People, in order to diſpoſe them to obey Him; and GOD anſwered, *I Am that I Am*; and bade him tell them, *I Am hath ſent me unto you:* The admirable Author thus diſcourſes; 'GOD having been 'pleaſed to reveal himſelf to us under this Name or 'Title, *I Am that I Am*, He thereby ſuggeſts to us, 'that he would not have us apprehend of Him, as of any 'particular or limited Being, but as *a Being in general*, 'or *the Being of all Beings*; who giveth *Being* to, and 'therefore exerciſeth Authority over all things in the 'World. He did not anſwer *Moſes*, I am the Great, 'the Living, the True, the Everlaſting God; he did not 'ſay, I am the Almighty Creator, Preſerver and Gover-'nor of the whole World, but *I Am that I Am:* Inti-'mating that if *Moſes* deſired ſuch a Name of God as 'might fully deſcribe his Nature as in itſelf, that is a 'thing impoſſible, there being no Words to be found in 'any Language, whereby to expreſs the Glory of an in-'finite Being, eſpecially ſo as that finite Creatures 'ſhould be able fully to conceive it. Yet, however, in 'theſe Words He is pleaſed to acquaint us what kind of 'Thoughts he would have us entertain of him: Inſo-'much, that could we but rightly apprehend what is 'couch'd under and intended by them, we ſhould doubt-'leſs have as high and true Conceptions of God as it is 'poſſible for Creatures to have——The Anſwer given ſuggeſts farther to us theſe following Notions of the moſt High God. 'Firſt that he is *one Being*, exiſting *in and* 'of *Himſelf:* His *Unity* is implied in that he ſaith *I*; 'his *Exiſtence* in that he ſaith, *I Am*; his *Exiſtence in* 'and *of Himſelf*, in that he ſaith, *I Am that I Am*, that 'is, *I am in and of myſelf*, not receiving any thing from, 'nor depending upon any other——The ſame Ex-'preſſion implies, that as *GOD is only One*, ſo that He 'is *a moſt pure and ſimple Being*; for here, we ſee, He

'admits

'admits nothing into the Manifeſtation of Himſelf but 'pure *Eſſence*, ſaying, *I Am that I Am*, that is, *Being* 'itſelf, without any Mixture, or Compoſition. And 'therefore we muſt not conceive of *GOD*, as made up 'of ſeveral Parts, or Faculties, or Ingredients, but only 'as *One*, who *is that He is*, and whatſoever *is in Him* 'is Himſelf: And although we read of ſeveral Properties 'attributed to him in Scripture, as *Wiſdom*, *Goodneſs*, '*Juſtice*, &c. we muſt not apprehend them to be ſeveral 'Powers, Habits or Qualities, as they are in us; for as 'they are in *GOD*, they are neither diſtinguiſhed from 'one another, nor from his *Nature* or *Eſſence*, in whom 'they are ſaid to be. In whom, I ſay, they are ſaid to 'be: For to ſpeak properly, they are not *in Him*, but 'are his *very Eſſence, or Nature itſelf*; which acting 'ſeverally upon ſeveral Objects, ſeems to us to act from 'ſeveral Properties or Perfections in Him; whereas all 'the Difference is only in our different Apprehenſions 'of the ſame thing. *GOD* in Himſelf is a *moſt ſimple* 'and *pure Act*, and therefore cannot have any thing in 'Him but what is that *moſt ſimple and pure Act itſelf*; 'which ſeeing it bringeth upon every Creature what it 'deſerves, we conceive of it as of ſeveral Divine Per-'fections in the ſame Almighty Being. Whereas *GOD*, 'whoſe Underſtanding is infinite as Himſelf, doth not 'apprehend Himſelf under the diſtinct Notions of *Wiſ-'dom*, or *Goodneſs*, or *Juſtice*, or the like, but only as '*Jehovah*: And therefore, in this place, he doth not 'ſay, *I am Wiſe*, or *Juſt*, or *Good*, but ſimply, *I am* 'that *I Am*.

HAVING thus offered at ſomething towards the Explication of the firſt of theſe Myſterious Sayings in the Anſwer *GOD* made to *Moſes*, when he deſigned to encourage him to lead his People out of *Egypt*, he proceeds to conſider the other, whereby *GOD* calls himſelf abſolutely *I AM*. Concerning which he takes notice, 'That though *I AM* be commonly a Verb of the 'firſt Perſon, yet it is here uſed as a Noun Subſtantive, 'or proper Name, and is the Nominative Caſe to ano-'ther Verb of the third Perſon in theſe Words, *I Am* 'hath ſent me unto you. A ſtrange Expreſſion! But when 'GOD ſpeaks of himſelf, He cannot be confined to

'Grammar

'Grammar Rules, being infinitely above and beyond 'the reach of all Languages in the World. And there- 'fore it is no Wonder that when he would reveal Him- 'ſelf, He goes out of our common way of ſpeaking one 'to another, and expreſſeth Himſelf in a way peculiar 'to Himſelf, and ſuch as is ſuitable and proper to his 'own Nature and Glory.

'HENCE therefore, as when He ſpeaks of *Him- 'ſelf* and his own *eternal Eſſence*, He ſaith, *I Am that I 'Am*; ſo when he ſpeaks of *Himſelf*, with Reverence 'to his Creatures, and eſpecially to his People, He ſaith, '*I Am*. He doth not ſay *I am their Light, their Life, 'their Guide, their Strength, or Tower*, but only *I am*: 'He ſets as it were his Hand to a Blank, that his Peo- 'ple may write under it what they pleaſe that is good 'for them. As if He ſhould ſay, *Are they weak? I 'am Strength. Are they poor? I am Riches. Are they 'in trouble? I am Comfort. Are they ſick? I am Health. 'Are they dying? I am Life. Have they nothing? I am 'all Things.* I am *Wiſdom and Power*, I am *Juſtice 'and Mercy*, I am *Grace and Goodneſs*, I am *Glory, 'Beauty, Holineſs, Eminency, Supereminency, Perfection, 'All-ſufficiency, Eternity, Jehovah, I Am. Whatſoever 'is ſuitable to their Nature, or convenient for them in 'their ſeveral Conditions, that I Am: Whatſoever is 'amiable in itſelf, or deſirable unto them, that I Am: 'Whatſoever is pure and holy, whatſoever is great or 'pleaſant, whatſoever is good or needful to make Men 'happy, that I Am.* So that, in ſhort, *GOD* here re- 'preſents himſelf unto us as an *Univerſal Good*, and 'leaves us to make the Application of it to ourſelves, 'according to our ſeveral Wants, Capacities and Deſires, 'by ſaying only in general, *I Am*.

'AGAIN, Pag. 27. he thus diſcourſes; 'There is 'more ſolid Joy and Comfort, more real Delight and 'Satisfaction of Mind, in one ſingle Thought of *GOD*, 'rightly formed, than all the Riches, and Honours, and 'Pleaſures of this World, put them all together, are able 'to afford——Let us then call in for all our ſcatter- 'ed Thoughts from all things here below, and raiſe 'them up, and unite them all to the moſt High *GOD*; 'apprehending Him under the Idea, Image, or Like-

'neſs

'neſs of any thing elſe, but as infinitely greater, and 'higher, and better than all Things; as One exiſting *in* 'and *of Himſelf*, and giving Eſſence and Exiſtence to all 'things in the World beſides Himſelf; as One ſo *Pure* 'and *Simple* that there is nothing in *Him* but *Himſelf*, 'but *Eſſence* and *Being itſelf*; as One ſo *Infinite* and '*Omnipotent*, that whereſoever any thing elſe is in the 'whole World, there *He* is, and beyond the World, 'where nothing elſe is, there all things are, becauſe *He* 'is there; as One ſo *Wiſe*, ſo *Knowing*, ſo *Omniſcient*, 'that He at this very Moment, and always, ſees what 'all the Angels are doing in Heaven; what all the 'Fowls are doing in the Air; what all the Fiſhes are 'doing in the Waters; what all the Devils are doing 'in Hell; what all the Men and Beaſts, and the very 'Inſects, are doing upon Earth; as One ſo *Powerful* 'and *Omnipotent*, that He can do whatſoever he will, 'only by Willing it ſhould be done; as One ſo *Great*, 'ſo *Good*, ſo *Glorious*, ſo *Immutable*, ſo *Tranſcendent*, 'ſo *Infinite*, ſo *Incomprehenſible*, ſo *Eternal*, what ſhall 'I ſay? ſo *Jehovah*, that the more we think of Him, 'the more we admire Him, the more we adore Him, 'the more we love him, the more we may, and ought; 'our higheſt Conceptions of Him being as much beneath 'Him, as our greateſt Services come ſhort of what 'we owe Him.

'SEEING therefore we cannot think of God ſo 'highly as He is, let us think of Him as highly as we 'can: And for that end let us get above ourſelves, and 'above the World, and raiſe up our Thoughts higher 'and higher, and higher ſtill, and when we have got 'them up as high as poſſibly we can, let us apprehend '*a Being* infinitely higher than the higheſt of them; and 'then finding ourſelves at a loſs, amazed, confounded 'at ſuch an infinite height of infinite Perfections, let us 'fall down in humble and hearty Deſires to be freed 'from thoſe dark Priſons wherein we are now immured, 'that we may take our Flight into Eternity, and there '(thro' the Merits of our ever bleſſed Saviour) ſee this 'infinite Being *Face to Face*, and enjoy Him for ever.

Saturday,

N° 75 *Saturday, June* 6.

Hic eſt, aut nuſquam, quod quærimus.
Hor. Ep. 17. l. 1. v. 39.

—Here, or no where, we may hope to find
What we deſire. CREECH.

THIS Paper ſhall conſiſt of Extracts from two great Divines, but of very different Genius. The one is to be admired for convincing the Underſtanding, the other for inflaming the Heart. The former urges us in this plain and forcible manner to an Inquiry into Religion, and practiſing its Precepts.

'SUPPOSE the World began ſome time to be; it 'muſt either be made by Counſel and Deſign, that is, 'produced by ſome Being that knew what it did, that 'did Contrive it and Frame it as it is; which it is eaſy 'to conceive, a Being that is infinitely Good, and Wiſe, 'and Powerful, might do: but this is to own a God: 'Or elſe the Matter of it being ſuppoſed to have been 'always, and in continual Motion and Tumult, it at 'laſt happened to fall into this Order, and the Parts of 'Matter, after various Agitations, were at length en-'tangled and knit together in this Order, in which we 'ſee the World to be. But can any Man think this 'reaſonable to imagine, that in the infinite variety 'which is in the World, all things ſhould happen by 'Chance, as well and as orderly as the greateſt Wiſdom 'could have contrived them? Whoever can believe 'this, muſt do it with his Will, and not with his Un-'derſtanding.

'SUPPOSING the Reaſons for, and againſt the 'Principles of Religion, were equal, yet the danger and 'hazard is ſo unequal, as would ſway a Prudent Man to 'the Affirmative. Suppoſe a Man believe there is no 'God, nor Life after this, and ſuppoſe he be in the right, 'but not certain that he is, (for that I am ſure in this Caſe 'is impoſſible;) all the Advantage he hath by this Opi-

'nion,

nion, relates only to this World and this preſent Time; for he cannot be the better for it when he is not. Now what advantage will it be to him in this Life? He ſhall have the more Liberty to do what he pleaſeth; that is, it furniſheth him with a ſtronger Temptation to be Intemperate, and Luſtful, and Unjuſt, that is, to do thoſe things which prejudice his Body and his Health, which cloud his Reaſon, and darken his Underſtanding, which will make him Enemies in the World, will bring him into Danger. So that it is no Advantage to any Man to be vicious: and yet this is the greateſt uſe that is made of Atheiſtical Principles; to comfort Men in their vicious Courſes. But if thou haſt a mind to be Virtuous, and Temperate, and Juſt, the belief of the Principles of Religion will be no Obſtacle, but a Furtherance to thee in this courſe. All the Advantage a Man can hope for by diſbelieving the Principles of Religion, is to eſcape Trouble and Perſecution in this World, which may happen to him upon account of Religion. But ſuppoſing there be a God and a Life after this; then what a vaſt difference is there of the Conſequences of theſe Opinions? As much as between Finite and Infinite, Time and Eternity.

'TO perſuade Men to believe the Scriptures, I only offer this to Mens Conſideration. If there be a God, whoſe Providence governs the World, and all the Creatures in it, is it not reaſonable to think that he hath a particular care of Men, the nobleſt Part of this viſible World? And ſeeing he hath made them capable of eternal duration; that he hath provided for their eternal Happineſs, and ſufficiently revealed to them the way to it, and the terms and conditions of it! Now let any Man produce any Book in the World, that pretends to be from God, and to do this; that for the Matter of it is ſo worthy of God, the Doctrines whereof are ſo uſeful, and the Precepts ſo reaſonable, and the Arguments ſo powerful, the Truth of all which was confirmed by ſo many great and unqueſtionable Miracles, the relation of which has been tranſmitted to Poſterity in Publick and Authentick Records, written by thoſe who were Eye and Ear Witneſſes of what they wrote, and free from ſuſpicion of any worldly Intereſt and Deſign;

'let

'let any produce a Book like to this, in all theſe re-
'ſpects; and which, over and beſides, hath by the Power
'and Reaſonableneſs of the Doctrines contained in it,
'prevailed ſo miraculouſly in the World, by weak and
'inconſiderable means, in oppoſition to all the Wit and
'Power of the World, and under ſuch Diſcouragements
'as no other Religion was ever aſſaulted with; let any
'Man bring forth ſuch a Book, and he hath my leave to
'believe it as ſoon as the Bible. But if there be none
'ſuch, as I am well aſſured there is not, then every one
'that thinks God hath revealed himſelf to Men, ought
'to embrace and entertain the Doctrine of the Holy
'Scriptures, as revealed by God.

'AND now having preſented Men with ſuch Argu-
'ments and Conſiderations as are proper, and I think
'ſufficient to induce Belief, I think it not unreaſonable
'to intreat and urge Men diligently and impartially to
'conſider theſe matters; and if there be weight in theſe
'Conſiderations to ſway reaſonable Men, that they would
'not ſuffer themſelves to be biaſſed by Prejudice, or Paſ-
'ſion, or Intereſt, to a contrary Perſuaſion. Thus much
'I may with Reaſon deſire of Men: for though Men
'cannot believe what they will; yet Men may, if they
'will, conſider things ſeriouſly and impartially, and
'yield or withhold their Aſſent, as they ſhall ſee cauſe,
'after a thorough Search and Examination.

'IF any Man will offer a ſerious Argument againſt
'any of the Principles of Religion and will debate the
'matter ſoberly, as one that conſiders the infinite Con-
'ſequences of theſe things one way or other, and would
'gladly be ſatisfied, he deſerves to be heard what he can
'ſay; but if a Man will turn Religion into Rallery, and
'confute it by two or three bold Jeſts; he doth not make
'Religion, but himſelf ridiculous, in the Opinion of
'all conſiderate Men, becauſe he ſports with his Life.

'SO that it concerns every Man that would not
'trifle away his Soul, and fool himſelf into irrecover-
'able Miſery, with the greateſt Seriouſneſs to inquire
'into theſe things, whether they be ſo or no, and pa-
'tiently to conſider the Arguments that are brought for
them.

'AND when you are examining theſe matters, do
'not

'not take into conſideration any ſenſual or worldly Intereſt; but deal fairly and impartially with yourſelves. 'Think with yourſelves that you have not the making 'of things true and falſe; that the Principles of Religion 'are either true or falſe, before you think of them. The 'truth of things is already fix'd: either there is a God, 'or no God; either your Souls are immortal, or they 'are not; either the Scriptures are a Divine Revelation, 'or an Impoſture; one of theſe is certain and neceſſary, 'and they are not now to be altered: Things will not 'comply with your Conceits, and bend themſelves to 'your Intereſts: Therefore do not think what you would 'have to be: but conſider impartially what is.

THE other great Writer is particularly uſeful in his rapturous Soliloquies, wherein he thinks of the Deity with the higheſt Admiration, and beholds himſelf with the moſt contrite Lowlineſs. 'My preſent Buſineſs, ſays 'he, is to treat of God, his Being and Attributes; but '*who is ſufficient for theſe Things?* At leaſt, who am I, 'a filly Worm, that I ſhould take upon me to ſpeak of 'Him, by whom alone I ſpeak; and being myſelf but 'a finite ſinful Creature, ſhould ſtrive to unveil the Na'ture of the Infinite and moſt Holy God? Alas! I can'not ſo much as begin to think of Him, but immediate'ly my Thoughts are confounded, my Heart is per'plexed, my Mind amazed, my Head turns round, my 'whole Soul ſeems to be unhinged and overwhelmed 'within me. His Mercy exalts me, His Juſtice de'preſſeth me, His Wiſdom aſtoniſheth me, His Power 'affrights me, His Glory dazzles mine Eyes; and *by 'reaſon of his Highneſs*, as *Job* ſpeaks, I cannot endure: 'but the leaſt glimpſe of Him makes me *abhor myſelf, 'and repent in Duſt and Aſhes* before Him.

Monday,

Nº 76 *Monday, June* 8.

——Solos aio bene vivere, quorum
Conſpicitur nitidis fundata Pecunia villis.

Hor. Ep. 15. l. 1. v. 45.

——Thoſe are bleſt, and only Thoſe,
Whoſe Stately Houſe their hidden Treaſure ſhows.

CREECH.

I EVER thought it my Duty to preſerve Peace and Love among my Wards. And ſince I have ſet up for an Univerſal *Guardian*, I have laid nothing more to Heart than the Differences and Quarrels between the Landed and the Trading Intereſts of my Country, which indeed comprehend the whole. I ſhall always contribute, to the utmoſt of my Power, to reconcile theſe Intereſts to each other, and to make them both ſenſible that their mutual Happineſs depends upon their being Friends.

THEY mutually furniſh each other with all the Neceſſaries and Conveniencies of Life; the Land ſupplies the Traders with Corn, Cattle, Wool, and generally all the Materials, either for their Subſiſtence or their Riches; the Traders in return provide the Gentlemen with Houſes, Clothes and many other Things, without which their Life at beſt would be uncomfortable. Yet theſe very Intereſts are almoſt always claſhing; the Traders conſider every high Duty upon any Part of their Trade, as proceeding from Jealouſy in the Gentlemen of their rivalling them too faſt; and they are often Enemies on this Account. The Gentlemen, on the other hand, think they can never lay too great a Burden upon Trade, tho' in every thing they eat and drink, and wear, they are ſure to bear the greateſt Part themſelves.

I ſhall endeavour as much as poſſible, to remove this Emulation between the Parties, and in the firſt Place to convince the Traders, that in many Inſtances high Duties may be laid upon their Imports, to enlarge the general Trade of the Kingdom: For Example, if there ſhould

ſhould be laid a Prohibition, or high Duties which ſhall amount to a Prohibition, upon the Imports from any other Country which takes from us a Million Sterling every Year, and returns us nothing elſe but Manufactures for the Conſumption of our own People, it is certain this ought to be conſidered as the Increaſe of our Trade in general; for if we want theſe Manufactures, we ſhall either make them ourſelves, or which is the ſame thing, import them from other Countries in Exchange for our own. In either of which Caſes our Foreign or Inland Trade is enlarged, and ſo many more of our own People are employed and ſubſiſted for that Money which was annually exported, that is in all probability a hundred and fifty thouſand of our People, for the yearly Sum of one Million. If our Traders would conſider many of our Prohibitions or high Duties in this Light, they would think their Country and themſelves obliged to the Landed Intereſt for theſe Reſtraints.

AGAIN, Gentlemen are too apt to envy the Traders every Sum of Money they import, and gain from Abroad, as if it was ſo much Loſs to themſelves; but if they could be convinced, that for every Million that ſhall be imported and gained by the Traders, more than twice that Sum is gained by the Landed Intereſt, they would never be averſe to the Trading Part of the Nation. To convince them therefore that this is the Fact, ſhall be the remaining Part of this Diſcourſe.

LET us ſuppoſe then, that a Million, or if you pleaſe that 20 Millions were to be imported, and gained by Trade: To what Uſes could it be applied? and which would be the Greateſt Gainers, the Landed or the Trading Intereſt? Suppoſe it to be 20 Millions.

IT cannot at all be doubted, that a Part of the aforementioned Sum would be laid out in Luxury, ſuch as the Magnificence of Buildings, the Plate and Furniture of Houſes, Jewels and rich Apparel, the Elegance of Diet, the Splendor of Coaches and Equipage, and ſuch other Things as are an Expence to the Owners, and bring in no manner of Profit. But becauſe it is ſeldom ſeen, that Perſons who by great Induſtry have gained Eſtates, are extravagant in their Luxury; and becauſe the Revenue muſt be ſtill ſufficient to ſupport the annual Expence,

Expence, it is hard to conceive that more than two of the 20 Millions can be converted into this dead Stock, at leaſt 13 muſt ſtill be left to raiſe an annual Intereſt to the Owners; and the Revenue from the 18 Millions at 6 *per Centum*, will be little more than one Million *per Annum*.

AGAIN, a Part of the 20 Millions is very likely to be converted to increaſe the Stock of our Inland Trade, in which is comprehended that upon all our Farms. This is the Trade which provides for the Annual Conſumption of our People, and a Stock of the Value of two Years Conſumption is generally believed to be ſufficient for this Purpoſe. If the 18 Millions above-mentioned will not raiſe a Revenue of more than one Million *per Annum*, it is certain that no more than this laſt Value can be added to our Annual Conſumption, and that two of the 20 Millions will be ſufficient to add to the Stock of our Inland Trade.

OUR Foreign Trade is conſidered upon another Foot; for tho' it produces in Part for the Annual Conſumption of our own People, it provides alſo for the Conſumption of Foreign Nations. It exports our ſuperfluous Manufactures, and ſhould make Returns of Bullion, or other durable Treaſure. Our Foreign Trade, for 40 Years laſt paſt, in the Judgment of the moſt intelligent Perſons, has been managed by a Stock not leſs than four, and not exceeding eight Millions, with which laſt Sum they think it is driven at this time, and that it cannot be carried much farther, unleſs our Merchants ſhall endeavour to open a Trade to *Terra Auſtralis incognita*, or ſome Place that would be equivalent. It will therefore be a very large Allowance, that one of the 20 Millions can be added to the Capital Stock of our Foreign Trade.

THERE may be another way of raiſing Intereſt, that is, by laying up, at a cheap time, Corn or other Goods or Manufactures that will keep, for the Conſumption of future Years, and when the Markets may happen to call for them at an advanced Price. But as moſt Goods are periſhable, and waſte ſomething every Year, by which means a Part of the Principal is ſtill loſt, and as it is ſeldom ſeen, that theſe Engroſſers get more than their Principal, and the common Intereſt of their Money,

ney, this way is ſo precarious and full of Hazard, that 'tis very unlikely any more than three of the 20 Millions will be applied to Engroſſing. It were to be wiſhed the Engroſſers were more profitable Traders for themſelves, they are certainly very beneficial for the Commonwealth; They are a Market for the Rich in a time of Plenty, and ready at hand with Relief for the Poor in a time of Dearth. They prevent the Exportation of many Neceſſaries of Life, when they are very cheap, ſo that we are not at the Charge of bringing them back again, when they are very dear. They ſave the Money that is paid to Foreign Countries for Intereſt and Warehouſe Room; but there is ſo much Hazard, and ſo little Profit in this Buſineſs, that if 20 Millions were to be imported, ſcarce three of them would be applied to the making Magazines for the Kingdom.

IF any of the Money ſhould be lent at Intereſt to Perſons that ſhall apply the ſame to any of the Purpoſes above-mentioned, it is ſtill the ſame thing. If I have given good Reaſons for what I have ſaid, no more than eight of the twenty Millions can be applied either to our dead Stock of Luxury, our Stock in Inland or Foreign Trade, or our Stores or Magazines. So that ſtill there will remain twelve Millions, which are now no otherwiſe to be diſpoſed of than in buying of Lands or Houſes, or our new Parliamentary Funds, or in being lent out at Intereſt upon Mortgages of thoſe Securities, or to Perſons who have no other ways to repay the Value than by part of the Things themſelves.

THE Queſtion then is what Effect theſe twelve Millions will have towards reducing the Intereſt of Money, or raiſing the Value of Eſtates; for as the former grows leſs, the latter will ever riſe in Proportion. For Example, while the Intereſt of Money is, 5 *per Cent. per Annum*, a Man lends 2000 *l.* to raiſe a Revenue of 100 *l. per Ann.* by the Intereſt of his Money; and for the ſame Reaſon he gives 2000 *l.* or more to purchaſe an Eſtate of 100 *l. per Ann.* Again, if the Intereſt of Money ſhall fall 1 *per Cent.* he muſt be forced to lend 2400 *l.* to gain the Revenue of 100 *l. per Ann.* and for the ſame Reaſon he muſt give at leaſt 2400 *l.* to purchaſe an Eſtate of the ſame yearly Rent. Therefore if theſe 12 Millions newly

gained ſhall reduce 1 *per Cent.* of the preſent Intereſt of Money, they muſt of Neceſſity increaſe every Eſtate at leaſt four Years Value in the Purchaſe.

IT is ever eaſier to meet with Men that will borrow Money than ſell their Eſtates. An Evidence of this is, that we never have ſo good a Revenue by buying as by lending. The firſt thing therefore that will be attempted with theſe 12 Millions is to lend Money to thoſe that want it. This can hardly fail of reducing 1 *per Cent.* of the preſent Intereſt of Money, and conſequently of raiſing every Eſtate four Years Value in the Purchaſe.

FOR in all probability all the Money or Value now in *England*, not apply'd to any of the Uſes above mentioned, and which therefore lies dead, or affords no Revenue to the Owners, till it can be diſpoſed of to ſuch Uſes, does not exceed 12 Millions. Yet this Sum, whatever it is, is ſufficient to keep down Money to the preſent Intereſt, and to hold up Lands to their preſent Value. One would imagine then if this Sum ſhould be doubled, if 12 Millions extraordinary ſhould be added to it, they ſhould reduce half the preſent Intereſt of Money, and double the preſent Value of Eſtates. But it will eaſily be allowed they muſt reduce one *per Cent.* of the preſent Intereſt of Money, and add the Value of four Years Rent to the Purchaſe of every Eſtate.

TO confirm the Belief of this, an Argument might be taken from what really happened in the Province of *Holland* before the Year 1670. I think it is in Sir *William Temple*'s Obſervations upon the *United Netherlands*. The Government there was indebted about 13 Millions, and paid the Intereſt of 5 *per Cent. per Ann.* They had got a Sum of Money, I think not above a Million, with which they prepared to diſcharge ſuch a Part of the Principal. The Creditors were ſo unable to find ſo good an Intereſt elſewhere, that they petitioned the States to keep their Money, with an Abatement of 1 *per Cent.* of their Intereſt. The ſame Money was offered to the ſame Number of other Creditors with the ſame Succeſs, till 1 *per Cent.* of their whole Intereſt was abated, yet at laſt ſuch a Part of the Principal was diſcharged. And when this Sum came to be lent to private Perſons it had the ſame Effect; there 1 *per Cent.* of the

the common Intereſt was abated throughout the whole Province, as well between Subject and Subject, as between the Subjects and their Governors. And nothing is ſo notorious as that the Value of Lands in that Country has riſen in Proportion, and that Eſtates are ſold there for 30 Years Value of their whole Rents. It is not then to be doubted, that 12 Millions extraordinary to be lent at Intereſt, or purchaſe Lands or Government Securities, muſt have the like Effect in *England*, at leaſt that Lands will ariſe 4 Years Rent in every Purchaſe above their preſent Value. And how great an Improvement muſt this be of the landed Intereſt?

THE Rents of *England*, according to the Proportion of the Land-Tax, ſhould be little more than 8 Millions, yet perhaps they may be 12. If there is made an Addition of four Years Value in every Purchaſe; this, upon all the Rents of *England*, amounts to 48 Millions. So that, by the Importation and clear Gain of 20 Millions by Trade, the Landed Intereſt gains an Improvement of 48 Millions, at leaſt ſix times as much as all other Intereſts joined together.

I ſhould think this Argument, which I have endeavoured to ſet in a clear Light, muſt needs be ſufficient to ſhew that the Landed and the Trading Intereſts cannot in reality but be Friends to each other.

N° 77 *Tueſday, June* 9.

—— *Certum voto pete finem.* Hor. Ep. 2. l. 1. v. 56.

—— *To Wiſhes fix an End.* CREECH.

THE Writers of Morality aſſign two Sorts of Goods, the one is in itſelf deſirable, the other is to be deſired, not on Account of its own Excellency, but for the ſake of ſome other thing which it is inſtrumental to obtain. Theſe are uſually diſtinguiſhed by the Appellations of *End* and *Means*. We are prompted by Nature to deſire the former, but that we have any Appetite for the latter is owing to Choice and Deliberation.

BUT, as wiſe Men engage in the Purſuit of Means, from a farther View of ſome natural Good with which they are connected; Fools, who are acted by Imitation and not by Reaſon, blindly purſue the Means, without any Deſign or Proſpect of applying them. The Reſult whereof is, that they entail upon themſelves the Anxiety and Toil, but are debarred from the ſubſequent Delights which ariſe to wiſer Men; ſince their Views not reaching the End, terminate in thoſe things, which altho' they have a relative Goodneſs, yet conſidered abſolutely, are Indifferent, or, it may be, Evil.

THE Principle of this Miſconduct is a certain Short-ſightedneſs in the Mind: And as this Defect is branched forth into innumerable Errors in Life, and hath infected all Ranks and Conditions of Men, ſo it more eminently appears in three *Species*, the *Criticks*, *Miſers*, and *Free-thinkers*. I ſhall endeavour to make good this Obſervation with regard to each of them. And firſt of the *Critick*.

PROFIT and Pleaſure are the Ends that a reaſonable Creature would propoſe to obtain by Study, or indeed by any other Undertaking. Thoſe Parts of Learning which relate to the Imagination, as Eloquence and Poetry, produce an immediate Pleaſure in the Mind. And ſublime and uſeful Truths, when they are conveyed in apt Allegories or beautiful Images, make more diſtinct and laſting Impreſſions; by which means the Fancy becomes ſubſervient to the Underſtanding, and the Mind is at the ſame time delighted and inſtructed. The Exerciſe of the Underſtanding in the Diſcovery of Truth, is likewiſe attended with great Pleaſure, as well as immediate Profit. It not only ſtrengthens our Faculties, purifies the Soul, ſubdues the Paſſions, but beſides theſe Advantages there is alſo a ſecret Joy that flows from intellectual Operations, proportioned to the Nobleneſs of the Faculty, and not the leſs affecting becauſe inward and unſeen.

BUT the mere Exerciſe of the Memory as ſuch, inſtead of bringing Pleaſure or immediate Benefit, is a thing of vain Irkſomneſs and Fatigue, eſpecially when employed in the Acquiſition of Languages, which is, of all others, the moſt dry and painful Occupation: There muſt be therefore ſomething further propoſed, or a wiſe

Man

Man would never engage in it. And, indeed, the very Reaſon of the thing plainly intimates that the Motive which firſt drew Men to affect the Knowledge in dead Tongues, was that they looked on them as means to convey more uſeful and entertaining Knowledge into their Minds.

THERE are nevertheleſs certain Criticks, who, ſeeing that *Greek* and *Latin* are in Requeſt, join in a thoughtleſs Purſuit of thoſe Languages, without any further View. They look on the ancient Authors, but it is with an Eye to Phraſeology, or certain minute Particulars, which are valuable for no other Reaſon but becauſe they are deſpiſed and forgotten by the reſt of Mankind. The divine Maxims of Morality, the exact Pictures of Human Life, the profound Diſcoveries in the Arts and Sciences, juſt Thoughts, bright Images, ſublime Sentiments, are over-looked, while the Mind is learnedly taken up in verbal Remarks.

WAS a Critick ever known to read *Plato* with a contemplative Mind, or *Cicero*, in order to imbibe the noble Sentiments of Virtue and a Publick Spirit which are conſpicuous in the Writings of that great Man; or to peruſe the *Greek* or *Roman* Hiſtorians, with an Intention to form his own Life upon the Plan of the illuſtrious Patterns they exhibit to our View? *Plato* wrote in *Greek*. *Cicero*'s *Latin* is fine. And it often lies in a Man's way to quote the ancient Hiſtorians.

THERE is no Entertainment upon Earth more noble and befitting a reaſonable Mind, than the Peruſal of good Authors, or that better qualifies a Man to paſs his Life with Satisfaction to himſelf, or Advantage to the Publick. But where Men of ſhort Views and mean Souls give themſelves to that Sort of Employment which Nature never deſigned them for, they, indeed, keep one another in Countenance; but inſtead of cultivating and adorning their own Minds, or acquiring an Ability to be uſeful to the World, they reap no other Advantage from their Labours than the dry Conſolation ariſing from the Applauſes they beſtow upon each other.

AND the ſame Weakneſs, or Defect of the Mind, from whence Pedantry takes its Riſe, does likewiſe give Birth to Avarice. Words and Money are both to be re-

garded as only Marks of Things. And as the Knowledge of the one, ſo the Poſſeſſion of the other is of no Uſe, unleſs directed to a further End. A mutual Commerce could not be carried on among Men, if ſome common Standard had not been agreed upon, to which the Value of all the various Products of Art and Nature were reducible, and which might be of the ſame Uſe in the Conveyance of Property, as Words are in that of Ideas. Gold by its Beauty, Scarceneſs, and durable Nature, ſeems deſigned by Providence to a Purpoſe ſo excellent and advantageous to Mankind. Upon theſe Conſiderations that Metal came firſt into Eſteem. But ſuch who cannot ſee beyond what is neareſt in the Purſuit, beholding Mankind touched with an Affection for Gold, and being ignorant of the true Reaſon that introduced this odd Paſſion into Human Nature, imagine ſome intrinſick Worth in the Metal to be the Cauſe of it. Hence the ſame Men who, had they been turned towards Learning, would have employed themſelves in laying up Words in their Memory, are by a different Application employed to as much Purpoſe in treaſuring up Gold in their Coffers. They differ only in the Object; the Principle on which they act, and the inward Frame of Mind, is the ſame in the *Critick* and the *Miſer*.

AND upon a thorough Obſervation, our Modern Sect of *Free-thinkers* will be found to labour under the ſame Defect with thoſe two inglorious *Species*. Their ſhort Views are terminated in the next Objects, and their ſpecious Pretences for Liberty and Truth are ſo many Inſtances of miſtaking the Means for the End. But the ſetting theſe Points in a clear Light muſt be the Subject of another Paper.

Wedneſday,

Nº 78 *Wedneſday, June* 10.

——— *Docebo*
Unde parentur opes; quid alat, formetque Poetam.
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 306.

——— ——— *I will teach to write,*
Tell what the Duty of a Poet is,
Wherein his Wealth and Ornament conſiſt,
And how he may be form'd, and how improved.
ROSCOMMON.

IT is no ſmall Pleaſure to me, who am zealous in the Intereſts of Learning, to think I may have the Honour of leading the Town into a very new and uncommon Road of Criticiſm. As that kind of Literature is at preſent carried on, it conſiſts only in a Knowledge of Mechanick Rules, which contribute to the Structure of different ſorts of Poetry, as the Receipts of good Houſewives do to the making Puddings of Flour, Oranges, Plumbs, or any other Ingredients. It would, methinks, make theſe my Inſtructions more eaſily intelligible to ordinary Readers, if I diſcourſed of theſe Matters in the Stile in which Ladies Learned Oeconomicks dictate to their Pupils for the Improvement of the Kitchen and Larder.

I ſhall begin with Epick Poetry, becauſe the Criticks agree it is the greateſt Work Human Nature is capable of. I know the *French* have already laid down many Mechanical Rules for Compoſitions of this Sort, but at the ſame time they cut off almoſt all Undertakers from the Poſſibility of ever performing them; for the firſt Qualification they unanimouſly require in a Poet, is a *Genius*. I ſhall here endeavour (for the Benefit of my Countrymen) to make it manifeſt, that Epick Poems may be made *without a Genius*, nay, without Learning or much Reading. This muſt neceſſarily be of great Uſe to all thoſe Poets who confeſs they never Read, and of whom the World is convinced they never Learn. What *Moliere* obſerves of making a Dinner, that any Man can do it *with*

Money, and if a profeſt Cook cannot *without*, he has his Art for nothing; the ſame may be ſaid of making a Poem, 'tis eaſily brought about by him that *has* a Genius, but the Skill lies in doing it without one. In Purſuance of this End, I ſhall preſent the Reader with a plain and certain *Recipe*, by which even Sonneteers and Ladies may be qualified for this grand Performance.

I know it will be objected, that one of the chief Qualifications of an Epick Poet, is to be knowing in all Arts and Sciences. But this ought not to diſcourage thoſe that have no Learning, as long as Indexes and Dictionaries may be had, which are the Compendium of all Knowledge. Beſides, ſince it is an eſtabliſhed Rule, that none of the Terms of thoſe Arts and Sciences are to be made uſe of, one may venture to affirm, our Poet cannot impertinently offend in this Point. The Learning which will be more particularly neceſſary to him, is the ancient Geography of Towns, Mountains and Rivers: For this let him take *Cluverius*, Value Four-pence.

ANOTHER Quality required is a complete Skill in Languages. To this I anſwer, that it is notorious Perſons of no Genius have been oftentimes great Linguiſts. To inſtance in the *Greek*, of which there are two Sorts; the Original *Greek*, and that from which our Modern Authors tranſlate. I ſhould be unwilling to promiſe Impoſſibilities, but modeſtly ſpeaking, this may be learned in about an Hour's Time with Eaſe. I have known one, who became a ſudden Profeſſor of *Greek*, immediately upon Application of the left-hand Page of the *Cambridge Homer* to his Eye. It is, in theſe Days, with Authors as with other Men, the well-bred are familiarly acquainted with them at firſt Sight; and as it is ſufficient for a good General to have *ſurveyed* the Ground he is to conquer, ſo it is enough for a good Poet to have *ſeen* the Author he is to be Maſter of. But to proceed to the Purpoſe of this Paper.

A Receipt to make an *Epick* Poem.

For the *Fable*.

Take out of any old Poem, Hiſtory-Books, Romance, or Legend (for Inſtance Geffry of Monmouth *or* Don Belianis of Greece*) thoſe Parts of Story which afford moſt Scope for long*

long Deſcriptions: Put theſe Pieces together, and throw all the Adventures you fancy into one Tale. Then take a Hero, whom you may chooſe for the Sound of his Name, and put him into the midſt of theſe Adventures: There let him work, *for twelve Books; at the End of which you may take him out, ready prepared to conquer or to marry; it being neceſſary that the Concluſion of an Epick Poem be fortunate.*

To make an Epiſode. *Take any remaining Adventure of your former Collection, in which you could no way involve your Hero; or any unfortunate Accident that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of Uſe, applied to any other Perſon; who may be loſt and evaporate in the Courſe of the Work, without the leaſt Damage to the Compoſition.*

For the Moral and Allegory. *Theſe you may extract out of the Fable afterwards at your Leiſure: Be ſure you ſtrain them ſufficiently.*

For the Manners.

For thoſe of the Hero, take all the beſt Qualities you can find in all the celebrated Heroes of Antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a Conſiſtency, lay them all on a heap upon him. But be ſure they are Qualities which your Patron *would be thought to have; and to prevent any Miſtake which the World may be ſubject to, ſelect from the Alphabet thoſe Capital Letters that compoſe his Name, and ſet them at the Head of a Dedication before your Poem. However, do not abſolutely obſerve the Exact Quantity of theſe Virtues, it not being determined whether or no it be neceſſary for the Hero of a Poem to be an honeſt Man —— For the* Under Characters, *gather them from* Homer *and* Virgil, *and change the Names as occaſion ſerves.*

For the Machines.

Take of Deities, Male and Female, as many as you can uſe. Separate them into two equal Parts, and keep Jupiter *in the middle. Let* Juno *put him in a Ferment, and* Venus *mollify him. Remember on all Occaſions to make uſe of Volatile* Mercury. *If you have need of Devils, draw them out of* Milton's Paradiſe, *and extract your*

Spirits from Taſſo. *The Uſe of theſe Machines is evident; for ſince no Epick Poem can poſſibly ſubſiſt without them, the wiſeſt way is to reſerve them for your greateſt Neceſſities. When you cannot extricate your Hero by any Human Means, or yourſelf by your own Wits, ſeek Relief from Heaven, and the Gods will do your Buſineſs very readily. This is according to the direct Preſcription of* Horace *in his Art of Poetry.*

Nec Deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice *Nodus*
Inciderit——— v. 191.

Never preſume to make a God appear,
But for a Buſineſs worthy of a God. ROSCOMMON.

That is to ſay, a Poet ſhould never call upon the Gods for their aſſiſtance, but when he is in great Perplexity.

For the Deſcriptions.

For a Tempeſt. *Take* Eurus, Zephyr, Auſter, *and* Boreas, *and caſt them together in one Verſe. Add to theſe of Rain, Lightning, and of Thunder (the loudeſt you can)* quantum ſufficit. *Mix your Clouds and Billows well together till they foam, and thicken your Deſcription here and there with a Quickſand. Brew your Tempeſt well in your Head, before you ſet it a blowing.*

For a Battle. *Pick a large Quantity of Images and Deſcriptions from* Homer's *Iliads, with a Spice or two of* Virgil, *and if there remain any Overplus you may lay them by for a* Skirmiſh. *Seaſon it well with* Similes, *and it will make an* Excellent Battle.

For Burning a Town. *If ſuch a Deſcription be neceſſary, becauſe it is certain there is one in* Virgil, *Old* Troy *is ready burnt to your Hands. But if you fear that would be thought* borrowed, *a Chapter or two of the Theory of the* Conflagration, *well circumſtanced, and done into Verſe, will be a good* Succedaneum.

As for Similes *and* Metaphors *they may be found all over the Creation, the moſt ignorant may gather them, but the Danger is in applying them. For this adviſe with your Bookſeller.*

For

For the Language.

(*I mean the* Diction.) *Here it will do well to be an Imitator of* Milton, *for you'll find it eaſier to imitate him in this than any thing elſe.* Hebraiſms *and* Greciſms *are to be found in him, without the Trouble of Learning the Languages. I knew a Painter, who (like our Poet) had no* Genius, *make his Dawbings to be thought* Originals *by ſetting them in the* Smoke: *You may in the ſame manner give the venerable Air of Antiquity to your Piece, by darkening it up and down with* Old Engliſh. *With this you may be eaſily furniſhed upon any Occaſion, by the Dictionary commonly printed at the end of* Chaucer.

I muſt not conclude, without cautioning all Writers without Genius in one material Point, which is, Never to be afraid of having *too much Fire* in their Works. I ſhould adviſe rather to take their warmeſt Thoughts, and ſpread them abroad upon Paper; for they are obſerved to cool before they are read.

N° 79 *Thurſday, June* 11.

——Præclara & pulchra minantem
Vivere nec rectè, nec ſuaviter——

Hor. Ep. 8. l. 1. v. 3.

——I make a Noiſe, a gaudy Show,
I promiſe mighty things, I nobly ſtrive;
Yet what an ill, unpleaſant Life I live! CREECH.

IT is an Employment worthy a reaſonable Creature, to examine into the Diſpoſition of Mens Affections towards each other, and, as far as one can, to improve all Tendencies to Good-nature and Charity. No one could be unmoved with this Epiſtle, which I received the other Day from one of my Correſpondents, and which is full of the moſt ardent Benevolence.

To

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

'I Seldom read your Political, your Critical, your Ludicrous, or if you will call them ſo, your Polite Papers, but, when I obſerve any thing which I think written for the Advancement of Good-will amongſt Men, and laying before them Objects of Charity, I am very zealous for the Promotion of ſo honeſt a Deſign. Believe me, Sir, Want of Wit, or Wiſdom, is not the Infirmity of this Age, it is the ſhameful Application of both that is the crying Evil. As for my own part, I am always endeavouring at leaſt to be better, rather than richer or wiſer. But I never lamented that I was not a wealthy Man ſo heartily as the other Day. You muſt underſtand that I now and then take a Walk of Mortification, and paſs a whole Day in making myſelf profitably Sad. I for this end viſit the Hoſpitals about this City, and when I have rambled about the Galleries at *Bedlam*, and ſeen for an Hour the utmoſt of all lamentable Objects, Human Reaſon diſtracted; when I have from Grate to Grate offered up my Prayers for a Wretch who has been reviling me, for a Figure that has ſeem'd Petrified with Anguiſh, for a Man that has held up his Face in the Poſture of Adoration toward Heaven to utter Execrations and Blaſphemies, I ſay, when I have beheld all theſe things, and thoroughly reflected on them, 'till I have ſtartled myſelf out of my preſent ill Courſe, I have thought fit to paſs to the Obſervation of leſs Evils, and relieve myſelf by going to thoſe Charitable Receptacles about this Town, appointed only for Bodily Diſtreſſes. The gay and frolick part of Mankind are wholly unacquainted with the Numbers of their Fellow-Creatures, who languiſh under Pain and Agony, for want of a Trifle out of that Expence by which thoſe fortunate Perſons purchaſe the Gratification of a ſuperfluous Paſſion or Appetite. I ended the laſt of theſe Pilgrimages which I made, at St. *Thomas*'s Hoſpital in *Southwark*. I had ſeen all the Variety of Woe which can ariſe from the Diſtempers which attend Human Frality; but the Circumſtance which occaſioned this Letter, and gave me the quickeſt

Com-

'Compaſſion, was beholding a little Boy of ten Years 'of Age, who was juſt then to be expelled the Houſe as 'incurable; My Heart melted within me to think what 'would become of the poor Child, who, as I was in-'formed, had not a Farthing in the World, nor Father 'nor Mother, nor Friend to help it. The Infant ſaw 'my Sorrow for it, and came towards me, and bid me 'ſpeak that it might die in the Houſe.

'Alas!

'THERE are Crowds cured in this Place, and the 'ſtricteſt Care taken, in the Diſtribution of the Charity, 'for wholſom Food, good Phyſick, and tender Care in 'behalf of the Patients; but the Proviſion is not large 'enough for thoſe whom they do not deſpair of recover-'ing, which makes it neceſſary to turn out the Incurable, 'for the Sake of thoſe whom they can relieve. I was 'informed this was the Fate of many in a Year, as well 'as of this poor Child, who, I ſuppoſe, corrupted away, 'yet alive in the Streets. He was to be ſure removed 'when he was only capable of giving Offence, though 'avoided when ſtill an Object of Compaſſion. There 'are not Words to give Mankind Compunction enough 'on ſuch an Occaſion; but I aſſure you I think the Mi-'ſerable have a Property in the ſuperfluous Poſſeſſions of 'the Fortunate; tho' I deſpair of ſeeing Right done 'em 'till the Day wherein thoſe Diſtinctions ſhall ceaſe for 'ever, and they muſt both give an Account for their 'Behaviour under their reſpective Sufferings and Enjoy-'ments. However, you would do your Part as a *Guar-'dian*, if you would mention, in the moſt pathetick 'Terms, theſe miſerable Objects, and put the good part 'of the World in mind of exerting the moſt noble Bene-'volence that can be imagined, in alleviating the few 'remaining Moments of the Incurable.

'A Gentleman who belong'd to the Hoſpital, was 'ſaying, he believed it would be done as ſoon as men-'tioned, if it were propoſed that a Ward might be erec-'ted for the Accommodation of ſuch as have no more 'to do in this World, but reſign themſelves to Death. I 'know no readier way of communicating this Thought 'to the World, than by your Paper: If you omit to pub-'liſh this I ſhall never eſteem you to be the Man you 'pretend;

'pretend; and ſo recommending the Incurable to your '*Guardianſhip*, I remain, *SIR*,

Your moſt humble Servant,

Philanthropos.

IT muſt be confeſſed, that if one turns ones Eyes round theſe Cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*, one cannot overlook the examplary Inſtances of Heroick Charity, in providing Reſtraints for the Wicked, Inſtructions for the Young, Food and Raiment for the Aged, with regard alſo to all other Circumſtances and Relations of Human Life; but it is to be lamented that theſe Proviſions are made only by the middle kind of People, while thoſe of Faſhion and Power are raiſed above the Species itſelf, and are unacquainted or unmoved with the Calamities of others. But alas! how monſtrous is this Hardneſs of Heart? how is it poſſible that the Returns of Hunger and Thirſt ſhould not importune Men, tho' in the higheſt Affluence, to conſider the Miſeries of their Fellow-Creatures who languiſh under Neceſſity? But as I hinted juſt now, the Diſtinctions of Mankind are almoſt wholly to be reſolved into thoſe of the Rich and the Poor; for as certainly as Wealth gives Acceptance and Grace to all that its Poſſeſſor ſays or does, ſo Poverty creates Diſeſteem, Scorn and Prejudice to all the Undertakings of the Indigent: The Neceſſitous Man has neither Hands, Lips, or Underſtanding, for his own or Friend's uſe, but is in the ſame condition with the Sick, with this Difference only, that his is an Infection no Man will relieve, or aſſiſt, or if he does, 'tis ſeldom with ſo much Pity as Contempt, and rather for the Oſtentation of the Phyſician, than Compaſſion on the Patient: It is a Circumſtance, wherein a Man finds all the Good he deſerves inacceſſible, all the Ill unavoidable; and the Poor Hero is as certainly Ragged, as the Poor Villain hang'd: Under theſe Preſſures the poor Man ſpeaks with Heſitation, undertakes with Irreſolution, and acts with Diſappointment: He is ſlighted in Mens Converſations, overlook'd in their Aſſemblies, and beaten at their Doors: But from whence, alas, has he this Treatment? from a Creature that has only the Supply of, but not an Exemption from, the Wants, for which he deſpiſes him: Yet ſuch is the unaccountable Inſolence of Man, that he will

will not ſee that he who is ſupported, is in the ſame Claſs of Natural Neceſſity, with him that wants a Support; and to be helped, implies to be indigent. In a word, after all you can ſay of a Man, conclude that he is Rich, and you have made him Friends; nor have you utterly overthrown a Man in the World's Opinion, till you have ſaid he is poor: This is the Emphatical Expreſſion of Praiſe and Blame, for Men ſo ſtupidly forget their natural Impotence and Want, that Riches and Poverty have taken in our Imagination the place of Innocence and Guilt.

REFLEXIONS of this kind do but waſte ones Being, without Capacity of helping the Diſtreſſed; yet tho' I know no way to do any Service to my Brethren under ſuch Calamities, I cannot help having ſo much reſpect for them, as to ſuffer with them in a fruitleſs Fellow-feeling.

Nº 80 *Friday, June* 12.

——*Cœleſtibus Iræ.* Virg. Æn. 1. v. 11.

Anger in heav'nly Minds.

I HAVE found by Experience, that 'tis impoſſible to talk diſtinctly without defining the Words of which we make uſe. There is not a Term in our Language which wants Explanation ſo much as the Word *Church*. One would think when People utter it, they ſhould have in their Minds Ideas of Virtue and Religion; but that important Monoſyllable drags all the other Words in the Language after it, and it is made uſe of to expreſs both Praiſe and Blame according to the Character of him who ſpeaks it. By this means it happens, that no one knows what his Neighbour means when he ſays ſuch a one is for or againſt the Church. It has happened that the Perſon, who is ſeen every day at Church has not been in the Eye of the World a Church-man; and he who is very zealous to oblige every Man to frequent it, but himſelf, has been held a very good Son of the Church. This Preposſeſſion is the beſt Handle imaginable for Politicians to make uſe of for managing the Loves and Hatreds of Mankind

Mankind to the Purpoſes to which they would lead them. But this is not a thing for Fools to meddle with, for they only bring diſeſteem upon thoſe whom they attempt to ſerve, when they unskilfully pronounce Terms of Art. I have obſerved great Evils ariſe from this Practice, and not only the Cauſe of Piety, but alſo the Secular Intereſt of Clergymen, has extremely ſuffered by the general unexplained Signification of the Word *Church*.

THE *Examiner*, upon the Strength of being a received Church-man, has offended in this particular more groſly than any other Man ever did before, and almoſt as groſly as ever he himſelf did, ſuppoſing the Allegations in the following Letter are juſt. To ſlander any Man is a very hainous Offence, but the Crime is ſtill greater, when it falls upon ſuch as ought to give Example to others. I cannot imagine how the *Examiner* can diveſt any part of the Clergy of the Reſpect due to their Characters, ſo as to treat them as he does, without an Indulgence unknown to our Religion, tho' taken up in the Name of it, in order to diſparage ſuch of its Communicants, as will not ſacrifice their Conſcience to their Fortunes. This Confuſion and Subdiviſion of Intereſts and Sentiments among People of the ſame Communion, is what would be a very good Subject of Mirth; but when I conſider againſt whom this Inſult is committed, I think it too great, and of too ill a Conſequence, to be in good Humour on the Occaſion.

SIR, *June* 9, 1713.

'YOUR Character of *Univerſal Guardian* joined to the Concern you ought to have for the Cauſe of Virtue and Religion, aſſure me you will not think that *Clergymen*, when injured, have the leaſt Right to your Protection; and 'tis from that Aſſurance I trouble you with this, to complain of the *Examiner*, who calumniates as freely as he commends, and whoſe *Invectives* are as groundleſs as his *Panegyricks*.

'IN his Paper of the 8th Inſtant, after a moſt furious Invective againſt many noble *Lords*, a conſiderable number of the *Commons*, and a very great part of her Majeſty's good Subjects, as diſaffected and full of Diſcontent, (which, by the way, is but an aukward Compli-

'ment

ment to the Prince, whoſe greateſt Glory it is to Reign in the Hearts of her People (that the *Clergy* may not go without their ſhare of his Reſentment, he concludes with a moſt malicious Reflexion upon ſome of them. He names indeed no Body, but points to *Windſor* and St. *Paul*'s, where he tells us, ſome are diſreſpectful to the Queen, and Enemies to her Peace; moſt odious Characters, eſpecially in Clergymen, whoſe Profeſſion is *Peace*, and to whoſe Duty and Affection her Majeſty has a more immediate Right, by her ſingular Piety and great Goodneſs to them. *They have ſuckt in*, he ſays, *this warlike Principle from their Arbitrary Patrons.* 'Tis not enough, it ſeems, to calumniate *them*, unleſs their Patrons alſo be inſulted, no leſs Patrons than the late King and the Duke of *Marlborough*. Theſe are his *Arbitrary* Men; tho' nothing be more certain than that without the *King*, the Shadow of a *Legal* Government had not been left to us; nor did there ever live a Man, who in the Nature and Temper of him, leſs deſerved the Character of *Arbitrary* than the *Duke*. How now is this terrible Charge againſt thoſe Clergymen ſupported? Why, as to St. *Paul*'s, the Fact according to him, is this; *Some of the Church, to affront the Queen, on the Day the Peace was proclaimed, gave Orders for Parochial Prayers only, without Singing, as is uſed upon Faſt-Days, tho' in this particular their Inferiors were ſo very honeſt to diſobey them.* This the *Examiner* roundly affirms after his uſual manner, but without the leaſt regard to Truth; for it is fallen in my way, without inquiring, to be exactly informed of this Matter, and therefore I take upon me in their Vindication to aſſure you, that every part of what is ſaid is abſolutely falſe, and the Truth is juſt the Reverſe: The *Inferiors* deſired there might be only *Parochial* Prayers; but the Perſon applied to was aware to what Conſtruction it might be liable, and therefore would not conſent to the Requeſt, tho' very innocent and reaſonable. The Caſe was this; the *Proceſſion* of the Ceremony had reached *Ludgate* juſt at the time of Prayers, and there was ſuch a prodigious Concourſe of People that one of the *Vergers* came to the *Reſidentiary* in waiting, to repreſent, that it would be impoſſible to have Prayers that Afternoon; that the Crowds

all

'all round the Church were ſo great, there would be n° 'getting in: But it was inſiſted, that there muſt be Pray- 'ers, only the *tolling* of the Bell ſhould be deferr'd a little, 'till the Head of the Proceſſion was got beyond the 'Church. When the Bell had done, and none of the 'Quire appeared, but one to read, it was upon this again 'repreſented, that there could be only *Parochial* Prayers, 'a thing that ſometimes happens, twice or thrice, per- 'haps, in a Year, when upon ſome allowable Occaſion 'the abſence of the *Quire-men* is ſo great, as not to leave 'the neceſſary Voices for Cathedral Services, which very 'lately was the Caſe upon a Performance of the Thankſ- 'giving Muſick at *Whitehall*. So that had the Prayers, on 'this Occaſion, been *Parochical* only, it had been neither 'new nor criminal, but neceſſary and unavoidable, unleſs 'the *Examiner* can tell how the Service may be ſung de- 'cently without Singing Men. However, to leave *Infor- 'mers* no room for Calumny, 'twas expreſly urged, that '*Parochial* Prayers, on ſuch a Day, would look ill; that 'therefore, if poſſible, it ſhould be avoided, and the Ser- 'vice ſhould be begun as uſual, in hopes one or two of the 'Quire might come in before the *Pſalms*; and the Verger 'was ordered to look out, if he could ſee any of the Quire, 'to haſten them to their Places; and ſo it proved, two 'of the beſt *Voices* came in time enough, and the Service 'was performed Cathedral-wiſe, tho' in a manner, to 'bare Walls, with an Anthem ſuitable to the Day. This 'is the Fact on which the *Examiner* grounds a Charge of '*factious and ſeditious* Principles againſt ſome at St. *Paul*'s, 'and I am perſuaded there is as little Truth in what 'he charges ſome of *Windſor* with, tho' I know not cer- 'tainly whom he means. Were I diſpoſed to expoſtulate 'with the *Examiner*, I would ask him if he ſeriouſly 'thinks this be *anſwering her Majeſty's Intentions?* Whe- 'ther diſquieting the Minds of her People is the way *to 'calm them?* or to traduce Men of Learning and Virtue 'be *to cultivate the Arts of Peace?* But I am too well ac- 'quainted with his Writings not to ſee he is paſt Correc- 'tion; nor does any thing in his Paper ſurpriſe me, 'merely becauſe it is falſe; for, to uſe his own Words, '*not a Day paſſes*, with him, *but it brings forth a Mouſe or 'a Monſter, ſome ridiculous Lye, ſome vile Calumny or For-*

'*gery.*

'*gery*. He is almoſt equally falſe in every thing he ſays, 'but 'tis not always equally eaſy to make his Falſhood 'plain and palpable. And 'tis chiefly for that Reaſon I 'deſire you to give this Letter a Place in your Papers, 'that thoſe that are willing to be undeceived may learn 'from ſo clear an Inſtance, what a faithful, modeſt Wri-'ter this is, who pretends to teach them how to think 'and ſpeak of Things and Perſons they know nothing of 'themſelves. As this is no way diſagreeable to your Cha-'racter of *Guardian*, your Publication of it is a Favour 'which I flatter myſelf you will not deny to, *SIR*,

Your Humble Servant, R. A.

N° 81 *Saturday, June* 13.

Quietè & purè atque eleganter actæ ætatis placida ac lenis recordatio. Cicero.

The calm and ſoothing Remembrance of a Life paſs'd with Quiet, Innocence, and Elegance.

THE Paper which was publiſhed on the 30th of laſt Month, ended with a Piece of Devotion written by the Archbiſhop of *Cambray*. It would (as it was hinted in that *Precaution*) be of ſingular Uſe for the Improvement of our Minds, to have the ſecret Thoughts of Men of good Talents on ſuch Occaſions. I ſhall for the Entertainment of this Day give my Reader two Pieces, which, if he is curious, will be pleaſing for that Reaſon, if they prove to have no other Effect upon him. One of them was found in the Cloſet of an *Athenian* Libertine, who lived many Ages ago, and is a Soliloquy wherein he contemplates his own Life and Actions according to the Lights Men have from Nature, and the Compunctions of Natural Reaſon. The other is a Prayer of a Gentleman who died within few Years laſt paſt; and lived to a very great Age, but had paſſed his Youth in all the Vices in Faſhion. The *Athenian* is ſuppoſed to have been *Alcibiades*, a Man of great Spirit, extremely addicted to Pleaſures, but at the ſame time very capable, and upon Occaſion very attentive to Buſineſs. He was by Nature endued with

with all the Accompliſhments ſhe could beſtow, he had Beauty, Wit, Courage and a great Underſtanding; but in the firſt Bloom of his Life was arrogantly affected with the Advantages he had over others. That Temper is pretty viſible in an Expreſſion of his, when it was propoſed to him to learn to play upon a Muſical Inſtrument; he anſwered, *It is not for me to give, but to receive Delight.* However, the Converſation of *Socrates* tempered a ſtrong Inclination to Licentiouſneſs into Reflexions of Philoſophy, and if it had not the force to make a Man of his Genius and Fortune wholly regular, it gave him ſome cool Moments, and this following Soliloquy is ſuppoſed by the Learned to have been thrown together before ſome expected Engagement, and ſeems to be very much the Picture of the Man.

'I am now wholly alone, my Ears are not entertained 'with Muſick, my Eyes with Beauty, nor any of my 'Senſes ſo forcibly affected, as to divert the Courſe of 'my inward Thoughts: Methinks there is ſomething 'Sacred in myſelf, now I am alone. What is this Be'ing of mine? I came into it without my Choice, and 'yet *Socrates* ſays it is to be imputed to me. In this Re'poſe of my Senſes wherein they communicate nothing 'ſtrongly to myſelf, I taſte, methinks, a Being diſtinct 'from their Operation. Why may not then my Soul 'exiſt, when ſhe is wholly gone out of theſe Organs? I 'can perceive my Faculties grow ſtronger, the leſs I ad'mit the Pleaſures of Senſe; and the nearer I place my'ſelf to a bare Exiſtence, the more worthy, the more 'noble, the more celeſtial does that Exiſtence appear to 'me. If my Soul is weakened rather than improved by 'all that the Body adminiſters to her, ſhe may reaſona'bly be ſuppoſed to be deſigned for a Manſion more ſuit'able than this, wherein what delights her diminiſhes her 'Excellence, and that which afflicts her adds to her 'Perfection. There is an Hereafter, and I will not fear 'to be Immortal for the ſake of *Athens*.

THIS Soliloquy is but the firſt Dawnings of Thought in a Mind of a mere Man given up to Senſuality. The Paper which I mention of our Contemporary was found in his Scrutoir after his Death, but communicated to a Friend or two of his in his Life-time. You ſee in it a

Man

Man wearied with the Vanities of this Life; and the Reflexions which the Succeſs of his Wit and Gallantry bring upon his old Age, are not unworthy the Obſervation of thoſe who poſſeſs the like Advantages.

'O H Almighty Being! How ſhall I look up towards 'Thee, when I reflect that I am of no Conſideration 'but as I have offended? My Exiſtence, O my God, 'without thy Mercy, is not to be prolonged in this or 'another World but for my Puniſhment. I apprehend, 'oh my Maker, let it not be too late. I apprehend, 'and tremble at thy Preſence; and ſhall I not conſider 'Thee, who art all Goodneſs, but with Terror? Oh, my 'Redeemer, do Thou behold my Anguiſh. Turn to me, 'Thou Saviour of the World; who has offended like me? 'Oh, my God, I cannot fly out of Thy Preſence, let me 'fall down in it; I humble myſelf in Contrition of Heart; 'but, alas! I have not only ſwerved from thee, but have 'laboured againſt Thee. If Thou doſt pardon what I 'have committed, how wilt thou pardon what I have 'made others commit? I have rejoiced in Ill, as in a Pro'ſperity. Forgive, oh my God, all who have offended 'by my Perſuaſion, all who have tranſgreſſed by my 'Example. Canſt Thou, O God, accept of the Con'feſſion of old Age, to expiate all the Labour and In'duſtry of Youth ſpent in Tranſgreſſions againſt Thee? 'While I am ſtill alive, let me implore Thee to recal to 'Thy Grace all whom I have made to ſin. Let, oh Lord, 'Thy Goodneſs admit of his Prayer for their Pardon, 'by whoſe Inſtigation they have tranſgreſſed: Accept, 'O God, of this Interval of Age, between my ſinful Days 'and the Hour of my Diſſolution, to wear away the 'corrupt Habits in my Soul, and prepare myſelf for the 'Manſions of Purity and Joy. Impute not to me, oh 'my God, the Offences I may give, after my Death, to 'thoſe I leave behind me; let me not tranſgreſs when I 'am no more ſeen; but prevent the ill Effects of my ill-applied Studies, and receive me into thy Mercy.

IT is the moſt melancholy Circumſtance that can be imagined, to be on a Death-Bed, and wiſh all that a Man has moſt laboured to bring to paſs were obliterated for ever. How Emphatically worſe is this, than having paſſed all one's Days in Idleneſs? Yet this is the frequent

Caſe

Caſe of many Men of refined Talents. It is, methinks, monſtrous that the Love of Fame, and Value of the Faſhion of the World, can tranſport a Man ſo far as even in Solitude to act with ſo little Reflexion upon his real Intereſt. This is premeditated Madneſs, for it is an Error done with the Aſſiſtance of all the Faculties of the Mind.

WHEN every Circumſtance about us is a conſtant Admonition, how tranſient is every Labour of Man, it ſhould, methinks, be no hard matter to bring one's ſelf to conſider the Emptineſs of all our Endeavours; but I was not a little charmed the other day, when ſitting with an old Friend and communing together on ſuch Subjects, he expreſſed himſelf after this Manner.

'IT is unworthy a Chriſtian Philoſopher to let any 'thing here below ſtand in the leaſt Competition with 'his Duty. In vain is Reaſon fortified by Faith, if it 'produces in our Practice no greater Effects than what 'Reaſon wrought in mere Man.

'I contemn, (in Dependence on the ſupport of Hea-'ven I ſpeak it) I contemn all which the Generality of 'Mankind call Great and Glorious. I will no longer 'think or act like a Mortal, but conſider myſelf as a 'Being that commenced at my Birth, and is to endure 'to all Eternity. The Accident of Death will not end 'but improve my Being; I will think of myſelf, and 'provide for myſelf as an Immortal, and I will do no-'thing now which I do not believe I ſhall approve a 'thouſand Years hence.

N° 82 *Monday, June* 15.

Cedat uti conviva ſatur— Hor. Sat. 1. l. 1. v. 119.

Let him depart like a contented Gueſt.

THOUGH Men ſee every Day People go to their long Home, who are younger than themſelves, they are not ſo apt to be alarmed at that, as at the Deceaſe of thoſe who have lived longer in their Sight: They miſs their Acquaintance, and are ſurpriſed at the loſs

loſs of an habitual Object. This gave me ſo much Concern for the Death of Mr. *William Peer* of the Theatre-Royal, who was an Actor at the Reſtoration, and took his Theatrical Degree with *Betterton*, *Kynaſton* and *Harris*. Tho' his Station was humble he perform'd it well, and the common Compariſon with the Stage and Human Life, which has been ſo often made, may well be brought out upon this Occaſion. It is no matter, ſay the Moraliſts, whether you act a Prince or a Beggar, the Buſineſs is to do your Part well. Mr. *William Peer* diſtinguiſhed himſelf particularly in two Characters, which no Man ever could touch but himſelf; one of them was the Speaker of the Prologue to the Play, which is contrived in the Tragedy of *Hamlet*, to awake the Conſciences of the guilty Princes. Mr. *William Peer* ſpoke that Preface to the Play with ſuch an Air, as repreſented that he was an Actor, and with ſuch an inferior manner as only acting an Actor, as made the others on the Stage appear real great Perſons, and not Repreſentatives. This was a Nicety in Acting that none but the moſt ſubtle Player could ſo much as conceive. I remember his ſpeaking theſe Words, in which there is no great matter but in the right adjuſtment of the Air of the Speaker, with univerſal Applauſe.

For us and for our Tragedy,
Here ſtooping to your Clemency,
We beg your Hearing patiently.

Hamlet ſays very archly upon the pronouncing of it, *Is this a Prologue, or a Poſy of a Ring?* However, the ſpeaking of it got Mr. *Peer* more Reputation, than thoſe who ſpeak the length of a Puritan's Sermon every Night will ever attain to. Beſides this, Mr. *Peer* got a great Fame on another little Occaſion. He played the Apothecary in *Caius Marius*, as it is called by *Otway*; but *Romeo* and *Juliet*, as originally in *Shakeſpear*; it will be neceſſary to recite more out of the Play than he ſpoke, to have a right Conception of what *Peer* did in it. *Marius*, weary of Life, recollects means to be rid of it after this manner.

I do remember an Apothecary
That dwelt about this rendezvous of Death,

Meagre

Meagre and very rueful were his Looks,
Sharp Misery had worn him to the Bones.

When this Spectre of Poverty appeared, *Marius* addreſſes him thus:

I ſee thou art very poor,
Thou mayeſt do any thing, here's fifty Drachmas,
Get me a Draught of what will ſooneſt free
A Wretch from all his Cares.

When the Apothecary objects that it is unlawful, *Marius* urges.

Art thou ſo baſe and full of Wretchedneſs,
Yet fear'ſt to die? Famine is in thy Cheeks,
Need and Oppreſſion ſtareth in thy Eyes,
Contempt and Beggary hang on thy Back;
The World is not thy Friend, nor the World's Laws;
The World affords no Law to make thee Rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

WITHOUT all this Quotation the Reader could not have a juſt Idea of the Viſage and Manner which *Peer* aſſumed, when in the moſt lamentable Tone imaginable he conſents; and delivering the Poiſon, like a Man reduced to the drinking it himſelf, if he did not vend it, ſays to *Marius*,

My Poverty, but not my Will, conſents.
Take this and drink it off, the Work is done.

IT was an odd Excellence, and a very particular Circumſtance this of *Peer*'s, that his whole Action of Life depended upon ſpeaking five Lines better than any Man elſe in the World. But this Eminence lying in ſo narrow a Compaſs the Governors of the Theatre obſerving his Talents to lie in a certain Knowledge of Propriety, and his Perſon admitting him to ſhine only in the two above Parts, his Sphere of Action was enlarged by the Addition of the Poſt of Property Man: This Officer has always ready in a Place appointed for him behind the Prompter, all ſuch Tools and Implements as are neceſſary in the Play, and it is his Buſineſs never to want *Billet-doux*, Poiſon, falſe Money, Thunderbolts, Daggers, Scrolls of Parchment, Wine, Pomatum, Truncheons and Wooden-Legs,

Legs, ready at the Call of the ſaid Prompter, according as his reſpective Utenſils were neceſſary for promoting what was to paſs on the Stage. The Addition of this Office, ſo important to the Conduct of the whole Affair of the Stage, and the good Oeconomy obſerved by their preſent Managers in punctual Payments, made Mr. *Peer*'s Subſiſtence very comfortable. But it frequently happens, that Men loſe their Virtue in Proſperity who were ſhining Characters in the contrary Condition. Good fortune indeed had no Effect on the Mind, but very much on the Body of Mr. *Peer*. For in the Seventieth Year of his Age he grew fat, which rendered his Figure unfit for the Utterance of the five Lines abovementioned: He had now unfortunately loſt the wan Diſtreſs neceſſary for the Countenance of the Apothecary, and was too jolly to ſpeak the Prologue with the proper Humility. It is thought this Calamity went too near him. It did not a little contribute to the ſhortning his Days, and as there is no State of real Happineſs in this Life, Mr. *Peer* was undone by his Succeſs, and loſt all by arriving at what is the End of all other Mens Purſuits, his Eaſe.

I could not forbear inquiring into the Effects Mr. *Peer* left behind him, but find there is no demand due to him from the Houſe, but the following Bill.

	l.	*s.*	*d.*
For Hire of ſix Caſe of Piſtols - - - - -	0	4	0
A Drum for Mrs. *Bignall* in the *Pilgrim* - - -	0	4	4
A Truſs of Straw for the Madmen - - - -	0	0	8
Pomatum and Vermilion to greaſe the Face of the Stuttering Cook - - - - - - - -	0	0	8
For boarding a Setting Dog two Days to follow Mr. *Johnſon* in *Epſom-Wells*	0	0	6
For Blood in *Macbeth* - - - - - - - - -	0	0	3
Raiſins and Almonds for a Witches Banquet	0	0	8

THIS Contemporary of mine, whom I have often rallied for the narrow Compaſs of his ſingular Perfections, is now at Peace, and wants no further Aſſiſtance from any Man; but Men of extenſive Genius, now living, ſtill depend upon the good Offices of the Town.

I am therefore to remind my Reader that on this Day, being the 15th of *June*, the *Plotting Siſters* is to be

Acted for the Benefit of the Author, my old Friend Mr. *d'Urfey*. This Comedy was honoured with the Preſence of King *Charles* the Second three of its firſt five Nights.

MY Friend has in this Work ſhown himſelf a Maſter, and made not only the Characters of the Play, but alſo the Furniture of the Houſe contribute to the main Deſign. He has made excellent uſe of a Table with a Carpet, and the Key of a Cloſet; with theſe two Implements, which would, perhaps, have been overlooked by an ordinary Writer, he contrives the moſt natural Perplexities (allowing only the Uſe of theſe Houſhold Goods in Poetry) that ever were repreſented on a Stage. He has alſo made good Advantage of the Knowledge of the Stage itſelf; for in the Nick of being ſurpriſed, the Lovers are let down and eſcape at a Trap-door. In a word, any who have the Curioſity to obſerve what pleaſed in the laſt Generation, and does not go to a Comedy with a Reſolution to be grave, will find this Evening ample Food for Mirth. *Johnſon*, who underſtands what he does as well as any Man, expoſes the Impertinence of an old Fellow, who has loſt his Senſes, ſtill purſuing Pleaſures, with great Maſtery. The Ingenious Mr. *Pinkethman* is a baſhful Rake, and is ſheepiſh without having Modeſty, with great Succeſs. Mr. *Bullock* ſucceeds *Nokes* in the Part of *Bubble*, and in my Opinion is not much below him, for he does excellently that ſort of Folly we call Abſurdity, which is the very contrary of Wit; but next to that, is of all things the propereſt to excite Mirth. What is Fooliſh is the Object of Pity, but Abſurdity often proceeds from an Opinion of Sufficiency, and conſequently is an honeſt Occaſion for Laughter. Theſe Characters in this Play cannot chooſe but make it a very pleaſant Entertainment, and the Decorations of Singing and Dancing will more than repay the Good-nature of thoſe who make an Honeſt Man a Viſit of two merry Hours, to make his following Year unpainful.

THE

THE

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